Aug. 4, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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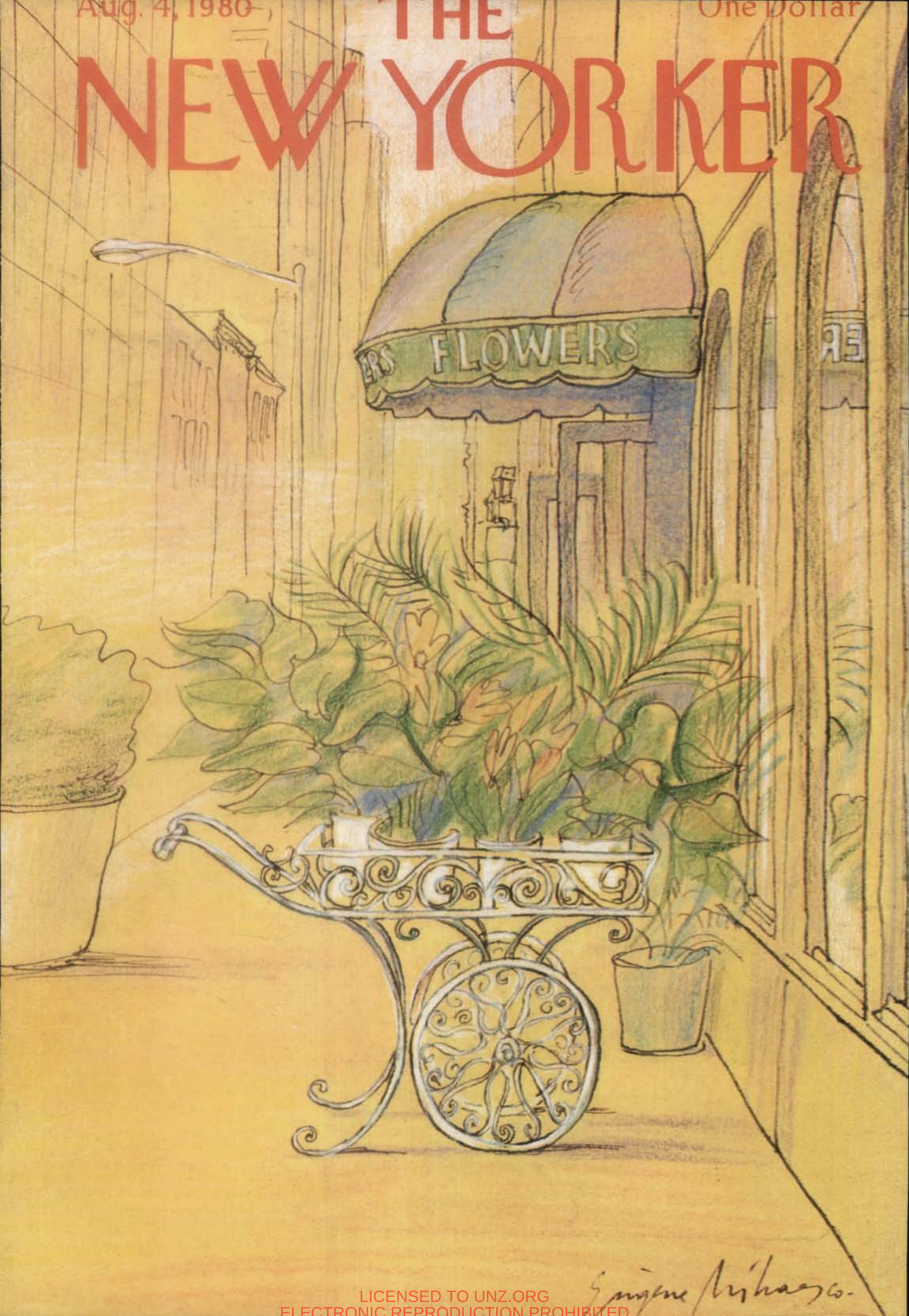
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barnum—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—Eric Peterson playing seventeen roles in a fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author, John Gray, is also onstage, to play the piano, sing, and make curious grumbling sounds. Cedric Smith fills in for Mr. Peterson at the ten-o'clock show on Saturdays, and at Sunday matinées. (6/9/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Blackstone!—A magic show that is often corny, but the tricks are fantastic. Why on earth is that woman smiling while she is being sawed in half? (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Camelot—Richard Burton is the star of this admirable new production of the Lerner-Loewe musical, which he starred in twenty years ago. His King Arthur is a touching, lonely man. Christine Ebersole plays Guenevere and Richard Muenz is Lancelot. (7/21/80) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Aug. 23.)

Children of a Lesser God—*John Rubinstein* and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by William Mastrosimone, **THE WOOLGATHERER**, with Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig: Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10:15, and Sundays at 3. . . . **MACREADY!**, a one-character play written and performed by Frank Barrie: Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 10:15; and Saturdays and Sundays at 7. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Dixie Carter and Dorothy Lyman in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Williams, is Southern but not gothic; it has the ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of the best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten work very hard and well, in vain. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **NAUGHTY MARIETTA.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A very funny comedy by Kaufman and Hart, written in 1939 and young for its age. The hero, played by Ellis Rabb, is a greedy, ungrateful monster modelled after the real-life figure of Alexander Woollcott, who knew everybody and trafficked in everybody, and is worth remembering for the single-mindedness of his self-promotion. (7/7/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 31.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays a

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ESTĒE LAUDER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we hope will be lasting love. This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An *enchanting small* revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

To Bury a Cousin—A play by Gus Weill, with Harry Goz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll has turned the Gospel According to St. Matthew into a scenario for a Southern revivalist passion play. Well-acted and well-sung, but boxing with God is a figure of speech not much in tune with the New Testament. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jeff Hayenga is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. and Sundays at 3.)... **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,424 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. *Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays* at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN:** Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug 3.) ... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PETER PAN:** High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ROMANTIC COMEDY:** Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of contentious playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR BABIES:** The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 17.)

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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. *Daily*, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Munich Dance Project—An eight-member troupe performing Birgitta Trommler's full-length work "I No Longer Dream," with music by Steve Reich. (*Performing* Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesday, July 30, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club. **TAJ MAHAL**, a convincing folk-blues-and-rock singer who got his start as a member of the Folklore Society at Amherst, performs on Wednesday, July 30; on Thursday, July 31, smiling black-belt drummer **BUDDY RICH** will lead his big band; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, will belong to the TV kiddie-show host Uncle Floyd; on Sunday, Aug. 3, singers Tom Rush and Rachel Faro will trade country-music sets; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 5-6, singer Janis Ian will be on hand; and on Thursday, Aug. 7, Magazine, a British rock group, will drop by. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Cheerfully and comfortably unchanged for years, this bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. Two wonderful jazz players, bassist **RED MITCHELL** and pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, are present right now. On Sundays **RED MITCHELL** sticks around to perform with guitarist **JOE BECK**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A Brazilian club, with mirrors, glass, stainless steel, gray Chesterfield couches, large plants, and subtle lighting, which call to mind the chic urbanity of Rio. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven;

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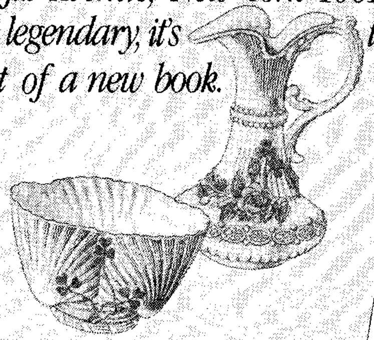
"Soon then began the first pottery for porcelain that Ireland had ever seen; and I shall never forget the day when, standing on the foundation stone, I addressed the tatterdemalion lot who assembled, wondering at what was coming; but many a shirtless boy then listening to me lives in a slate house of his own now, and for years since has wanted for nothing, while many more are at the heads of their departments, and others, again, are gentlemen in America." ❧ *So wrote John Bloomfield, describing that lovely day in 1857 when he founded Belleek. Today, a century and a score later, there is still very little Belleek in all the world.* ❧ *The art of making it by hand is so demanding, relatively few pieces can be created each year. "The world now speaks with awe of this art and its mystique.* ❧ *In Ireland is born the glory: the fame of the name Belleek." It still isn't too late to become a collector.* ❧ *Write for literature & names of Belleek shops. Belleek Parian China, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.* ❧ *So legendary, it's the subject of a new book.*



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is in charge, with a trio, at the Café. The summer schedule runs Sundays through Thursdays, with sets beginning at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, is half of a duo with his guitar-playing son John. They trade fours Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting, hanging plants, and a glassed-in sidewalk section. The current musician in residence is solo pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Just in case anyone's forgotten, "CBGB & OMFUG" stands for "Country, Bluegrass, Blues, and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers"—not that it really matters. The current crop of rock and roll: The John Loeffler Band and the John Berenzy group Wednesday, July 30; **MATERIAL,** an avant-rock quartet, and Swollen Monkeys Thursday, July 31; Tinapeel, Stimulators, and Din Friday, Aug. 1; and Bad Brains and Nitecaps Saturday, Aug. 2. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Mondays is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-mixed bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten. Dining.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—A conservatory specializing in popular song, to judge by the repertoire of singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE.** Mr. Whyte and his bassist, **JACK SIX,** conserve Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is) through Saturday, Aug. 2, from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**MARION WILLIAMS,** a usually powerful, emotional gospel singer who is somewhat restrained in these smallish quarters, saves souls nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven. Sundays now belong to **DARDANELLE,** an effortless, diction-perfect singer and sturdy, swinging pianist. Her times are eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Aug. 3, pianist Lou Stein, trombonist George Masso, saxophonist Al Klink, and bassist Bob Haggart get together from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room. **MONTY ALEXANDER,** a fancy, crescendo-laden jazz pianist, leads a quartet through Saturday, Aug. 2; on Tuesday, Aug. 5, drummer **ROY HAYNES** will come in with his quintet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, with the first set beginning about nine-thirty. Dining.

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Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—**SARAH VAUGHAN** in a club! Shows nightly, except Mondays, at nine and eleven-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, a second-story balcony overlooking the stage, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this new SoHo club. There is also live music: Singer Janet Lawson works with her backup trio on Wednesday, July 30; Thursday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 3, guitarist **MICHAEL BLOOMFIELD** will be present; and on Tuesday, Aug. 5, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul outfit, will move in. Music after ten. Dining.

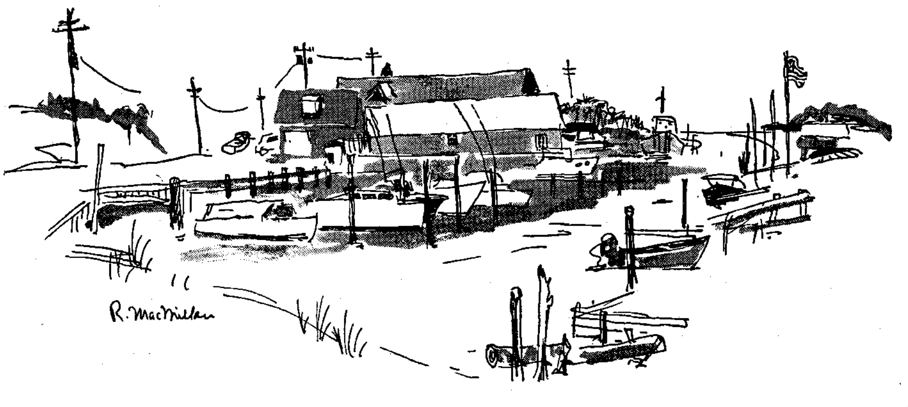
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **AL GAFA** collaborates with pianist **BEN ARONOV** and bassist Todd Coolman; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist **RONNIE MARKOWITZ,** and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sundays, when they start at nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist team up on the tiny bandstand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **RALPH SUTTON** plays some robust stride piano in the dining room through Saturday, Aug. 2. On Tuesday, Aug. 5, pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will return for a two-month stay. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Lou Forestieri is in charge of a trio that plays some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Wednesday, July 30, guitarist Lenny Kaye and Locals; Thursday, July 31, Glen Branca and No Killers; Friday, Aug. 1, the Dance and Our Daughter's Wedding; and Saturday, Aug. 2, 8-Eyed Spy and Public Servants. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Aug. 3-5.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, Brazilian percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO**—he plays berimbau, cuica, caxixi, and reco-reco—and his group, Amazon, will perform on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2. Sundays are the territory of the **CHARLI PERSIP-GERRY LA FURN** big band. Music Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from nine.



Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The house quintet, under the leadership of trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE,** lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** take care of the piano-bass duties Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** work on Sundays and Mondays. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. **MARIA MULDAUR**—whose mannered, sliding, melismatic style works so well on simple blues and country songs (Memphis Minnie's "Me and My Chauffeur Blues," Mississippi John Hurt's "Richland Woman," and Lieber and Stoller's "I'm a Woman," for example) but gets in the way when she tries jazz settings—will be in town on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 4-5. The rest of the schedule: Kinky Friedman, the resident outrageous stand-up folkie, performs on Wednesday, July 30, and Sunday, Aug. 3; country singer Rex Allen, Jr., will drop by on Thursday, July 31; and folkie Jesse Winchester will be onstage on Wednesday, Aug. 6. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The *rock and roll:* Mad and Stimulators Wednesday, July 30; radio d.j. Jane Hamburger & the Boys and Karnival Thursday, July 31; **DEFUNKT,** the very fine D. & B. (dissonance-and-blues) sextet, plus singer **NONA HENDRYX** and Luther Thomas & Dazz Friday, Aug. 1; Von Lmo and Lyn Todd Saturday, Aug. 2; Warm Jets, Front, and Street Runner Sunday, Aug. 3; a video program and the Swingers Monday, Aug. 4; and Bludgeons, Papers, and Exciters Tuesday, Aug. 5. Music after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Concert of 1938 is the current subject for Tribute of the Month: the part of Benny Goodman will be played by clarinettist **BOB WILBER;** guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** plays Charlie Christian; vibraharpist Lars Erstrand plays Lionel Hampton; drummer Chuck Riggs plays Gene Krupa; and bassist Phil Flanagan plays Harry Goodman. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but in the nineties: it is this club—rhythm-and-blues headquarters in the city. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sightlines to the stage. Wednesday and Thursday, July 30-31, will be claimed by folkies **KENNY RANKIN** and Christine Lavin; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, three rock bands, Rockats, Will Rambeau, and Donna Destri, will perform; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 7-9, veteran pop-folkie **MARY TRAVERS** will be singing here. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **PANAMA FRANCIS** and the **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely irresistible dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has recently been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. The bands: The **DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA** Wednesday, July 30; **RAY CHARLES** Thursday, July 31; singer Rocky Burnett, Johnny's son, Friday, Aug. 1; the Atlantics and Neighborhoods Saturday, Aug. 2; D. L. Byron Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 4-5; Blotto Wednesday, Aug. 6; **JERRY LEE LEWIS** Thursday, Aug. 7; and Robin Lane Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the sleek, strikingly beautiful King Cole Room, **HAZEL SCOTT**, an animated singer and pianist, leads a trio from eight nightly, except Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—This far-western Tribeca club, with its picture window that faces west, is a good place to watch the sun set. It's a good place for jazz, too: Dallas pianist **RED GARLAND**, who cut some historic records in the fifties with Miles Davis and who sounds today as buoyant and strong as ever, leads his trio through Saturday, Aug. 2; on Tuesday, Aug. 5, alto saxophonist **CHARLES MCPHERSON** will arrive with a quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered On Wednesday, July 30, Raw Sugar will perform some pop-soul tunes; Thursday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 2, pop-jazz singer and pianist Robert Kraft heads up his quintet, the Ivory Coast; on Sunday, Aug. 3, the **BRUBECK BROTHERS**, Dave's musical offspring, will perform; and on Thursday, Aug. 7, trumpeter **MIKE LAWRENCE** will bring in a quintet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the red-brocade-walled French Quarter, trumpeter Don Goldie's quartet provides music through Saturday, Aug. 2. On Monday, Aug. 4, **TITO PUENTE**, who plays timbals and marimba, will begin a visit with his quintet. Music nightly, except Sundays, between nine-thirty and one.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A sleek, attractive, unpretentious new bar with a lineup of jazz duos. The duos: **WALTER BOOKER** and **JOHN HICKS** Wednesday, July 30; Thursday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 2, **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER**; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 5-6, **BILL TAKAS** and **BOB DOROUGH**; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 7-9, **BROSS TOWNSEND** and **BOB CUNNINGHAM**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An animated, knotty-pine room. Pianist **MICKEY TUCKER**'s sextet works through Saturday, Aug. 2; on Tuesday, Aug. 5, wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON**, who always seems to round up wonderful young players, will come in with his latest band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides. Freddie Harris, a singer, guitarist, and steel-drum soloist, leads a West Indian-jazz quintet—West Indian jazz, by the way, sounds an awful lot like rhythm and blues—through Saturday, Aug. 2. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 6-9, drummer and proprietor John Lewis will lead a quintet. Sundays, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his energetic hard-bop associates—bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**—occupy the bandstand. Music from about nine-thirty.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** and his hard-bop colleague tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** are playing with a quintet on Wednesday and Thursday, July 30-31. Music every night but Monday, after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A recently re-remodelled club. It's even sparser than before, with no more banquettes, just tables and chairs and blues bands—what more could one ask? The meaty part of the schedule: Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **LUTHER ALLISON** will be here on Thursday, July 31; on Friday, Aug. 1, blues singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** will drop by; on Saturday, Aug. 2, **LITTLE BUSTER & THE SOUL BROTHERS**, a sextet that has been gigging around Rosalyn, Freeport, and Amityville for a couple of years, will play some Long Island blues; on Friday, Aug. 8, **LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS**, a Texan, will sing about hurricanes, wimmin, prison, bad luck, and trouble and will play a few of his favorite chords; and on Saturday, Aug. 9, Chicago-blues-harp legend, **BIG WALTER HORTON** will be onstage. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the bands: Wednesday, July 30, Schoolboys and J. C. Robbins & Company; Thursday, July 31, the Proof; Friday, Aug. 1, Soldiers; Saturday, Aug. 2, Lode Stone; Monday, Aug. 4, Attack; and Tuesday, Aug. 5, Carolyne Mas. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the capacious downstairs room, tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** is leading his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 3; then, on Tuesday, Aug. 5, singer **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** will move in with her backing crew. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty; on Saturdays at twelve-thirty and two-thirty. Mondays are given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. The powerful **ELVIN JONES** and his trio are here through Sunday, Aug. 3; on Monday, Aug. 4, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth; and on Tuesday, Aug. 5, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will begin co-piloting a hard-bop quartet. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Esther Blue; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Bebopping pianist Joe Albany's quartet performs through Thursday, July 31; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, will belong to the Basie-swing quintet the **COUNTSMEN**; Sunday through Wednesday, Aug. 3-6, pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER** will team up; and on Thursday, Aug. 7, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will take over with his quintet, Two Tenor Boogie. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

AC/DC—With Def Leppard. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Aug. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Sunny Murray's Trio—Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8:30.

Benefit Concert—With Lester Bowie, Sonny Fortune, Joseph Jarman, Leroy Jenkins, Oliver Lake, Famoudou Don Moye, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student

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Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Aug. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 473-1844.)

Magazine—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Friday, Aug. 8, at about midnight.

Tal Farlow Trio—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Saturday, Aug. 9, at 9.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, July 30: Jam session. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: David (Fathead) Newman. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3: Alex Lane, Marie Toussaint & Friends. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: Walter Davis, Jr., Trio. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Maureen Connor—Constructions of starched white organdy, in shapes derived from the art of napkin-folding. Through Aug. 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Paul Leon—Colorful abstractions in mixed mediums by this Spanish-born artist. Through Aug. 15. (Walter, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—A display of a hundred imaginative masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through Aug. 17. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Battery Park City—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The nineteenth annual Old Master print exhibition: More than two hundred original prints from the fifteenth century through the eighteenth, including Montagna's engraving "Virgin and Child," Rembrandt's etching "Hundred Guilder Print," and Dürer's engravings "Sea Monster" and "Coat of Arms with a Skull." Through Friday, Aug. 8. . . . **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings, about thirty in all, by Theodore Robinson, Winslow Homer, Maurice Prendergast, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by nine emerging artists who first emerged at this artistic proving ground, among them Frank Moore, James Zwaldo, and Maryam Zafar. Through Saturday, Aug. 9. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **FREIDUS**, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Herbert George, Arthur Gibbons, and Joe Neill are some of the artists in a show devoted to sculptures by gallery regulars. Also working drawings. Through Aug. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two works each—one from the early sixties and one completed recently—by seven gallery artists: Jack Beal (self-portraits from the two periods), Robert Arneson, Joan Brown, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and William Wiley. Through Aug. 15. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show of symbolist art by more than twenty artists, nearly all American and English, of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Friday, Aug. 8. . . . **HAMMER**, 33 W. 57th St.: Fifty works (paintings, mostly) by American and European artists—Cassatt, Marsh, Renoir, and Henri among them—of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 29. . . . **NARDIN**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Drawings by Sigmund Abeles, Calvin Albert, Harvey Breverman, Fritz Bultman, and Jacob Landau. Through Saturday, Aug. 2. . . . **SPECTRUM**, 30 W. 57th St.: Works by contemporary artists depicting fifteen American Presidents, sometimes reverently, more often not. There is a life-size stained-glass likeness of Abraham Lincoln by Hy Bley; slapstick sculptures of him by William King; and a lithograph, "Sam's Art," by Saul Steinberg, which shows Lincoln sitting at an easel drawing images from the back of a dollar bill. Through Aug. 22. . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: "Time and Space," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, collages, and reliefs by Ilya Bolotowsky, Burgoyne Diller, Fritz Glarner, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Leon Polk Smith. Through Aug. 20. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures by Manzù and Calder, plus a small show of drawings and paintings by Henry Moore, Marini, Matisse, Hopper, and others. Through Aug. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of works by gallery artists, or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **HUTCHINSON**, 138 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.). . . **JACK**, 138 Prince St. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.). . . **LONG**, 7 W. 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucien Aigner—Forty vintage prints from the thirties of Parisians celebrating Bastille Day. Through Aug. 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976) / **Laura Gilpin** (1891-1979)—Sixty little-known prints selected by Judy Dater, and thirteen portraits of friends and associates of Imogen Cunningham taken by Ms. Dater. / Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred R. Waud (1828-78) / **Edwin Casper** (1884-1951)—Mid-nineteenth-century tintypes of ordinary people in ordinary surroundings. / Early-twentieth-century photographs on rice paper, watercolor paper, and even on the back of textured wallpaper. Through Saturday, Aug. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Sixty mid-nineteenth-century photographs made on the grand tour of the Continent. Examples by Bisson Frères, Charles Marville, and Robert MacPherson. . . . ¶ Thirty-five black-and-white street photographs by Louis Lanzano. Both shows through Sept. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.). . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A group show of photographic works meant to shake up conventional ideas of what a camera is for. The artists include Ray Metzker; Barbara Crane; Andrea Kovács; and Hass Murphy and Jerry Jones, who are known collectively as the Vision Stations. Through Sept. 18. (Open noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Inanimate objects—masks, mannequins, dolls—in photographs from the twenties and thirties exploring the notions that "seeing is believing" and "the camera does not lie." Three signed Hans Bellmers and several Man Rays are included. Through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.). . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: About fifty contemporary photographs, by twenty-two invited artists. Through Aug. 15.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In addition to the sculptures, decorative objects, furniture, and so forth displayed in the newly opened American Wing, there is a special exhibition of about two hundred drawings, watercolors, and prints from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About forty works on paper by the Belgian symbolist Leon Spilliaert (1881-1946). The exhibition has been organized by the Phillips Collection. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Twenty works by Charles Burchfield, the majority of them

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landscapes in watercolor. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Indian Botanical Paintings," an exhibition of seventy-two watercolors from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries which were commissioned by the East India Company. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer, but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A historical survey of hair styles and hair ornaments, and an exploration of hair as a symbol in literature and religion. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Vases, figures, and tableware produced in the second half of the eighteenth century at the French national porcelain factory, which was first housed at Vincennes and later at Sèvres. Through Sunday, Aug. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of about seventy-five traditional paper and bamboo Japanese kites made by contemporary craftsmen. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naïve paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show by artists-in-residence: paintings by Louis Delsarte; sculptures, paintings, and photographs by Candace Hill-Montgomery; graphics and handmade books by Jacqui Holmes. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 30: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Lynn Harrell, cello. (No pre-concert recital.). . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: A chamber-music program with Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and Barry Tuckwell, horn. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: Eduardo Mata conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . [**Note:** On Sunday, Aug. 3, at 7:30, there will be a showing of the German film "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle," directed by Klaus Kirschner.] . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4, and Wednesday, Aug. 6: Eduardo Mata conducting the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with the Tokyo String Quartet and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Paula Robison, flute; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra in a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Benita Valente, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

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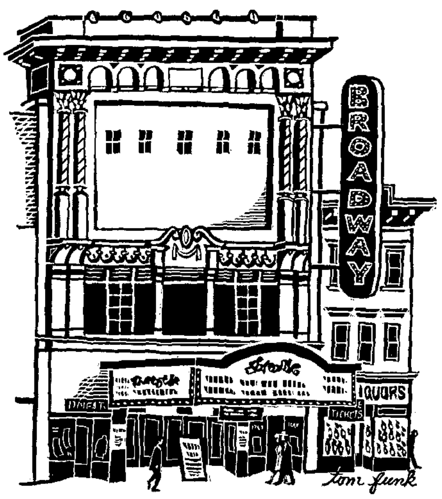
Note—Jerry Willard, lutenist and guitarist, will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Aug. 4, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 31, at 8:30: Gilbert Kalish and Malcolm Frager, duo piano, with members of the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Brahms program, with Mr. Frager. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Colin Davis conducting the Boston Symphony in a Debussy-Schubert program, with the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2:30: Colin Davis conducting the Boston Symphony in Schubert's Third Symphony and Mozart's Requiem, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4, at 7: Kenny Loggins and Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: John Williams conducting the Boston Pops, with Dylana Jenson, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Maureen Forrester, contralto, and John Shirley-Quirk, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 9: Colin Davis conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Berlioz program, with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Colin Davis conducting the Boston Symphony in a Mozart-Mahler program, with Miss Forrester and Mr. Shirley-Quirk. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony, with John Browning, piano. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.)



Caramoor Festival—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8:30: A dance program by Pilobolus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of Elizabethan music. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 5:30: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Ani Kavafian, violin; André-Michel Schub, piano; and others. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 17. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

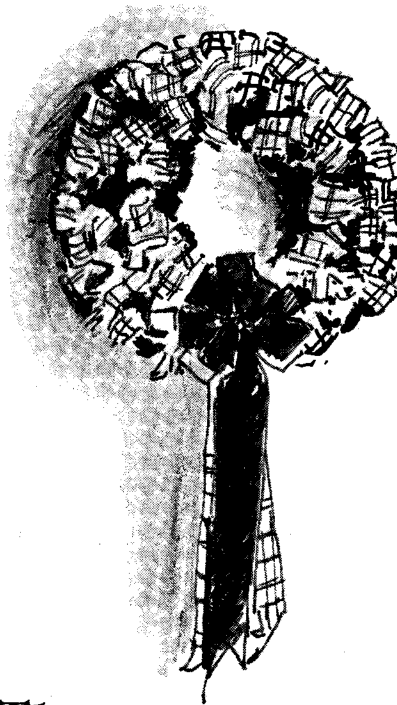
Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Thursday, July 31, at 7: Joe Jackson. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:15: Chuck Mangione. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:15: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 7: Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4, at 8:15: A program entitled "Sounds of the Summer of '42," with Tex Beneke, Bob Eberly, Helen Forrest, and the Modernaires with Paula Kelly, Jr. . . . ¶ Opening performances by the **Philadelphia Orchestra** of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 23. Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting; no soloists. . . . Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:15: Robert Irving conducting a program of ballet music, with dancers Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins. . . . Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:15: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program; no soloists. (Saratoga Springs. Through Thursday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '80—A five-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music which is taking place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. Friday, Aug. 1, at 8: "The Ruling Class," a play by Peter Barnes, starring John Glover; Michael Kahn is the director. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8: "Suzanna Andler," a play by Marguerite Duras that stars Estelle Parsons. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30: The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 3: "Krapp's Last Tape," a play by Samuel Beckett, with Miss Parsons. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: "The Ruling Class.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: "Suzanna Andler.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 11: The Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 3 and 8: "Suzanna Andler." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 3 and 8, and Friday, Aug. 8, at 8: "The Ruling Class.". . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: The Feld Ballet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 11: Leon Redbone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30: The Feld Ballet. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 9-10, at 3 and 8: "The Ruling Class." (Final day Sunday, Aug. 10. For information about tickets to any of the above events and other events not mentioned, call 914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Loremil Machado's Afro-Brazilian Dance Company, Ellen Kogan, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 5-9: The Ohio Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3; special one-hour matinée Wednesday, July 30, at 3, primarily for children. For information about tickets, call 413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Mets at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, July 30, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Houston, Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 2,



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at 7:05; and Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2:05.... YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 4-6, at 8.... ¶ Baltimore, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, at 8.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8.)

Racing—At SARATOGA: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 30, through Monday, Aug. 25. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 30; the Test, Thursday, July 31; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 2; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 4; the DeWitt Clinton, Wednesday, Aug. 6; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 9.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. The Monmouth, Saturday, Aug. 2, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 9. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.)... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. The United Nations Handicap, Friday, Aug. 8.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. River Plate, the Argentine National Champions, Wednesday, July 30, at 9.... ¶ Cosmos vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, Aug. 3, at 7:30.... ¶ Cosmos vs. Edmonton, Thursday, Aug. 7, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, July 30-Aug. 1, at noon and 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 2-3, at 1. For information about tickets, call 201 762-6220.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Aug. 7.... ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, Aug. 8, through Wednesday, Oct. 29.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22.... MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6. The Woodrow Wilson, Wednesday, Aug. 6.

Yachting—Australia, France, Great Britain, and Sweden in the first of three elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 5-10.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)—Friday, Aug. 8, at 10:15: European and American paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Monday, Aug. 4.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—The Festival has put Shakespeare aside this year in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan. Free performances of THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE, with Linda Ronstadt, Patricia Routledge, George Rose, Kevin Kline, Rex Smith, and Tony Azito, are being presented through the summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. James Conlon is conducting the first in a series of peripatetic programs: CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN, Wednesday, July 30, at 8.... MARINE PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, July 31, at 8.... CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Friday, Aug. 1, at 8.... ¶ David Zinman will conduct the second program: CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Friday, Aug. 8, at 8.... PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8.

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Verdi's Requiem. The last in a series of productions. (Thursday, July 31, at 8:30; rain date, Tuesday, Aug. 5.)... ¶ The No Gap Generation Jazz Band. (Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8; rain date, Thursday, Aug. 14.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 10. Dorothy Klotzman will be the guest conductor on Wednesday, July 30.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: The Pepsi Bethel Dance Company.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 8: The Multigravitational Aerodance Company. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

Washington Square Park—George Marriner Maull conducting the Festival Orchestra. The third in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—Wednesday, July 30: Johnny Winter.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: Joe Jackson.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 4: Atlanta Rhythm Section and Rick Derringer.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 6: B.B. King and Bobby Caldwell.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: Utopia, with Todd Rundgren, Roger Powell, Kasim Sulton, and John Wilcox. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE SOUND OF MUSIC, with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The Park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Aug. 10 (day). Chicago, Aug. 11-13 (night). Seattle, Aug. 28-30 (n) and Aug. 31 (d). Oakland, Sept. 1 (d) and Sept. 2-3 (n). California, Sept. 4-6 (n) and Sept. 7 (d).... METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Aug. 14-15 (night), Aug. 16 (day), and Aug. 17 (day doubleheader). San Francisco, Aug. 19-20 (n) and Aug. 21 (d). Los Angeles, Aug. 22 (n), Aug. 23 (d), and Aug. 24 (day doubleheader). San Diego, Aug. 26 (d) and Aug. 27 (n). Philadelphia, Sept. 10-11 (n).

College Football—Grambling State vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game. (Yankee Stadium. Sept. 13.)

Professional Football—SUNDAY, AUG. 10: Jets vs. Chicago Bears, exhibition game, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands.... SATURDAY, AUG. 16: Giants vs. Denver Broncos, exhibition game, at Giants Stadium.... SATURDAY, AUG. 30: Giants vs. Jets, exhibition game, at Giants Stadium.... SUNDAY, SEPT. 7: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Aug. 14-17.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Aug. 27-Oct. 13.... MEADOWLANDS: Sept. 2-Dec. 30.... BOWIE, Md.: Sept. 8-Oct. 18.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Washington, Aug. 17. Rochester, Aug. 24.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Aug. 26-Sept. 7.)

Yachting—Australia, France, Great Britain, and Sweden in the second and third elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Observation trials, Aug. 14-25, and final trials, Aug. 29-Sept. 11.)... ¶ America's Cup final trials, American yachts. (Newport, Aug. 19-Sept. 12.)... ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 20-24.)... ¶ America's Cup Races. (Newport. Starting Sept. 16.)

Music—Peking Opera, at the Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830), Aug. 12-24.... ¶ The Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, at Alice Tully Hall. Aug. 23-28.... ¶ The fall season of the New York City Opera, at the New York State Theatre (877-4727), will open on Aug. 29, with Sigmund Romberg's "The Student Prince," and will run through Nov. 9.

Dance—Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille, at the Uris Theatre, Aug. 20-Sept. 21.

Other Dates—The Democratic National Convention will start on Aug. 11 at Madison Square Garden.... ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit. Aug. 30-Sept. 1, Sept. 6-7, and Sept. 13-14.... ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 1.... ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Ludwig." (No performances on Monday, Aug. 4.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Strange Masquerade."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 31: "The Island" and "Jaws 2."
Aug. 1-7: "Brubaker" and "Norma Rae."
From Aug. 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 7: "The Blue Lagoon."
From Aug. 8: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (670-0160)
Through July 31: "Urban Cowboy."
From Aug. 1: "The Hunter."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Airplane!"

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 31: "Mary Poppins."
From Aug. 1: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Big Red One."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Aug. 7: "Honeysuckle Rose."
From Aug. 8: "Xanadu."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through July 31: "Brubaker."
From Aug. 1: "My Bodyguard."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Airplane!"

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Aug. 2: "Rough Cut."
From Aug. 3: "The Getting of Wisdom."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"No Nukes."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Tin Drum."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 31: "The Blues Brothers."
From Aug. 1: To be announced.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through July 31: "Fame."
From Aug. 1: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dressed to Kill."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Caddyshack."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Aug. 7: "The Empire Strikes Back."
From Aug. 8: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Urban Cowboy."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 31: "The Shining."
Aug. 1-7: "Brubaker."
From Aug. 8: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Aug. 7: "The Blue Lagoon."
From Aug. 8: "Xanadu."

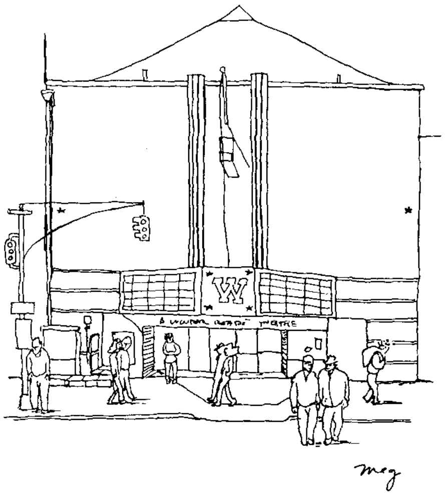
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 31: "Zombie."
From Aug. 1: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through July 31: "Kill or Be Killed."
From Aug. 1: "The Hunter."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 31: "Fame."
From Aug. 1: "The Final Countdown."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 15. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATER LISTING.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Caddyshack."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Brilliant Career."
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "The Shining." From Aug. 1: "The Big Red One."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: "Dressed to Kill."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 30: "Go, Johnny, Go!" and "Mad Dogs and Englishmen."
July 31: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" and "Mr. Rock 'n' Roll."
Aug. 1: "Mr. Rock 'n' Roll" and "The Buddy Holly Story."
Aug. 2: "The Buddy Holly Story" and "The Kids Are Alright."
Aug. 3: "The Kids Are Alright" and "Jimi Plays Berkeley."
Aug. 4: "Jimi Plays Berkeley" and "The Girl Can't Help It."
Aug. 5: "The Girl Can't Help It" and "The T.A.M.I. Show."
Aug. 6: "The T.A.M.I. Show" and "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones."
Aug. 7: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" and "That'll Be the Day."
From Aug. 8: "Dark Star."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 31: "Can't Stop the Music."
From Aug. 1: "Raise the Titanic."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Airplane!"

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dressed to Kill."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Come Have Coffee with Us."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Practice Makes Perfect."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Arabian Nights."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Blue Lagoon."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Les Petites Fugues."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through July 31: "Mary Poppins."
From Aug. 1: "Brubaker."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Caddyshack."
Theatre 2: "Brubaker."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: Through July 31: "How to Beat the High Cost of Living." From Aug. 1: To be announced.

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"My Brilliant Career."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 31: "Zombie" and "It's Alive."
Aug. 1-7: "The Shining" and "Time After Time."
From Aug. 8: "The Blue Lagoon" and "The Hollywood Knights."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through July 31: "Honeysuckle Rose." (†) Aug. 1-7: "The Big Red One." (†) From Aug. 8: "Xanadu." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 31: "The Children." From Aug. 1: "The Blues Brothers." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 5: Through July 31: "Wholly Moses!" From Aug. 1: "Fame." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 7: "Brubaker." (†)
From Aug. 8: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Urban Cowboy." (†) Aug. 1-7: "My Bodyguard." (†) From Aug. 8: "Brubaker." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 31: "Friday the 13th." Aug. 1-7: "Urban Cowboy." (†) From Aug. 8: "My Bodyguard." (†)
Theatre 4: Through July 31: "Rough Cut." (†) From Aug. 1: "The Last Flight of Noah's Ark" and "101 Dalmatians."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Dressed to Kill." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through July 31: "The Big Red One." (†)
From Aug. 1: "The Hunter." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Caddyshack." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through July 31: "Zombie." (†)
From Aug. 1: To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Blues Brothers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through July 31: "Fame." (†)
From Aug. 1: "The Final Countdown." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 30: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and Dennis Hopper.
July 31: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
Aug. 1: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
Aug. 2: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm

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Aug. 3: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier.

Aug. 4: "Maitresse" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "Story of Sin" (1976), in Polish, directed by Walerian Borowczyk.

Aug. 5: "Samurai Banners" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki.

Aug. 6: "Despair" (1979), directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976), in German, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.

Aug. 7: "Rape of Love." (†)

Aug. 8: "Starting Over" (1979), directed by Alan Pakula, with Burt Reynolds, Jill Clayburgh, and Candice Bergen; and "Handle with Care" (1977; "Citizens Band"), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Paul Le Mat, Marcia Rodd, and Ann Wedgeworth.

Aug. 9: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

July 30: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

July 31: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, and Pat Heywood.

Aug. 1: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

Aug. 2: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Aug. 3: "Richard III." (†)

Aug. 4: "The Great Dictator" (1940) and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Aug. 5: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Blow-Up." (†)

Aug. 6: "Brewster McCloud" (†); and "A Perfect Couple" (1979), directed by Robert Altman, with Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley.

Aug. 7: "Charade" (†) and "Breakfast at Tiffany's." (†)

Aug. 8: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

Aug. 9: "Freaks" (†) and "Mark of the Vampire." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 31: "Maitresse" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "The Night Porter" (1974), directed by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

Aug. 1-2: "Home Movies" (1980), directed by Brian De Palma, with Nancy Allen, Vincent Gardenia, and Kirk Douglas; and "The Landlord" (1970), directed by Hal Ashby, with Beau Bridges, Lee Grant, Diana Sands, and Pearl Bailey.

Aug. 3-4: "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye.

Aug. 5: "Idi Amin Dada" (1974), a documentary film, directed by Barbet Schroeder; and "Mondo Cane." (†)

Aug. 6-7: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Aug. 8-9: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Dracula" (1979), directed by John Badham, with Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, and Donald Pleasence.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 30: "High Sierra" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy; and "They Drive by Night" (1940), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart.

July 31-Aug. 2: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

Aug. 3-4: "George Washington Slept Here" (1942), directed by William Keighley, with Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny, Charles Coburn, and Percy Kilbride; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942), directed by William Keighley, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley.

Aug. 5-6: "Uncertain Glory" (1944), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas, Jean Sullivan, and Lucille Watson; and "All Through the Night." (†)

Aug. 7-9: "Strawberry Blonde" (†) and "Yankee Doodle Dandy." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 30: "A Woman of Paris" (1923), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller; and three Chaplin short films—"The Immigrant," "The Cure," and "Easy Street," all made in 1917.

July 31: "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.

Aug. 1-2: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956), directed by Don Siegel, with Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter, and Carolyn Jones; and "Message from Space" (1978), a Japanese-made science-fiction film, directed by Kinji Fukasaku, with Vic Morrow and Sonny Chiba.

Aug. 3: "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by Woody Allen, with Allen and Janet Margolin; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen.

Aug. 4: A program of cartoons by Bob Clampett, and eight Tom and Jerry cartoons.

Aug. 5: "Mädchen in Uniform" (†) and "Pit of Loneliness." (†)

Aug. 6: "The Kid" (1921), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Jackie Coogan; and four short silent Charlie Chaplin-Edna Purviance films—"The Idle Class," "The Floorwalker," "The Adventurer," and "The Vagabond."

Aug. 7: "Child Bride" (1939), "I Changed My Sex: Glen or Glenda" (1951), and "Reefer Madness" (1939).

Aug. 8-9: "My Man Godfrey" (†); and "The Devil and Miss Jones" (1941), directed by Sam Wood, with Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Robert Cummings, and Edmund Gwenn.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 30: "The Cocoanuts" (1929) and "Horse Feathers" (1932), both films with the Marx Brothers.

July 31: "King Kong" (1932), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "Bird of Paradise" (1932), directed by King Vidor, with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.

Aug. 1-2: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, and Eugene Pallette; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

Aug. 3: "Mädchen in Uniform" (†) and "The Saga of Gösta Berling." (†)

Aug. 4: "Gold Diggers of 1933," directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, and Joan Blondell; and "Dames" (1934), directed by Ray Enright, with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, and Joan Blondell.

Aug. 5: "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye.

Aug. 6: "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell and Kay Francis; and "One Way Passage" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon.

Aug. 7: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "The Prince and the Pauper" (1937), directed by William Keighley, with the Mauch Twins and Errol Flynn.

Aug. 8-9: "The Apartment" (†); and "One, Two, Three" (1961), directed by Billy Wilder, with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 30 at 6: "Russ Meyer's Vixen" (1969), directed by Meyer, with Erica Gavin. . . . ¶ July 30 at 8:30: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 6: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Vilgot Sjöman; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 8:30: A program of short films by Kenneth Anger, Ian Hugo, Storm de Hirsch, and Larry Jordan. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "Hell in the Pacific" (1969), directed by John Boorman, with Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 8:30: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Jane Fonda, Michael Sarrazin, and Gig Young. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 6: "Mandabi" (1969), a Senegalese film, in Wolof, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 8:30: "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by Woody Allen, with Allen and Janet Margolin. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 6: "Duet for Cannibals" (1969), in Swedish, directed by Susan Sontag, with Adriana Asti; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 8:30: "Destroy, She Said" (1969), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Michel Lonsdale; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6: "Boy" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 8:30: "The Return of Peter Grimm" (1926), a silent film, directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Alec B. Francis and Janet Gaynor. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 6: "Maxwell's Demon" (1968) and "Artificial Light" (1969), both directed by Hollis Frampton, and "N:O:T:H:I:N:G" (1969), directed by Paul Sharits. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 8:30: "Coming Apart" (1969), directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg, with Rip Torn, Sally Kirkland, and Viveca Lindfors. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6: "Simon of the Desert" (1965), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; and "Intimate Lighting" (1965), in Czech, directed by Ivan Passer. Both have English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 8:30: "The Red and the White" (1968), in Hungarian, directed by Miklós Jancsó; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: "That Cold Day in the Park" (1969), directed by Robert Altman, with Sandy Dennis and Michael Burns. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 8:30: "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Kinuyo Tanaka and Kyoko Kagawa; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—With Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; directed by Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams. (34th St. East, Baronet, Festival, and Forum.)

All Through the Night (1942)—The title of this Humphrey Bogart picture is taken from the Johnny Mercer and Arthur Schwartz song (which is sung in a night-club sequence) and doesn't provide a clue to what the story is about. Some people might think this is one of the good Bogarts that they've missed; on the contrary, it's a sugarcoated anti-Nazi message comedy, and so negligible that you've forgotten it ten minutes after you've staggered out. (It feels *long*.) Concocted by Leonard Spigelgass and Edwin Gilbert from a rattlebrained story by Spigelgass and Leonard Ross, and directed (ineptly) by Vincent Sherman, it's set in New York (a studio version) during the Second World War. Bogart is Gloves Donohue, a Broadway gambler-promoter, and he and his bunch of meant-to-be-lovable Damon Runyonesque demi-racketeers (among them, Frank McHugh, William Demarest, and Jackie Gleason) rout an entire Nazi "fifth column" organization, headed by the super-suave Conrad Veidt, dachshund-loving Judith Anderson, and baby-faced hit man Peter Lorre, who operate under cover of an antiques-auction business. This movie oozes sentimentality, and the coy, frolicsome music is like a TV laugh track. With Jane Darwell at her folksy phoniest as Bogart's Irish ma, Phil Silvers as a nearsighted writer, Kaaren Verne as the heroine, and Martin Kosleck, Sam McDaniel, Barton MacLane, Wallace Ford, and Ludwig Stossel. Produced by Hal B. Wallis and Jerry Wald. (Regency; Aug. 5-6.)

The Apartment (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is funny and likable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as well as he does. Shirley MacLaine is the co-star. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 8-9.)

The Arabian Nights (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema 3.)

The Big Red One—With Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill, directed by Sam Fuller. (Sutton. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through July 31. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; Aug. 1-7. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 1.)

Blow-Up (1966)—When the film came out, Michelangelo Antonioni's mixture of suspense with vagueness and confusion seemed to have a numbing fascination for some people which they associated with art and intellectuality. He conducts a leisurely tour of "swinging" London, lingering over the flashiest routes and dawdling over a pot party and a mini-orgy, while ponderously suggesting that the mod scene represents a condition of spiritual malaise in which people live only for the sensations of the moment. Yet despite Antonioni's negativism, the world he presents looks harmless, and sex without "connecting" doesn't really seem so bad. The best part of the movie is an ingeniously edited sequence in which the fashion-photographer hero (David Hemmings) blows up a series of photographs and discovers that he has inadvertently photographed a murder. With Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, Verushka, Jane Birkin, and Peter Bowles. Freely adapted by Antonioni and Tonino Guerra from a short story by Julio Cortázar, with English dialogue by Edward Bond. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

The Blue Lagoon—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. All we have to look forward to is: When are these two going to discover fornication? The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. It's Disney nature porn. The cinematography, by Nestor Almendros, is so inexpressive that we seem to be looking at the scenic wonders of a vacation spa in a travelogue. Taken from a popular novel of 1908, by Henry de Vere Stacpoole, which was adapted to the screen once before, in 1949, with Jean Simmons. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/21/80.) (Paramount, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 8.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through July 31. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Aug. 1.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a bit refined, and the movie goes soft and romantic, but there's some very funny stuff along the way, especially the cocktail party. With Patricia Neal, George Peppard, and Martin Balsam, and with Mickey Rooney in a wild caricature of a Japanese. Blake Edwards directed George Axelrod's adaptation of the Capote novella. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Brubaker—Suggested by the Arkansas prison scandals of the late sixties, this muckracking melodrama has considerable power and some strong performances. In the film, the prison, which is under the control of gun-carrying convict guards who supply slave labor to nearby farms and businesses, is in an unidentified Southern state. Robert Redford plays the warden who tries to clean up the place, but he's the wrong kind of actor for a prison movie—he isn't a tough man of action, and so the character has been mythologized, softened, and honeyed, and he seems to be the selfless white knight of the Westerns. Despite some perplexing scenes—probably occasioned by the fact that the director, Stuart Rosenberg, took over a project that had been shaped for a different director (Bob Rafelson) and tried to mold the material his way—there are individual sequences that may be the best work Rosenberg has ever done on the screen. The script, by W. D. Richter, has offhand dialogue with a warm, funny edge; the cinematography, by Bruno Nuytten, has a marvellous ease. And the remarkable cast includes Morgan Freeman, Richard Ward, Yaphet Kotto, David Keith, Tim McIntire, David Harris, M. Emmet Walsh, and Matt Clark. There are also performers who are used poorly (Murray Hamilton, John McMartin, Jane Alexander) or use themselves poorly (Everett McGill). (7/7/80) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; through July 31. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; Aug. 1-7. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 8.)

The Buddy Holly Story (1978)—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 1-2.)

Caddyshack—With Chevy Chase, Rodney Dan-

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gerfield, Ted Knight, and Michael O'Keefe; directed by Harold Ramis. (Loews New York 1, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 2.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Can't Stop the Music—With the Village People, Valerie Perrine, and Bruce Jenner; directed by Nancy Walker. (Ziegfeld; through July 31.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps, and love triumphs. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

Cheech and Chong's Next Movie—Directed by Thomas Chong. ((Manhattan 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and National.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. It sends you out in a state of blissful satisfaction. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (Gramercy, Loews New York 2, and Embassy 1; starting Aug. 8.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Dark Star (1974)—With Brian Narelle, directed by John Carpenter. (Harold Clurman; starting Aug. 8.)

Dressed to Kill—With Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson, and Nancy Allen; directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through Aug. 7.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 2, and New Yorker 2. . . . ¶ Gemini 2, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through July 31. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Aug. 1.)

The Final Countdown—With Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen, Katharine Ross, and James Farentino; directed by Don Taylor. (86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Aug. 1.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

The Getting of Wisdom—An Australian film, with Susannah Fowle and Hilary Ryan, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Coronet; starting Aug. 3.)

The Girl Can't Help It (1957)—With Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; directed by Frank Tashlin. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 4-5.)

Go, Johnny, Go! (1959)—Chuck Berry, Jackie Wilson, Eddie Cochran, and others, in concert, with Alan Freed. (Harold Clurman; July 30.)

The Great Santini—With Robert Duvall and Blythe Danner, directed by Lewis John Carlino. (Guild.)

The Hollywood Knights—With Tony Danza, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Olympia; starting Aug. 8.)

Honeysuckle Rose—With Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon, and Amy Irving; directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Criterion Center; through July 31. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Aug. 7.)

How to Beat the High Cost of Living—With Susan Saint James, Jane Curtin, and Jessica Lange; directed by Robert Scheerer. (Loews 83rd Quad; through July 31.)

The Hunter—With Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, Kathryn Harrold, and LeVar Burton; directed by Buzz Kulik. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; starting Aug. 1.)

The Island—With Michael Caine and David Warner, directed by Michael Ritchie. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 31.)

It's Alive (1977)—With John Ryan, directed by Larry Cohen. (Olympia; through July 31.)

Jaws 2 (1978)—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 31.)

Jimi Plays Berkeley (1970)—A concert film. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 3-4.)

The Kids Are Alright (1979)—With The Who, directed by Jeff Stein. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 2-3.)

Kill or Be Killed—With James Ryan, directed by Ivan Hall. (Loews Orpheum 2; through July 31.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones (1974)—A concert film. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 6-7.)

Ludwig—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film about King Ludwig II of Bavaria. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Aug. 4.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—A sensitive young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline; she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent, or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmistakably lesbian. This legendary film, temporarily obstructed by U.S. censors, was later voted the best film of the year by the New York press. It was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Thalia; Aug. 5.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen (1971)—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburger on a jet. (Harold Clurman; July 30-31.)

Mark of the Vampire (1935)—Uninspired and choppy, this is a lesser effort of Tod Browning's, though it's handsomely staged and well photographed (by James Wong Howe). The cast includes Carol Borland as an amusing female vampire, Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through July 31.)

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll (1957)—Fats Domino, Clyde McPhatter, and others, in concert, with Alan Freed. (Harold Clurman; July 31-Aug. 1.)

Mondo Cane (1963)—The Italian documentary-maker Gualtiero Jacopetti and his associates are actually documentary fakers: they set out to demonstrate how uncivilized the world is, and then fake the proofs. There's no shortage of available evidence, but they prefer titillating, shocking frauds. The grossness of the picture works to the advantage of the film-makers, since it seems almost naïve to attack it. (Cinema Village; Aug. 5.)

My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (Manhattan 2, and Embassy; starting Aug. 1.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 1.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—In this entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy about the Depression, Carole Lombard is a rich, gorgeous nit who goes to the city dump to find a "forgotten man." The man she finds—a suave, bitter victim of the economic collapse—is played by William Powell. When she tells him she needs to take him back to her party in order to win a scavenger hunt, he asks what that is and, sighing, she says, "A scavenger hunt is just like a treasure hunt, except in a treasure hunt you find something you want, and in a scavenger hunt you find things you don't want, and the one who wins gets a prize, only there really isn't any prize, it's just the honor of winning, because all the money goes to charity, if there's any money left over, but then there never is." There is a delirious, breathless plaintiveness in Lombard at a moment like this—recognition dawning in her. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's likable and well paced even at its silliest. Lombard shrieks happily, and Powell modulates impeccably. With Mischa Auer, doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Directed by Gregory La Cava, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. Like several of the Astaire-Rogers musicals, this film has a sleek and silvery Art Deco look; the black-and-white cinematography is by Ted Tetzlaff. (Thalia; Aug. 8-9.)

No Nukes—Filmed at the September, 1979, rock concerts in Madison Square Garden, featuring such performers as Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, and James Taylor. (Cinema I.)

Norma Rae (1979)—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 1-7.)

Les Petites Fugues—Directed by Yves Yersin. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

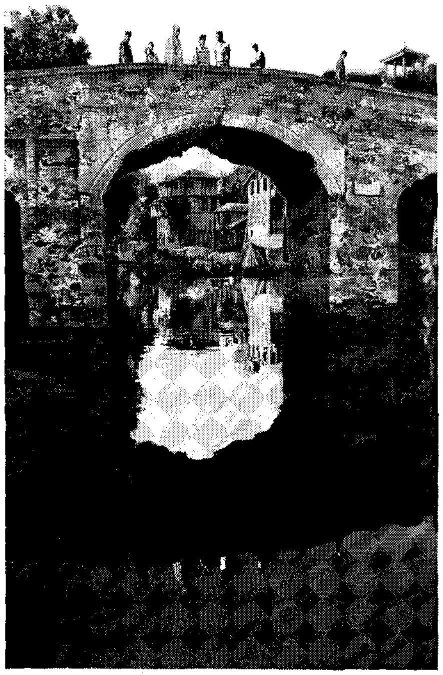
Pit of Loneliness (1951)—Called "Olivia" in France; the American title for this study of lesbianism was an obvious attempt to connect it to the popular novel "The Well of Loneliness." Edwige Feuillère and Simone Simon play teachers who try to win more than their share of affection from their students. The film is serious, not exploitative, but it doesn't compare with that other study of lesbianism at school, "Mädchen in Uniform" (see above). Born in 1908, the director, Jacqueline Audry, worked her way up from script girl and made a series of popular films, such as "Mitsou" and the French non-musical version of "Gigi;" she was more deft at light comedy than at this sort of earnest sensitivity. Colette did the script, from the English novel "Olivia." In French. (Thalia; Aug. 5.)

Practice Makes Perfect—With Jean Rochefort, Danielle Darrieux, and Annie Girardot; directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Paris.)

Raise the Titanic—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld; starting Aug. 1.)

Rape of Love—A serious, well-acted French feminist polemic against rape which, on account of its protracted rape scene (and perhaps its unfortunate title), turns inadver-

AUCTION TODAY
AL FABRY



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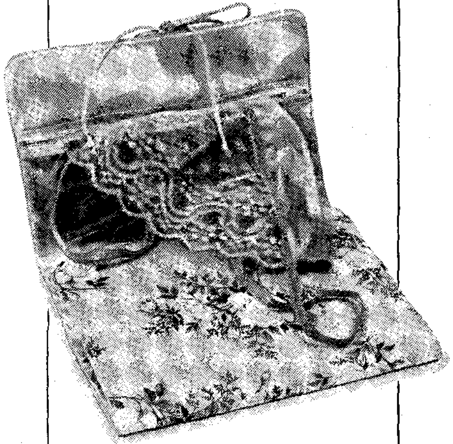

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Celebrity

tently pornographic. In French. (11/5/79) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 7.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, Richard was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear his inflections in lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

Rough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Embassy; through July 31. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Aug. 2.)

The Saga of Gösta Berling (1924)—Garbo, when she was an entrancingly soft-faced, full-bodied young girl, and the dashing Byronic Lars Hanson in Mauritz Stiller's stirring, romantic film version of the Selma Lagerlöf novel. Stiller was a master at unifying visual beauty and emotional effect; the complicated narrative is blurry, but there are sequences as lovely and expressive as any on film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 3.)

The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through July 31. . . . ¶ Olympia; Aug. 1-7.)

Strange Masquerade—With Endre Holman and Carla Romanelli, directed by Pál Sándor. In Hungarian. (Art.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a screen version of "One Sunday Afternoon," a play about life at the turn of the century. Cagney is an unnervingly energetic dentist who is crazy about Rita Hayworth but who goes and marries de Havilland. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Regency; Aug. 7-9.)

The T.A.M.I. Show (1971)—With James Brown, the Supremes, Jan & Dean, the Miracles, and others. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 5-6.)

That'll Be the Day (1974)—With David Essex and Ringo Starr, directed by Claude Whatham. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 7.)

Time After Time—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (Olympia; Aug. 1-7.)

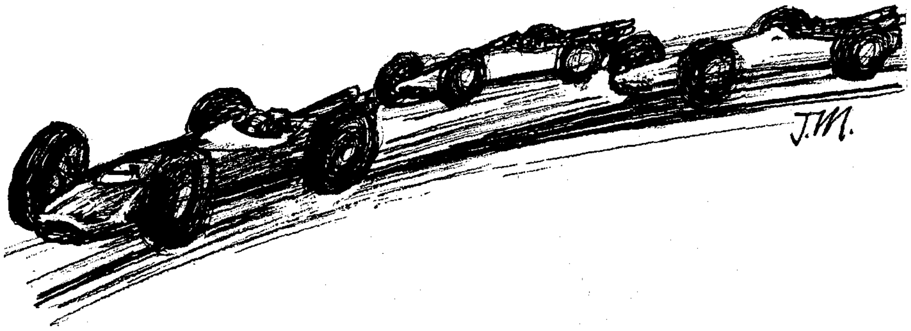
The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema II.)

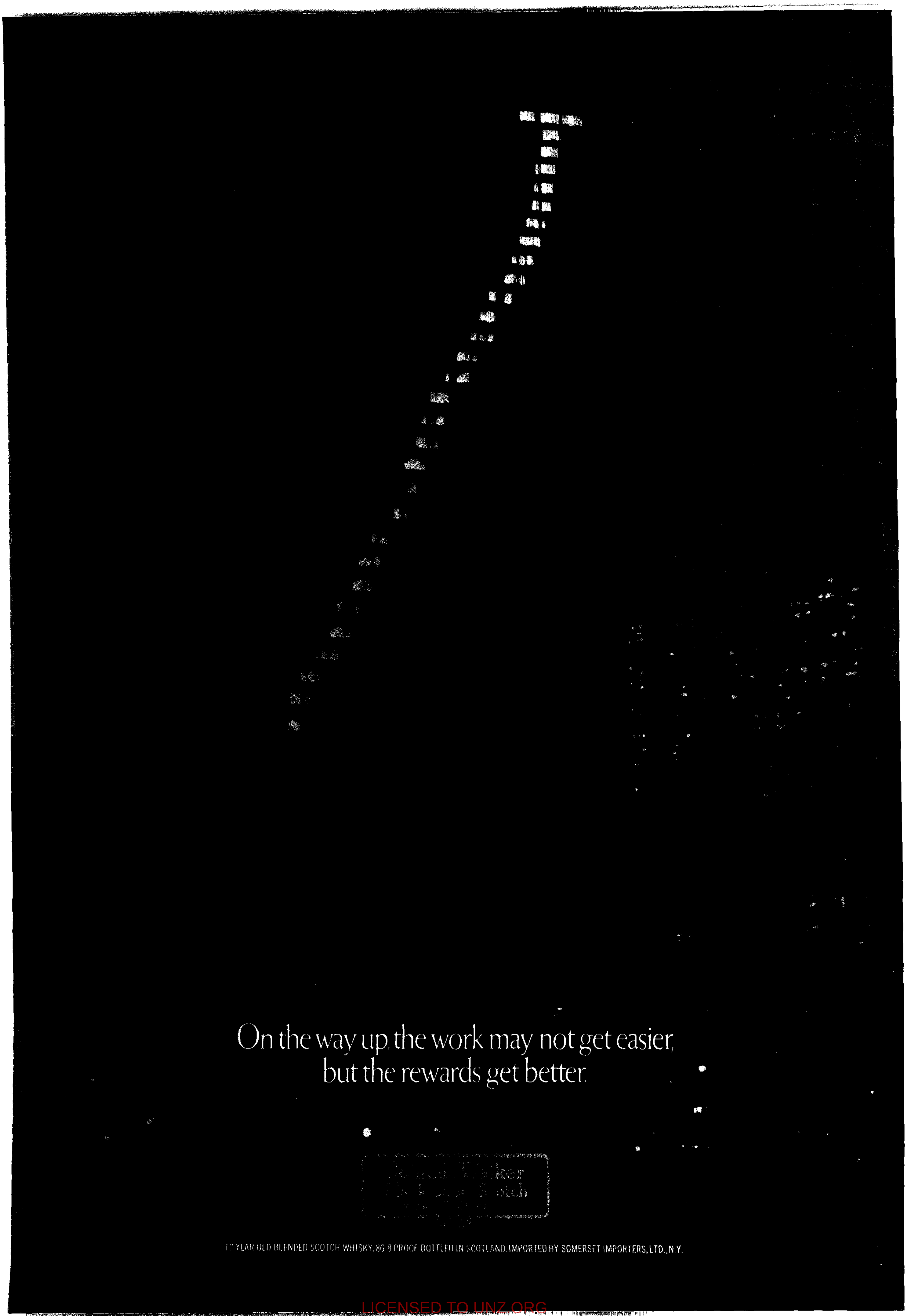
Urban Cowboy—Aaron Latham's article "The Urban Cowboy," featured on the September 12, 1978, cover of *Esquire*, was subtitled "Saturday Night Fever, Country & Western Style," and it was quite clearly a set of variations on the "Saturday Night Fever" theme. According to Latham, the headquarters of the young hardhats who worked in the petrochemical plants around Houston was a vast honky-tonk, Gilley's, which featured a mechanical bull, and these anomic young Southwesterners had no way to prove their manhood except by dressing up in boots and jeans and cowboy hats and trying to live out the myths of the West by riding this contraption. The film, directed by James Bridges, from a script he wrote with Latham, views its young hero, Bud (John Travolta), as rootless and ignorant on the assumption (probably false) that the audience believes in those antiquated macho values and wants to see them on the screen The movie also tries to reactivate the cowboy mythology. It dredges up an ex-convict villain (Scott Glenn) out of an ancient Western, so Bud can defeat him on the bucking machine and beat him up in a fistfight as well. The picture is scrappily edited, and the director seems willing to do almost anything for an immediate effect. In the best moments, satire and sultriness work together; in the worst moments, the sentimentality is so gross it makes us feel contemptuous of the moviemakers' shamelessness. With Debra Winger, who gives a steamy and very appealing performance as the girl Bud marries, Madolyn Smith as a slumming rich bitch, and Brooke Alderson and Barry Corbin as Bud's aunt and uncle. The country music doesn't supply much excitement. (7/21/80) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through July 31. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Aug. 7.)

Xanadu—A musical, with Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly, and Michael Beck, directed by Robert Greenwald. (Plaza, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Criterion Center; starting Aug. 8.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as the prodigious actor-playwright-songwriter George M. Cohan, in a big, enjoyable musical biography, well directed by Michael Curtiz. Made during the Second World War, it's packed with jingoistic Americanism, but this ties in with Cohan's own attitudes and with the unselfconscious Irish-American sentimentality of his songs, and Cagney's stiff-backed hoofing is so spirited that the soggy plot turns hardly bother one. He gets to dance more in this movie than in any of his previous films, and though he was born in 1899 and is somewhat portly here, he is so cocky and sure a dancer that you feel yourself grinning with pleasure at his movements. (He took the Academy Award for Best Actor.) With Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Rosemary de Camp, Frances Langford, Richard Whorf, George Tobias, Jeanne Cagney, Eddie Foy, Jr., Walter Catlett, Irene Manning, S. Z. Sakall, and George Barbier. The script is by Robert Buckner and Edmund Joseph; the cinematography is by James Wong Howe. (Regency; Aug. 7-9.)

Zombie—With Tisa Farrow, directed by Lucio Fulci. (U.A. East, Olympia, and Rivoli; through July 31.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BY showing how much they can actually hold and still allow room, the full summer streets seem much larger than the bare winter ones. Weather permitting, the people of the East Village and the neighborhoods around it like to come out on the street and lounge and bicker in the open air. They gather in groups, sometimes of one sex, sometimes of both, and match the volume of their voices to the radios they carry. They are totally frank and not at all self-conscious in discussing the character of someone's sister's boyfriend (who is related to the super, who is no good) or assessing the appearance of a new arrival on the corner. One group respects another's privacy, and only the largest disputes attract any attention. We like to wander among these exchanges. The people look friendly—even during disagreements the tone of their voices is almost always good-natured—and we often wish we had an invitation to join them. They wrangle over parking spaces. They try to fix cars by committee. They open bottles of beer or soda and toss the bottle caps into the street, and the tires on the cars coming by press them into the hot tar, so the whole street looks like part of an urban abstract mosaic or like a sprawling and intricate connect-the-dots drawing. The groups swell and spill into the street and block traffic, and a person in an otherwise nondescript car sounds an air horn that plays the opening phrase of "La Cucaracha" or "Dixie" or a salsa tune to clear them out of the way. In moments of relative quiet, we hear bits of conversation. Two men talk at cross-purposes. One says, "How're you doing?" The other says, "Not bad. I was thinking of moving uptown." "My wife's just out of the hospital," says the first. "Little place up on Eighty-sixth Street," says the second. And so on. A boy walking hand in hand with his father says, "I wish I hadn't popped that balloon. I miss it now."

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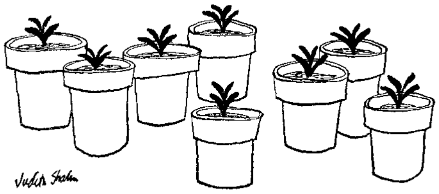
Out and Back

HEIGHTS-INWOOD is the name of a weekly newspaper that is read mainly by those Manhattan residents who live closest to the Arctic Circle. It is a genuine community newspaper. According to the editors, life may exist south of the George Washington Bridge, but you'll have to look elsewhere to read about it in detail. *Heights-Inwood* offers provocative headlines ("CAR IN 5-STORY GARAGE PLUNGE," "KIDS MESS UP IND"), soft news ("DONEMAY PUB PLANS 4TH OF JULY BLAST"), service features ("A Sure-Fire Way to Make Your Beer Taste Better"), and "Uptown Ollie," a cartoon strip whose main character owns a pet parrot named Broadway. The paper has been in business for seven and a half years, and we have read it regularly during that time. No other sheet in town carries ads for the Fantasy of Italy beauty shop or sponsors Favorite Bartender contests. Therefore, it came as an unpleasant surprise when an issue arrived one day not long ago bearing a front-page editorial titled "Our Final Issue." *Heights-Inwood*, it seemed, faced the same dilemma as the Chrysler Corporation—too much outflow, inadequate income. We scanned the final issue—"FELTMAN HEADS 34TH PRECINCT," "2 'RUB OUT' A 3RD IN BENNETT AVE. MURDER," "STATE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD AS WE TAKE OUR LEAVE"—and thought, That's that; too bad. The following week, however, another issue of *Heights-Inwood* arrived in the mail. The front-page headline exclaimed, in seventy-four-point type, "WE'RE BACK—TO STAY!" This was sufficiently dramatic to get us to take an A train to Inwood a few days later to find out what had happened. We rode to 200th Street and emerged aboveground in that part of Manhattan which strongly resembles Flatbush or Park Slope. We walked down Broadway a couple of blocks to the *Heights-Inwood* office, where we met Barry Dunleavey, the paper's publisher and editor. He invited us to walk across Broadway to a bench on the edge of Fort Tryon Park. The bench apparently functions as an annex to the *Heights-Inwood* office. The main office, which occupies a storefront, is the antithesis of spacious. It is approximately large enough to park a car in. In fact, someone tried to do just that one day last winter. This was a reader who, rather belatedly, expressed his objection to some attention that he had received in the paper's "Police Report" column two years earlier. The miscreant backed a four-door sedan through the plate-glass front window. This displaced the reception area, moving it into the newsroom, and exacerbated the office's space shortage. The car has been removed, but the storefront has been covered with plywood ever since.



Mr. Dunleavey, a slim, handsome, gray-haired man in his forties, explained how *Heights-Inwood* managed to die and resurrect itself so quickly. "The day we published our final issue, I went around and said goodbye to some of our most loyal advertisers," he said. "I went to see Harry Birnbaum, of Ronjenn Shoes, on Dyckman Street, and Harry at the Inwood Shell Service Station, and Mr. Flynn at the local Chemical Bank branch. Not much else happened that day. In a way, it was sad, I suppose. But in another way I felt relieved. The next morning, I was in the office at ten o'clock and the phone rang. It was a local businessman calling to ask whether I could come to a meeting of some of the businessmen of the community an hour later. I went to the meeting, and the gist of what they had to say was that they felt the paper was important enough to the community so that it should be saved. So the day after we went out of business we were back in business."

Mr. Dunleavey, who was a professional actor before he became a newspaper publisher, declined to emphasize one irony—that the community businessmen who came to the paper's rescue did so largely because *Heights-Inwood* had identified, and confirmed the importance of, the community's existence in the first place. Being back in business means that a couple of recently launched promotional campaigns for the newspaper—Bermuda Sweepstakes and the Community Awards Celebration—won't have to be cancelled. Things are still not all straightforward and simple, however. The businessmen who have offered to support *Heights-Inwood* have an option to buy it. Now they have announced their intention of exercising this option, but they have found themselves disagreeing with Mr. Dunleavey over the terms of the sale. "If this were to fall through, we would hope that something else could be worked out, because we would hate to have to publish another final issue," Mr. Dunleavey said as we sat on the park bench and watched a Good Humor truck roll by.

The other day, while the discussion of terms presumably continued, another issue of *Heights-Inwood* arrived in the mail. It contained a front-page advice column headed "How to Get a Subsidized Apartment," some unsettling crime news ("FIND STABBED CORPSE SEATED UPRIGHT ON FLOOR"), and an interview with the ninety-one-year-old sister-in-law of Harry Houdini, the great escape artist. Her name is Marie Hinson, she lives in Washington Heights, and, while you may have read it here first, we didn't.

Audition

Lester Lanin, the society bandleader, who is from Philadelphia, who as a child played the piano and the drums, who has played at more than ten thousand weddings and at more than three thousand débutante parties, who has played in every state of the union except Montana, who has committed to memory the tunes of many thousands of songs, who is in his sixties, who has been conducting a Lester Lanin Orchestra since 1937, who was once married to a woman who was a former Miss Texas, held an open audition recently in a room he rented for four hours in a building on Broadway. Sixty-three musicians showed up for the audition. They had heard about it either from the musicians'-union paper or from a column in the *Post* or by word of mouth. Of the sixty-three musicians who showed up, five were women, one of whom played the flute, one the trumpet, one the harp, and the two others—sisters, who had just come from playing on the QE2 eighty-day 1980 World Cruise—the violin and the accordion.

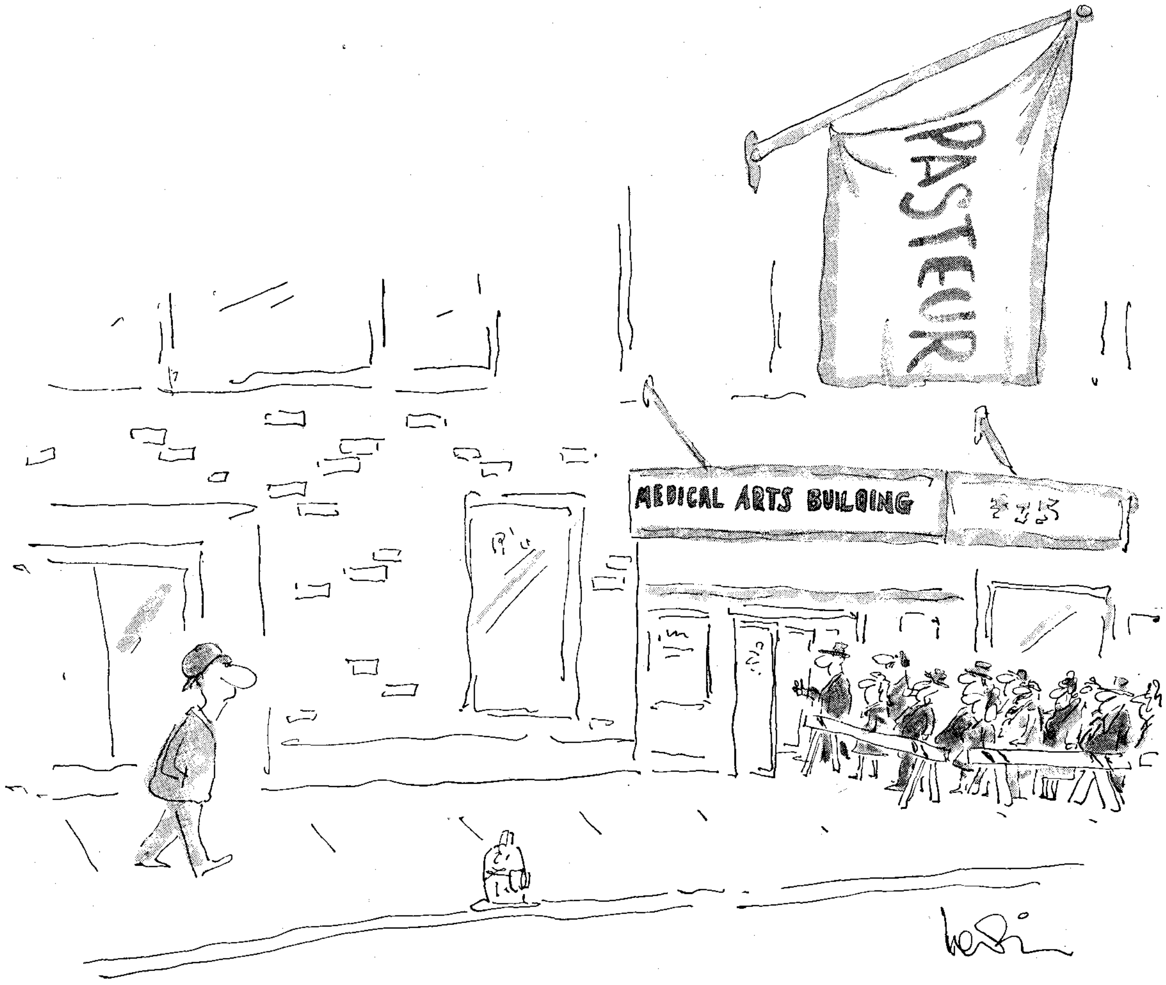
It was raining heavily on the day Lester Lanin held the audition, and almost everybody in the studio—a large, white, square room with mirrors covering one wall—looked a little rumpled and damp, the way people look when they have just come in out of the rain. Lester Lanin did not look rumpled and damp. He wore a neatly tailored black suit with a vest, a black-and-white patterned shirt, and a black-and-white patterned tie. He is a small man, about five feet seven, and he stood more or less in the center of the room, surrounded by auditioning musicians—say, a pianist, a drummer, a bass player, a clarinettist, a trumpet player, a trombonist, a flutist, and a guitarist. Every fifteen minutes or so, a new group of musicians assembled. Each musician was asked to play something, and the others joined in.

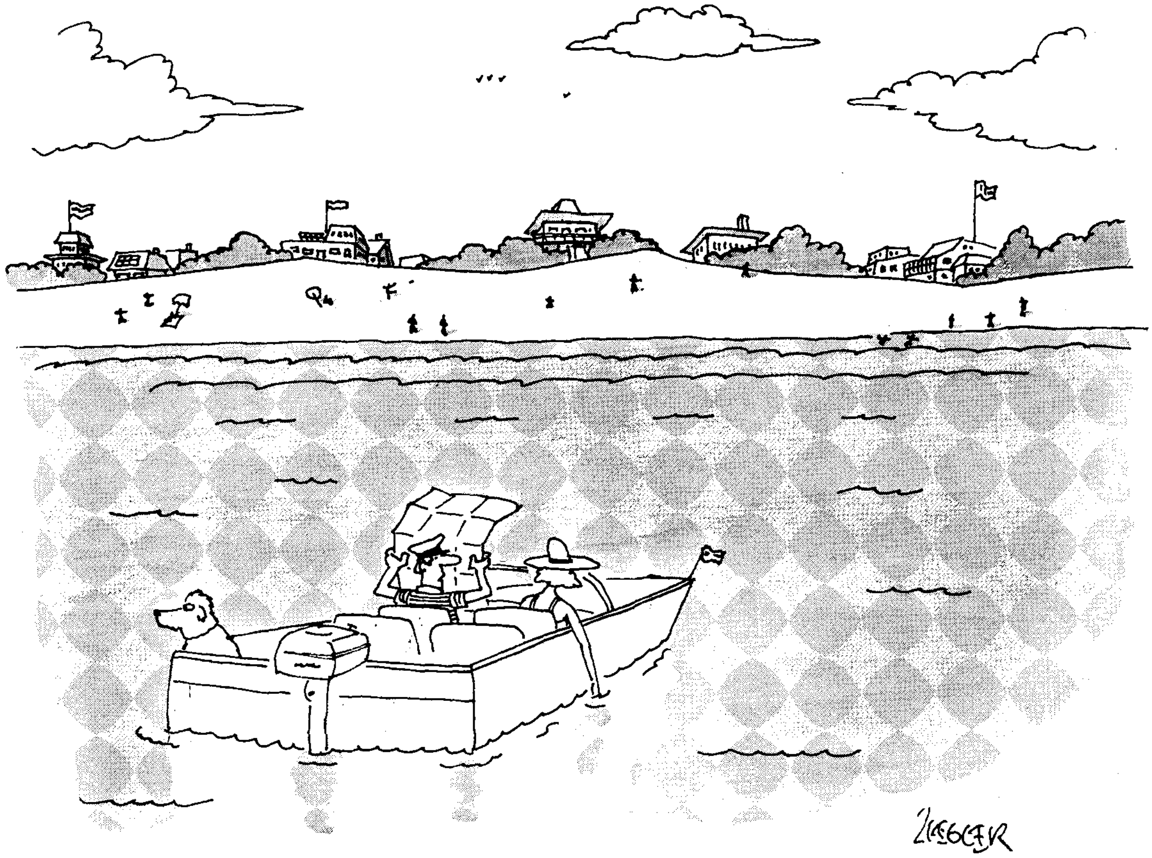
"Do you know ' 'Swonderful'?" Lester Lanin asked a man who played the trumpet.

"Yes," said the man. He started playing " 'Swonderful," and the other musicians did their best to join him.

"That's good," said Lester Lanin. "But a couple of notes were a little corny. Try 'Somebody Loves Me.' "

Altogether, in a period of four hours, Lester Lanin asked thirty musicians to play "Somebody Loves Me," thirty musicians to play "All the Things You Are," thirty-five musicians to play " 'Swonderful," twenty-seven musicians to play "Willow Weep for Me," forty-two musicians to play





"Well, it could be hog butcher for the world, tool maker, stacker of wheat, player with railroads and the nation's freight handler, stormy, husky, brawling, city of the big shoulders—but I think it's just Fire Island."

"Muskrat Ramble," one musician to play "Proud Mary," three musicians to play "Bad Girl," the same three musicians to play "Hot Stuff," four musicians to play "Macho Man," one musician to play "Freak Out," ten musicians to play "Hello, Dolly!," one musician to play "Ease On Down the Road," two musicians to play "Just the Way You Are," and one musician to play "Moonlight Becomes You." When any of the musicians didn't know the tunes to the songs, Lester Lanin told them to go out and buy a certain songbook, which had over five hundred songs in it, and learn all the songs in the book. He told them that in his orchestras, of which he sometimes had as many as forty, no one played from sheet music—only from memory. To a man who was a very good trombone player but knew only one of the tunes he was asked to play, Lester Lanin said, "Many famous orchestra musicians have played with me, but they weren't qualified to play a deb party or other social event, because they couldn't play the tunes without charts."

At the end of the audition, Lester Lanin said he thought he would use men who had played the clarinet, the flute, the guitar, and the trombone, and the two sisters who had just come off the QE2 tour.

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Copies

A FRIEND visiting France has sent us this report:

Pati Hill is an American whose present ambition is, in her words, to photocopy Versailles. Born in Kentucky and raised in Virginia, Miss Hill was a fashion model in Paris in the early fifties, since when she has written poems, stories, and novels, invented a modern hieroglyphic language, and been a housewife in Stonington, Connecticut. She is now living in Paris again, with her husband—a Frenchman named Paul Bianchini—and has a two-room office, reeking of photocopying chemicals, on a side street off the square called the Madeleine. For the past five years, she has been using photocopiers to reproduce all sorts of likely and unlikely objects, and some of this work has been exhibited in New York and is being exhibited right now at the Pompidou Center, in Paris. Other artists, too, are currently working with copying machines, fascinated by a process that can take an utterly ordinary thing and dissociate it from the context in which we normally see it, thereby making it particular and sometimes magical again—an effect, it seems, of the shallow yet dramatic depth perception of photocopiers, which give the copied object the effect of floating in space.

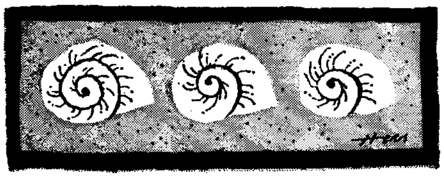
"For me, it started one day in Stonington when I was cleaning out a drawer," says Miss Hill, who has a gamin air, well matched by a wry manner of speech. "Most of it was stuff I was going to throw away, but I decided I wanted to remember some things, like buttons and gloves, so I took them over to New London and got the copying service to copy them for me. Pretty soon, I was working their machine myself. I copied bars of soap, zippers, fruit, a light bulb, swan feathers, and parts of old clothes—underwear and linen dresses. I began to experiment with the machine, and I learned that just after a new supply of toner had been put in, you could get a really deep black from it. Jill Kornblee gave me the first of several shows I've had at her gallery, on Fifty-seventh Street, in New York, but the New London people thought I wasn't doing their machine much good, so I approached I.B.M. They weren't very interested. But I had a friend whose husband worked for them, and one Friday afternoon he invited me into I.B.M.'s New York offices. I stayed there on my own all weekend. I took some cheese sandwiches and apples and worked the drink-dispensing machines. I ran into a cleaning woman, who asked was I from upstairs, and I replied, 'More or less.' Anyway, I got a lot of copies made, and walked out on Monday morning when everyone came in."

Not long afterward, Miss Hill sat next to the late Charles Eames, the designer, on a flight from Paris to New York, and she showed him some of her work. As a result, he formally introduced her to I.B.M., which gave her a grant and lent her a machine for two and a half years. Right now, she has a Rank Xerox 2600. She says, "On the small range of machines I've worked with, the differences are that I.B.M. is grainier and seems to offer me a greater range of tones and greater depth perception. Xerox prints a more photographically realistic copy and, on a small machine, can make a print on both sides of any suitable paper. You can spray the black afterward with fixative to intensify the tone."

Miss Hill has achieved some of her effects by moving the object around as the copy is being made; by once in a while using blue, yellow, or green paper; and by spooning in extra quantities of toner (tiny black particles that are attracted to the paper electrostatically and are bonded to it by heat), thus creating various profundities of dark. Her present machine takes about five minutes to warm up in the morning, and when Miss Hill is in full swing she may press the button as many as fifty times in an hour—a figure that is registered, like car mileage, and is added to the cost of the machine. "A copier works like a magnet, attracting or rejecting things," she says. "It separates things, gives them an edge. On the grays, it's always making up its mind which way it will go, toward black or toward white. A photocopy seems to me much more truthful to detail than a photograph. On a copier, the actualities of something become quite marvellous. Everything is symbolic. This makes it difficult when it comes to giving a copy as a present—people think the reason you have given it to them is connected with whatever it is you've copied. A copier also allows you to go on and on making copies without limit. You can put copies together like a mosaic—forever, if you want to. And copy subjects are not necessarily right side up. The very image of space! In a way, of course, you're working with accidents. You don't see the side of the object that is being copied—that side is suddenly illuminated, as though struck by lightning."

And why Versailles? Why this vast, extremely formal palace, which Louis XIV, the Sun King, held court in and extended to commemorate his own reign and the glories of France? Pati Hill says she has various reasons. "One is that I admire the splendid style of Versailles—the fact that it expresses Louis's statement *'L'état, c'est moi.'* It's both a very self-centered and a very public-spirited place. Secondly, there's the American connection. Ben Franklin was there. John D. Rockefeller and other Americans have given oodles to help restore it. I wanted to do a bi-national project, French and American, since that's how I feel right now. And I wanted to do something big—something that could be done only by an industrial machine with the help of people in industry. I wanted to see what the copier, a modern device, would make of something old. I wanted to show how many of Versailles's possessions, which had been dispersed, are now being brought together again, and to show its elegance again by copying many small things in it. When I remember places I have been, I mostly remember very sharp little details. I thought it would be exciting to do that remembering with a copier—which, with its eye-accurate view of details and its human-vision-sized pictures, would report back something like what human beings see when they visit a place, whose parts are linked principally by the fact that people know they are linked. I will do details. I want to copy a cobblestone, parts of espaliered trees, anti-damp grilles, *graffiti*, lollipop sticks, the embroidery on Marie Antoinette's bedspreads and draperies, and the King's left foot from the equestrian statue in the front yard. I know that all this will mean lugging a photocopying machine around and propping it up in all sorts of strange ways, but that doesn't scare me. I would like to copy the key to the main gate, but I don't think they'll let me. I want to display the copies in picture-mounting card, one recessed rectangle next to another—something like the tall windows of Versailles. Gerald van der Kemp, who has just retired from the post of Curator in Chief of Versailles, was a bit puzzled when I first proposed the project to him, so I sent him some copies I'd done of flowers. He said they were *féerique*—fairylike. I think Louis Quatorze would have had Versailles filled with photocopiers."

Miss Hill believes that for the moment—which, technology being what it is, may not last long—the photocopier is one of the most powerful instruments for self-expression around. She says, "Photocopiers enable every person in every office to be an artist—though I know that when I say that sort of thing it troubles I.B.M. and Xerox. They can visualize all the problems that will result from art and experiment—the burnups and paper jams, and copier repairmen submitting huge bills. I think it's wonderful that there are copy places like laundromats, where artists can go and use the machines for not much money. Copiers bring artists and writers together. Copies are an international visual language, which talks to people in Los Angeles and people in Prague the same way. Making copies is very near to speaking."



At the Brass Moon Café

MICHAEL CUMMINS, one of the proprietors of the Brass Moon Café, on Duane Street, and its principal builder, told us a story during the crowded opening party for his bar-restaurant on a recent evening:

"I love joints. I love bars of all kinds. One of my favorite bars is the White Horse, in the Village. When I was sixteen, I used to sneak into Manhattan from Queens and drink there. The owner was this Dutch guy who lived upstairs, and when he sold the place to two of his bartenders he cancelled everybody's tab, including mine. What a gentleman. Made me feel really grown-up, having a bar tab and then having it cancelled. So when I went to work, the first place I tended bar was the White Horse—"

"Excuse me, Michael, I just have to tell you I love your ceiling. Where's it from?"

"That's a pressed-tin ceiling, and it comes from one of the last places in the city to do that kind of ceiling—Standard Tinsmith, on Chrystie Street. They coat the tin to keep it from rusting. I had to wash it with vinegar before I put it up.

"Anyway, I was working in the White Horse—I was filling in for somebody on one of my days off, actually—and I came back to my apartment and I had been totally cleaned out. They stole my stereo, my television, a lot of other stuff, and—the worst thing—they got my guitar, which was a gift to me from a friend, and which had once belonged to Mississippi John Hurt. Irreplaceable guitar. So—"

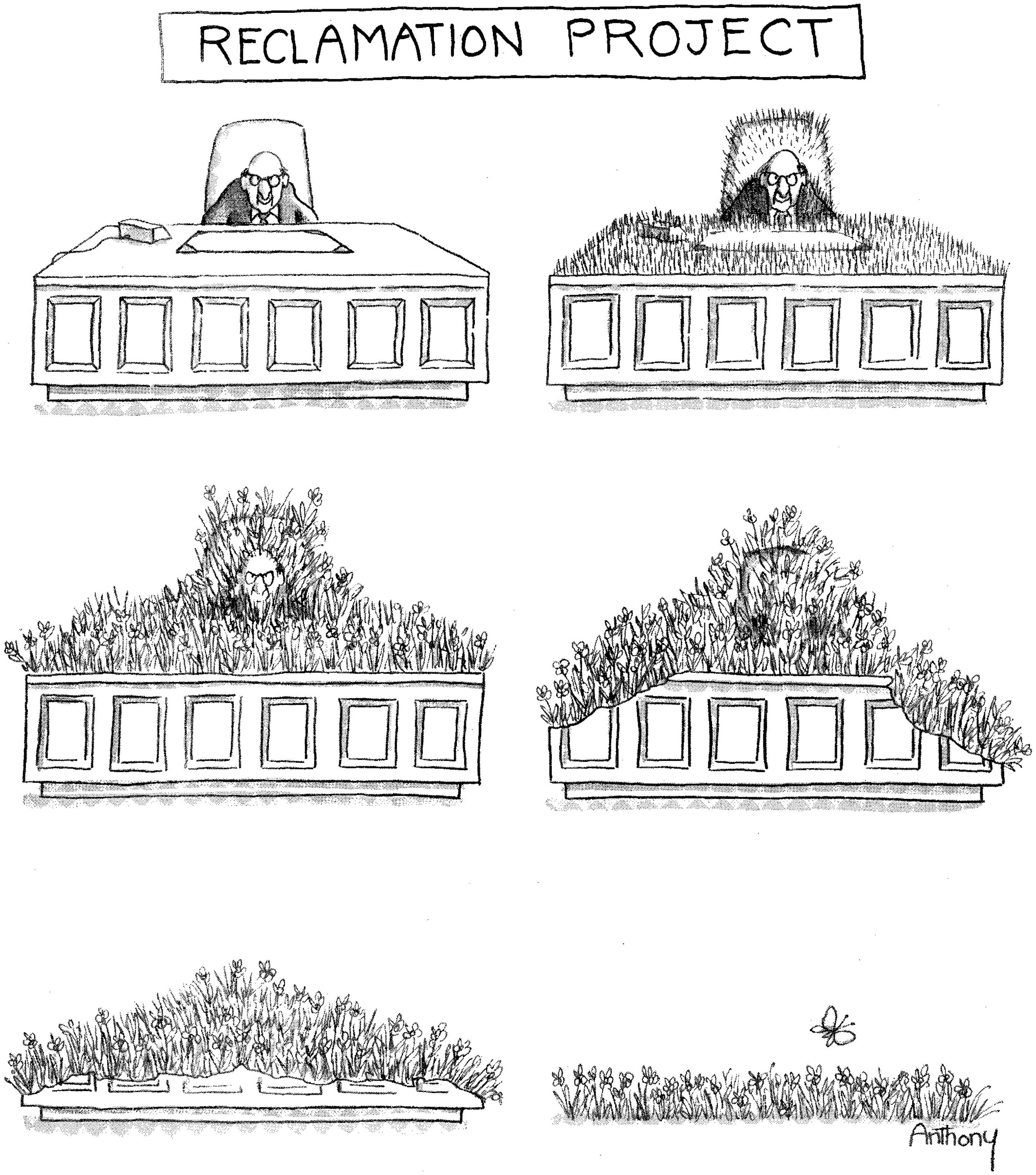
"Excuse me, Michael. That girl is chaining her bicycle to your sandwich board. Is that O.K.?"

"Sure, yeah, that's O.K.

"So I go back into the White Horse, and I'm sitting there drinking, trying to forget—"

"Michael! Incredible panelling! Who did it?"

"All the architectural woodwork was done by Bob Biondi. That panelling we bought at the exotic-wood store on Park Avenue South. It's an esoteric African mahogany called pomele.



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"Anyway, I'm sitting there having a few drinks, I'm real depressed, and this guy sitting next to me at the bar notices I'm depressed, and he asks me—"

"Excuse me, Mike, are we ready for the chicken now?"

"This is my chef de cuisine, Larry Liptak, a twenty-five-year-old genius, from the Culinary Institute of America. He trained with André René, the great French chef at the Hotel Pierre. Sure, start the chicken.

"So the guy asks me what's wrong, and I tell him I got ripped off, and he asks me what I lost—"

"Michael, did you do the tile yourself?"

"That's all real one-inch white hexagonal glazed-clay tile, and I did it all myself.

"So he asks me what I lost, and I tell him, and he says wait here, and about twenty minutes later he comes back with all my stuff! He said my television was already gone, but he offered to get me another one—"

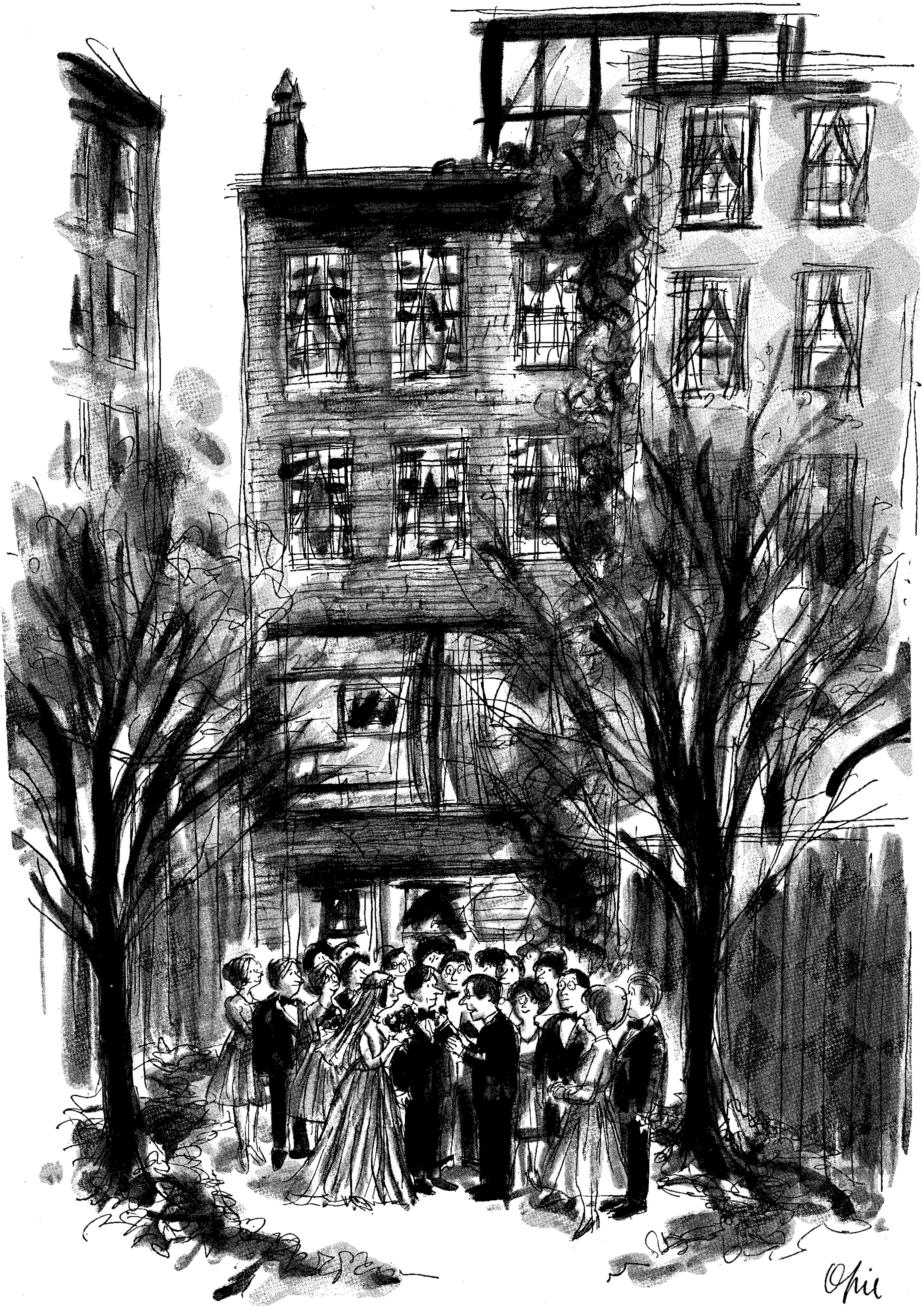
"Michael, the man from the insurance company is here about your employee coverage."

"Give him a drink. I'll talk to him in a second.

"So he gives me back my stuff, and he says, 'Man, I'm really sorry, I didn't know that was your apartment.' He told me, 'You should've put your name on your window.' I had one window, it looked out on a shaftway, and the guy tells me I should've put my name on it."

"Michael, can I talk to you?"

"Sure."



"*Dearly beloved, we are gathered here yet again . . .*"

BISHOP

Bishop's standing outside his apartment building.

An oil truck double-parked, its hose coupled with the sidewalk, the green-uniformed driver reading a paperback called "Name Your Baby."

Bishop's waiting for Cara.

The Martini rule is not before quarter to twelve.

Eyes go out of focus. He blinks them back again.

He had a beer for breakfast, as usual, a Pilsner Urquell. Imported beer is now ninety-nine cents a bottle at his market.

The oil truck's pump shuts off with a click. The driver tosses his book into the cab and begins uncoupling.

Cara's not coming.

The painter John Frederick Peto made a living playing cornet in a camp meeting for the last twenty years of his life, according to Alfred Frankenstein.

Bishop goes back inside the building and climbs one flight of stairs to his apartment.

His bank has lost the alimony payment he cables twice a month to his second wife, in London. He switches on the FM, dialling past two classical stations to reach Fleetwood Mac.

Bishop's writing a biography of the nineteenth-century American painter William Michael Harnett. But today he can't make himself work.

Cara's been divorced, once.

At twenty minutes to twelve he makes himself a Martini.

Hideous bouts of black anger in the evening. Then a word or a sentence in the tone she can't bear. The next morning he remembers nothing about it.

The artist Peto was discovered when, after his death, his pictures were exhibited with the faked signatures of William Michael Harnett, according to Alfred Frankenstein.

His second wife, working in London, recently fainted at her desk. The company doctor sent her home with something written on a slip of paper—a diagnosis. For two days she stared at the piece of paper, then called Bishop and read him the word: *lipothymia.* Bishop checked with the public library, called her again in London. "It means fainting," he said.

On the FM, a program called "How to Protect Against Radiation Through Good Nutrition." He switches it off.

In the morning he remembers nothing of what had been said the previous night. But, coming into the kitchen and seeing her harsh, set face, he knows there's been a quarrel.

His eyes ache.

He's not fat.

She calls.

"I can't make it."

"I noticed."

"I'm sorry."

"How about tonight?"

"I'll have to see. I'll let you know."

"When?"

"As soon as I can."

"Can you give me a rough idea?"

"Before six."

Bishop types a letter to a university declining a speaking engagement.

He's been in the apartment for seventeen years.

His rent has just been raised forty-nine dollars a month.

Bishop is not in love with Cara, and she is certainly not in love with him. Still, they see each other rather often, sleep together rather often.

When he's given up on Cara, on a particular evening, he'll make a Scotch to take to bed with him. He lies on one elbow in the dark, smoking and sipping the Scotch.

He has a birthday in July, he'll be forty-nine.

Waking in the middle of the night he notices, again and again and again, that he sleeps with one fist jammed against his jaw—forearm, upper arm, and jaw making a rigid defensive triangle.

Cara says: "Everyone's got good taste, it just doesn't mean that much."

She's in textiles, a designer.

He rarely goes to lunch with anyone now.

On the street, he greets a neighbor he's never even nodded to before, a young man who is, he's heard, a lawyer. Bishop remembers the young man as a thin tall child with evasive eyes.

He buys flowers, daffodils.

In front of his liquor store there are six midday drunks in a bunch, youngish men, perhaps late thirties. They're lurching about and harassing passersby, a couple of open half pints visible (but this liquor store, Bishop knows, doesn't sell half pints). One of them, a particularly clumsy man with a red face under red stubble, makes a grab for his paper-wrapped flowers, Bishop sidesteps him easily, so early in the day, where do they get the money?

Judith Shahn

He thinks of correspondences between himself and the drunks.

He's not in love with Cara but he admires her, especially her ability to survive the various men she takes up with from time to time, all of whom (he does not include himself) seem intent on tearing her down (she confides to him), on tearing her to pieces. . . .

When Bishop puts out a grease fire in the oven by slapping at it with a dish towel she criticizes his performance, even though he's burned his arm.

"You let too much oxygen in."

He's convinced that his grandfather and grandmother, who are dead, will come back to life one day.

Bishop's telephone bill is a nightmare of long-distance charges: Charleston, Beverly Hills, New Orleans, Charleston, Charleston, London, Norfolk, Boston, Beverly Hills, London—

When they make love in the darkness of his very small bedroom, with a bottle of indifferent California wine on the night table, she locks her hands in the small of his back, exerting astonishing pressure.

Gray in his beard, three wavy lines across his forehead.

"He would frequently paint one picture over another and occasionally a third picture over the second." Frankenstein, on Peto.

The flowers remain in their paper wrapping in the kitchen, on the butcher-block bar.

He watches the four-o'clock movie, a film he's seen possibly fifty times, Henry Fonda as Colonel Thursday dancing with Sergeant Major Ward Bond's wife at the Fort Apache non-commissioned officers' ball. . . .

Cara calls. Something's come up.

"Have a good evening."

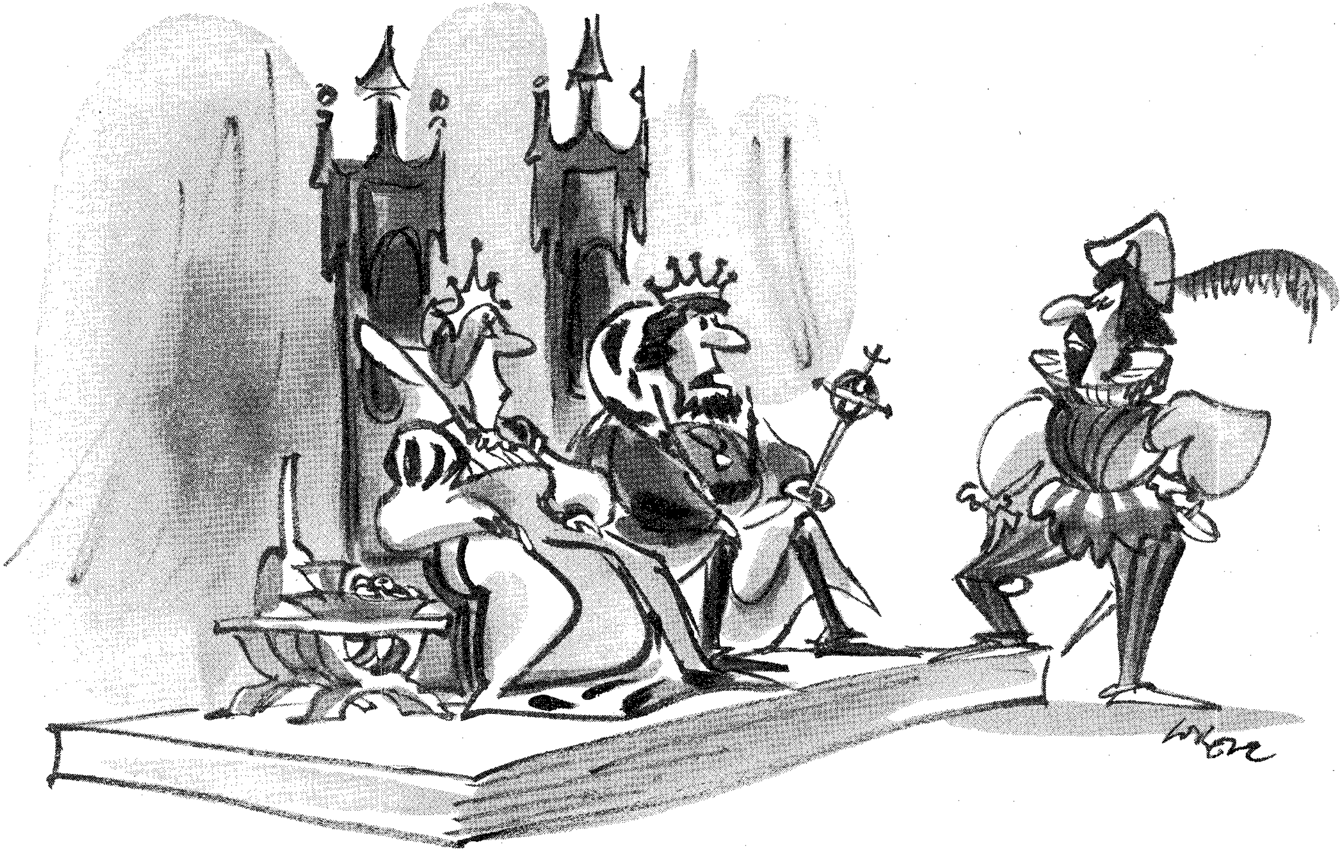
"You, too."

Bishop makes himself a Scotch, although it's only four-thirty and the rule about Scotch is not before five.

Robert Young says: "Sanka brand *is* real coffee."

He remembers driving to his grandparents' ranch, the stack of saddles in a corner of the ranch house's big inner room, the rifles on pegs over the doors, sitting on the veranda at night and watching the headlights of cars coming down the steep hill across the river.

During a commercial he gets out



"Frankly, if we weren't both working I don't know how we'd manage."

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the television schedule to see what he can expect of the evening.

6:00 (2, 4, 7, 31) News
(5) I Love Lucy
(9) Joker's Wild
(11) Sanford and Son
(13) As We See It
(21) Once Upon a Classic
(25) Mister Rogers

A good movie, "Edison," with Spencer Tracy, at eight.

He could call his brother in Charleston.

He could call a friend in Beverly Hills.

He could make a couple of quarts of chili, freeze some of it.

Bishop stands in front of a mirror, wondering why his eyes hurt.

He could read some proofs that have been sitting on his desk for two weeks.

Another Scotch. "Fort Apache" is over.

He walks from the front of the apartment to the back, approving of the furniture, the rugs, the peeling paint.

Bishop puts on his down jacket and goes out to the market. At the meat counter a child in a stroller points at him and screams: *"Old man!"*

The child's mother giggles and says: "Don't take it personally, it's the beard."

What's easiest? Steak, outrageously priced, what he doesn't eat will be there for breakfast.

He picks up two bunches of scallions to chop up for his baked potato.

He looks around for something foolish to buy, to persuade himself he's on top of things.

His right arm still has three ugly red blotches from the episode of the grease fire.

Caviar is sixty-seven dollars for four ounces. But he doesn't like caviar.

Bishop once bought records, Poulenc to Bob Wills, but now does not.

Also, he formerly bought prints. He has a Jim Dine and a de Chirico and a Bellmer and a Richard Hamilton. It's been years since he's bought a print.

(Although he reads the art magazines religiously.)

A shrink once said to him: "Big Daddy, is that it?"

He's had wives, thick in emotional texture, with many lovely problems, his advice is generally good.

Diluted by caution perhaps.

When his grandfather and grandmother come back to life, Bishop sits with them on the veranda of the ranch house looking down to the river, they seem just the same and talk about the things they've always talked about. He walks with his grandfather over the terrain studded with caliche like half-buried skulls, a dirty white, past a salt lick and the windmill and then another salt lick, and his grandfather points out the place where his aunt had been knocked off her horse by a low-lying tree branch. His grandmother is busy burning toast and then scraping it (the way they like it), and is at the same time reading the newspaper, crying aloud "Ben!" and then reading him something about the Stewart girl, you remember who she is, getting married to that fellow who, you remember, got in all the trouble. . . .

With his Scotch in bed, Bishop summons up an image of felicity: Walking in the water, the shallow river, at the edge of the ranch, looking for minnows in the water under the overhanging trees, skipping rocks across the river, intent . . .

—DONALD BARTHELME

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"The fundamentals for copper look pretty good," Mr. Bakken observed. "People are using more copper than they're able to get. And with the fundamentals as they are, prices will continue to strengthen."—*The Times.*

But the pipes may leak like nobody's business.

SMITTEN

THE summer I was fifteen, we had a house in Spain: my parents, Walter and Sylvia Kahn; my brother Justin, just fourteen; and Gordon and Tasha Tenbrook, who were younger than our parents, and childless. Gordon made quite a good living writing jingles for TV, and the Tenbrooks had turned out to be the only couple my parents knew who could afford the time and money to share the villa. Also in their favor was the fact that none of us knew them well; their flaws were still wonderfully unfamiliar to us when we started out.

But irritations began to show one morning in the first week when there was a mixup about the cars. Walter took one of them to the beach by himself, because Sylvia was too long coming out of the bathroom. When she was finally ready to drive down with the rest of us, we discovered that Gordon had made off alone with the second car. Justin and I were eating toast in the kitchen, and when Sylvia came in to rinse her coffee mug, she called Gordon a boob. She lowered her voice because Tasha was penning a poem at the dining-room table, but still, her tone of casual condescension was a shock: if the grownups were calling names after less than a week, how would we get through the next two months? Besides, Gordon wasn't a boob—he was just more easygoing than my parents. Tasha was more than easygoing—she was serene, and even kept her composure in the face of Sylvia's slow boil, which was a real test. She came from Hungary or someplace; that may have explained it.

There was no conversation to liven things up when the four of us set out on foot for the beach. We trudged gloomily along, dusty as pack animals after a minute. The midmorning sun seemed hotter with Sylvia sweltering under it. At the bottom of the hill, we came to an old church set back from the road—a tumbledown thing whose roof tiles lay in the grass where they had dropped. There were no signs of life except for a *niña* filling a jar at a spigot. We watched her out of the corners of our eyes, polite tourists that we were, and when we had passed, Tasha wondered aloud if the water was undrinkable, as she'd been told.

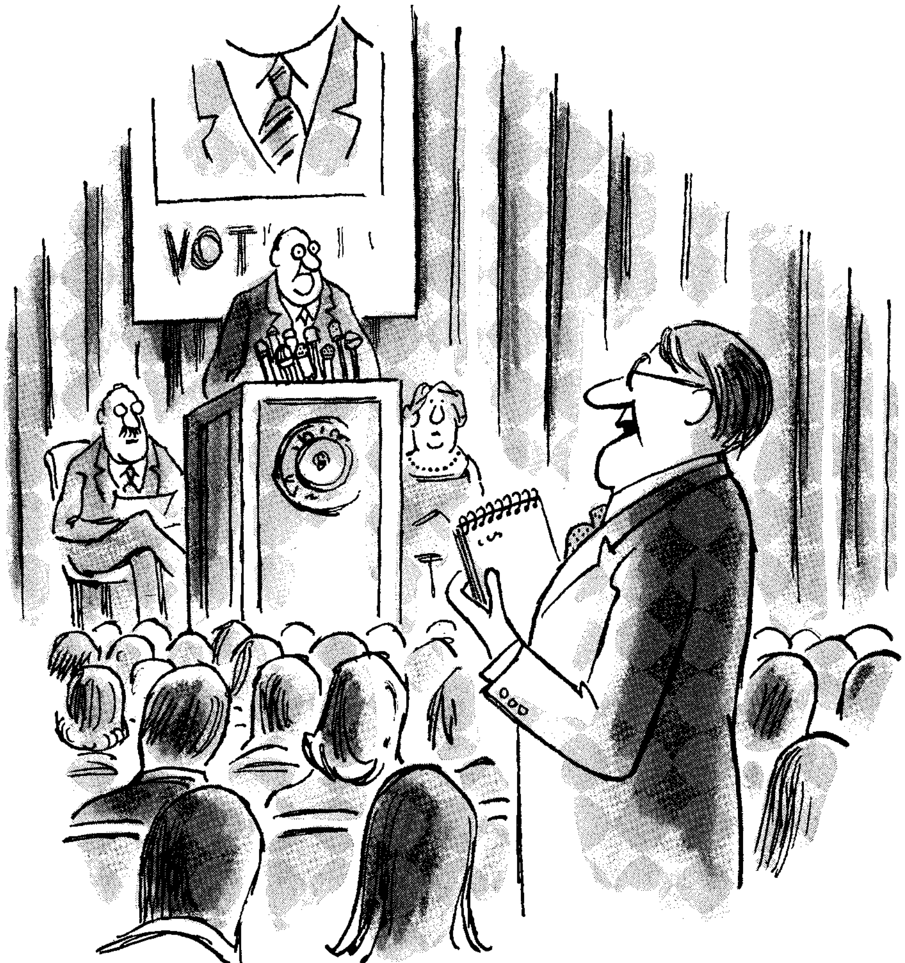
"Utter nonsense!" Sylvia said. "*I've* been drinking it and *I'm* not sick. Haven't you?" And when Tasha admitted she had not, Sylvia looked down her nose as if Tasha had admitted wearing the same underwear for a week. "It's a scheme to sell us bottled water, that's all," she said with finality. Tasha had undoubtedly marked herself as a boob now along with her husband. Sylvia doesn't stay angry at people, but they never quite regain her respect, either.

We passed one of the sights that Juss and I always watched for—the triangular washing pool. It stood right by the roadside, with blue-and-white tiles all around its knee-high basin and a green fibre-glass roof over it. This morning, a washerwoman showed us her huge, black-draped haunches while she held the head of a young boy under the water and scrubbed it with a bar of soap. This was picturesque stuff to us.

Next we came to a row of small shops, whose dark windows were heaped with armloads of goods—no decoration beyond that, no displays as we knew them. There were benches along the wall outside the shops, and a tribe of old women were powwowing there in the strip of shade. They were dressed all in black, and their faces, under tight headscarves, were expressionless as withered apples. They were supervising the *niños*, I suppose. The children were streaked with dust and sweat, too involved in their game to notice American tourists stepping around the marked-out field. One old woman pointed a knobby finger at us and called out shrilly, to a chorus of cackling from her companions. Our veil of invisibility was lifted so swiftly and unexpectedly it was eerie. The finger seemed to be aimed at Tasha, who turned and looked clownishly behind her—but indeed it was Tasha the old woman meant. We walked on a few steps, urged by a hiss from Sylvia, but the old woman summoned a tiny girl, whispered in her ear, and gave her a shove in our direction. Keeping her big eyes on the ground, the child trotted obediently over to Tasha, poked her in the belly, and ran away.

"Let's get out of here," Sylvia said. "They must be senile."

But Tasha was staring hard at the old woman. Sylvia tried tugging her arm, but Tasha wouldn't budge; she asked me—with my two years of class-



"Ned Appleton, of the 'Journal Post,' Senator. I think we'd all like to know what, in your opinion, makes you think you're so hot."

room Spanish—what the woman had said.

"It was something colloquial," I said. "All I caught was the word for bread."

"Of course—they want us to buy their bread," Sylvia said impatiently, and in fact one of the store windows behind the women was piled with loaves.

"But why did the little one touch me?" Tasha asked, not as if she expected an answer. "It was so strange. I can still feel her small finger." She looked down at herself and rubbed the spot.

"Old Spanish custom. Touch a tourist for luck. Probably brings prosperity or something." Sylvia already had a line on this country. She walked smartly ahead, setting us an example, and I wondered why she had wanted to come to Spain and in what way it was letting her down.

We were skirting the square at the big hotel, the Colón, when Justin balked and said he'd rather have a look around than go straight to the beach. I stayed with him, of course. Sylvia argued that absolutely nothing was open yet, but we were bored with being her satellites and stood our ground.

"Oh, let them have their little secrets," she said to Tasha, and pulled her across the hotel parking lot to the beach without a backward glance.

We wandered around, and in truth there was nothing much to see; the various booths stayed boarded up till evening. But it was a pleasure to walk at our ease after marching in our mother's parade. The square was unpaved, and its hard-packed dirt was broken in six places by trees so wide and leafy on top that they formed a nearly complete canopy over the area. I think they were plane trees—the kind with the papery bark that peels away to a yellower and yellower green. Besides the booths, there was an outdoor bowling alley with not a single mechanical part and with wooden lanes so warped the game was more a test of patience than of skill. Next to that was a miniature-golf course which would have fit nicely in our living room.

The entire square was dominated by the stately white hotel. Its main entrance was on the second story, at the top of a sweeping staircase. Flanking the stairs on the ground floor were less conspicuous doors—one to a tiny pastry shop, one to a news vender, one with a sign lettered "La Taberna." That door was arched, with a pane of glass so thick and dark-colored we couldn't see in. I opened it a crack, but before we could make anything out it was pulled from my hand by someone inside.

"*Perdone*," the fellow said, and then, "Oh! Ah! American, no?" He was small and neat, in tight-fitting black clothes, with black curls over his forehead. He stared into my eyes with such deliberate intensity that I almost laughed. He took no notice of Justin, who was kicking up a cloud of dust and saying, "C'mon, Trill, let's go."

I admitted to being American and started to move away, but the man leaned his hand against the wall by my head. "You espeak Espanish?" he asked, flashing a pretty set of teeth. I shook my head politely.

"I know teeny-tiny English." He leaned closer and went on in what was meant to be a persuasive voice. "Ees

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MUD HOLES

Only in the heart-given lowering
of a boy's body, a man's if
a boy yet lives in him,
are they seen, and only then
within the live breath which
keeps August's serious weight
drifting over the salt marsh,
for you must go down, out,
into the unexamined field
that is all its great length
profitless, never of wheat
or least grain responsible.
From where you are, it is
a shiver of gold, cropped
hair of a child who once
walked at eye-chance under
the open window of a mother's
kitchen, walked into sun
as pale as that piecrust
she kneaded, or it is an edge
of a rug you have your chin
to, and smells of old dog
asleep, fire crackling near
in its near-blue of water.
In this squat acreage of
cordgrass owned by nothing
in the world, there is always
that scut, the ribboned trickle
left by the daydreaming tide,
and around it, on black banks,
the community of holes. They
seem made by no purposeful man,
with a mud-glazed Coke bottle
shoved in, as if to give drink to
the waiting dead in the earth,
but the mud soft as aged skin
keeps nothing of boots or beast's
bulk, only these holes. To be
come here up to your waist
in the whispering creation,
you must walk idly beyond
the garage, the bicycle by
hand painted with stolen
color, and nothing anywhere
ticks slower than this grass.
Then there you are, as if
you had not, as you have,
taken the dust and gravel
of the home road in memory,
kicking its beer cans and bird
bodies worn to thin parchment,
but as if from the other angle,
out of the sea, up the vein
in the heart of the world, all
before you the inexplicable
known that since your birth
has waited. Not to escape,
simply to be here will turn
you face down, will change you
almost to a wing, walking
air and reedtips. Then, up
close, the one bent inside
your body will seem scarcely
to breathe, no question formed
in the gliding jaw, merely
that long look down into holes
having no reason to be there,
as if a great snake had gone
out the other side of himself
without a sound. Nothing
is ever known of the makers
of these, nor of any owners,
nor with any skinned stick
can you cause the slightest
visible movement. If you are
here when water slowly hurls
itself back, you will see
how they take and they hold
like a bamboo flute the notes
no one has played yet, but
might, as you might be more
than you are in pouring sun,
only a shape among shapes
whose moves are as careful
as a crane's raised foot.
At night, years from this way
you have entered, you will find
your eyes effortlessly, slowly
cross the field of a ceiling,
your hand on a woman's breast,
not longing for a thing within
the world, but deep in the world
of your love, knowing at last
everything is here, hearing it
easily fill up like a hall
where the light cricket-steps
of the dead have come to wait.
And it is not that you are held
by any pressure coming down
but by the deeps that wash up,
those, holy, unpredictable, your own.

—DAVE SMITH

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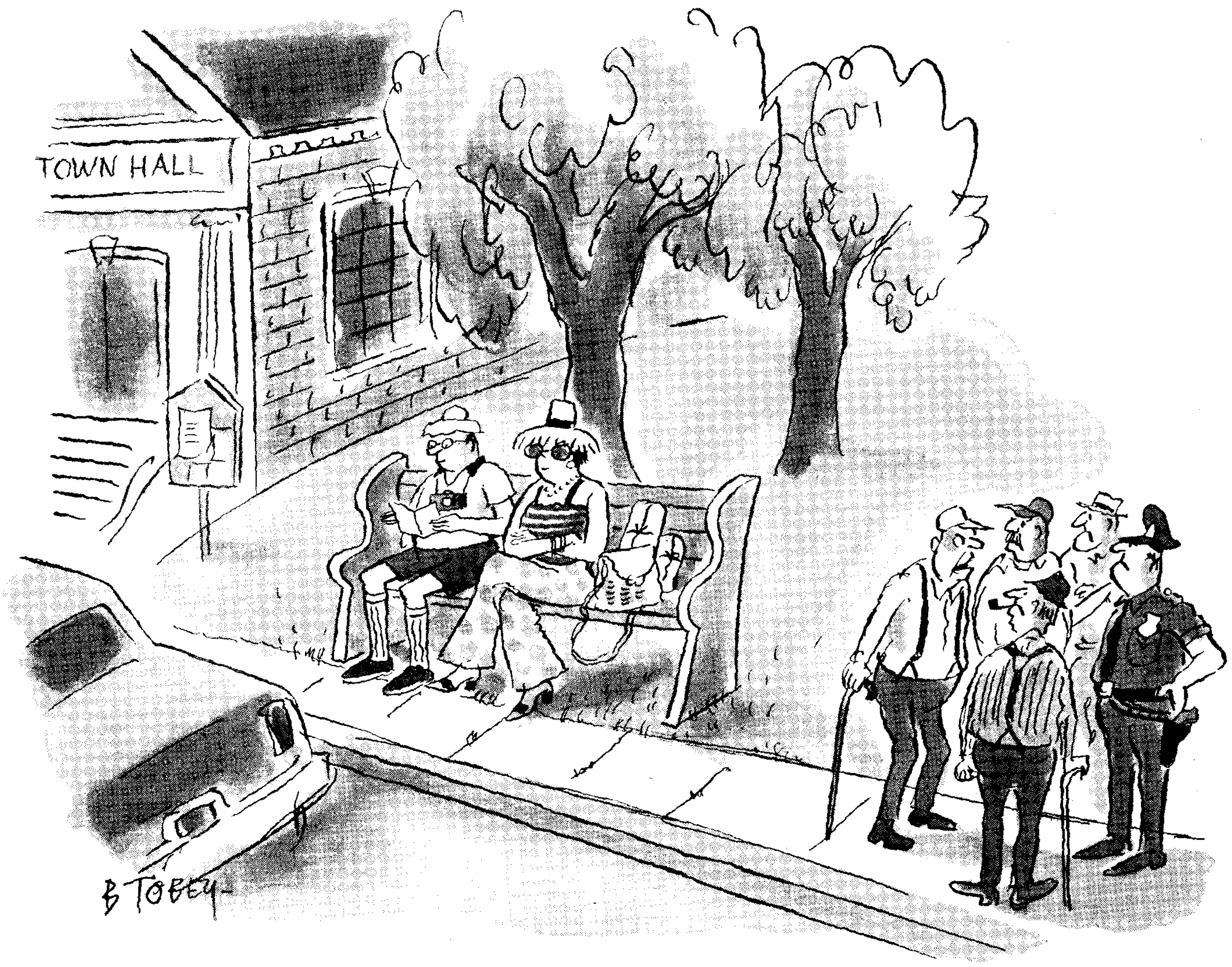


"Damn it, Wilbur, that's our bench!"

• •

my *trabajo* here. Understand? Many the night. *Yo toco la guitarra.* You understand? You come here, no?"

"Maybe sometime. I don't know." The attention was flattering.

"I am called *On*-hel," he said, accenting the "h" so strongly that it was like clearing his throat. Then he scratched it in the dirt with the tip of his boot: ÁNGEL. I tried saying it the English way but was emphatically corrected. "And you are called . . . ?"

"Trilby," I said, but I didn't scratch it out for him. Justin was writhing with impatience, and I was ready to go too, but suddenly Ángel had me pinned to the wall with his chest and was kissing me with some passion. My mouth was half open when he did it.

"Jesus, Trilby!" Justin cried. I saw him running toward the beach as I disengaged myself. By the time I caught up with him, he was standing in front of my parents with his rib cage heaving and his fists clenched.

My parents and Tasha and Gordon turned astonished faces from Justin to me—to my mouth, I imagined.

"Is this true?" Sylvia asked. "A strange man kissed you on the lips in the square?"

I couldn't make out whether she was angry or puzzled or shocked, so I gaped stupidly.

"Sylvia's speaking to you," Walter said, in his head-of-the-family voice.

"This is what happened," I said. "This guy asked me if I was American and some other stuff, just being friendly, and when I said I had to go he gave me a kiss. What was I supposed to do? Make a big stink?"

"What *did* you do?" Sylvia frowned and reached automatically for her cigarettes.

"Kissed him back," Justin grumbled.

"I did not. And *you* sure weren't any help."

"This is not about Justin. It's about you," Sylvia said, exhaling through her nostrils.

"It's over, so could we drop the subject, *please*?" I said. This was embarrassing talk in front of the Tenbrooks. Gordon, especially, continued to stare curiously at me, as if he didn't realize I could see him, too.

"You must have done *some*thing to provoke him," Walter said.

"That's a nice thing to say to your daughter," I said, since no one else did. But I was thinking of that moment—it was so exquisite—when Ángel's face was looming, his lips parted, his breath on my skin.

"I don't give a damn! She's still a child!" Walter's voice rose in exasperation. "She's got to learn to be more careful. *I* have judgment about these things, if she doesn't."

"Darling, you have enough judgment for all of us," Sylvia drawled. She hated him to use words like "judgment." "Hey, look at Juss swimming!" she yelled suddenly.

"Still looks like the dog paddle to me," said Walter.

"A very respectable dog paddle,"

said Sylvia. "Credit where credit is due. He overcame his fear, he's afloat—what more do you want?"

"I want a nice, peaceful siesta," Walter said. He lay back in the sun with his hands folded piously on his chest.

Gordon had observed all this without comment. Now he cleared his throat and said, "Think I'll walk over and see if I can buy a *Times* at the hotel. Anyone want anything?" Tasha looked up from her book and murmured no. The rest of us didn't bother to respond—we were too irritated with each other.

"He made it!" Sylvia shouted, pointing at Justin's tiny figure climbing up the rocks that arched out from shore across the cove. It looked quite far.

Walter raised his head wearily, saying, "I don't see anything," and there followed a sound that is unmistakable to any school-age person: the sound of a large, hard ball smacking solidly into an eye socket—in this instance, the soccer ball of some German students and the eye socket of my father.

"Christ, that hurts!" he gasped. He was rocking in pain, and it was awful to see. "Those Nazis! Who told them they could play ball here? Look at them, the Hitler Youth over there! Aren't they the ones in the house up the hill from ours?"

"Lower your voice, darling, and take your hand away. Let's see the damage." Sylvia peeled his fingers away from the injury and touched it, ignoring his yelps. "Better get you home and put an ice pack on this. It's going to be some nice shiner."

"Damn, it really hurts!" he repeated, as though surprised. "Look at those Nazi kids, having a good laugh. YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY?" he shouted across the beach.

They were tittering, it's true, but only from embarrassment. They were afraid to retrieve their ball and didn't know what else to do.

Sylvia kept a firm grip on Walter with one hand, and with the other scooped up their shirts and the car keys and her wallet. "Trill, we'll see you back at the house, and *please*, no more wandering around for today."

Tasha crept up to Walter and examined his eye with such heartfelt concern that he pulled himself together and began to make less of the whole thing. "Press the blade of a knife against it," Tasha said. Sylvia raised a dubious eyebrow and led her patient away.

The moment they were out of sight, one of the Germans dashed forward and sent the ball back to his friends with a neat kick. He said hello to me, and I said hello back. I didn't care. He looked older than the others, and handsome in a Teutonic sort of way.

Tasha tried to talk to me, but I felt awkward alone with her; we had nothing to say. Then she invited me to swim out to the rocks with her, and I declined that, too. She set out with a breaststroke that seemed a strenuous choice for so long a swim, but I thought that might be the European style. I expected her to do things in a foreign way, like prescribe knife blades for blackened eyes and bring poetry to the beach.

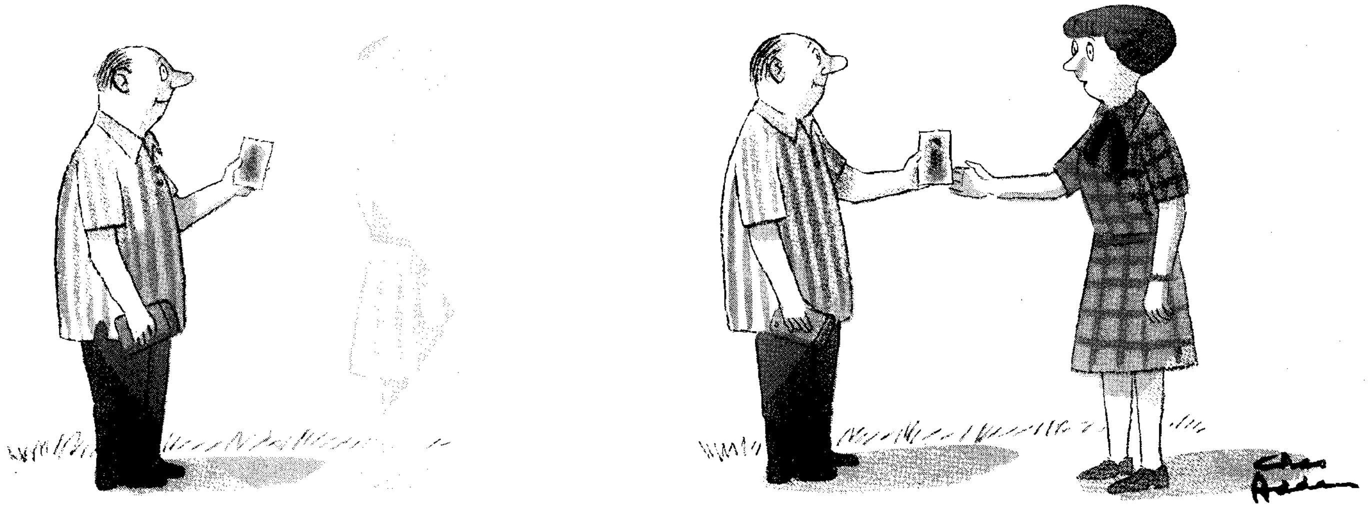
I watched for a good long time—Justin immobile on the faraway rocks, Tasha's white swimcap bobbing toward him. It began to seem that Tasha would make it with ease; she hadn't slowed or lost her fine form. So I slipped off to the square, where I strolled for the best part of an hour, hoping to be kissed again. I found no likely prospects, but I worked up a huge appetite and went home for lunch. Later I learned what I missed.

Tasha pushed on. She swam long and hard, and just when all she could think of was hauling herself onto something solid, she heard Justin scream. She lifted her earflaps, and he screamed again that there were horrible stinging things on the rocks, that he himself had been horribly stung. He advised her at the top of his lungs to turn back, and when she asked what *he* planned to do he broke down and wailed.

If it had been Sylvia treading water there, she would have told Justin to stop being a baby and ordered him to swim back, and there would have been a lot less trouble all around. But Juss was howling so, Tasha must have thought his life was at stake. She took him at his word, which is often the best that a person can do, though the inconvenience may be considerable.

So Tasha turned around without a break and swam to shore, and all the time she was thinking of ways to rescue my brother. There was the overland route, but the rocks were awfully steep and jagged—if he couldn't swim with the stung foot, how could he climb? She certainly couldn't carry him—he was almost fully grown. Easier to convey him by sea, in one of those cunning little pedal boats for rent at the snack bar. Catamarans, we called them, incorrectly: they were like water bicycles-built-for-two, very difficult for one person to operate.

We could have made an easy job of it together, Tasha and I, but I was gone from the beach by the time she struck land. And she believed she hadn't a minute to waste looking for me.



At the snack bar, Juan Carlos took the pesetas from her quivering hand and helped her push the contraption into the water, wagging his large head and protesting good-naturedly in Spanish that it was meant for two people: "*Dos! Dos!*"

Undaunted, Tasha set out, zigzagging across the cove to Justin. And he was little help on the return voyage, with his foot inoperative. He tried pushing the pedals with his hands, but he took in a lungful of seawater and began to cry again. The crying must have made him light-headed, because he began to imagine the poison serum flooding his veins, speeding toward his heart, or brain, hastened on its way by physical effort. And he was in agony at giving so much trouble to this kind woman he'd hardly noticed before.

They reached dry land—Justin still among the quick, to his great surprise—and dragged themselves out to the parking lot, only to find that Gordon had again made off with the car. (He had been told at the hotel that parts of the Sunday *Times* were available at a shop on some neighboring hillside, and he had driven to pick up those parts, and then headed straight home to enjoy them over lunch.) So there they were: Tasha bone-tired, with her rescue only half accomplished, and poor Juss in great pain and, for all he knew, poisoned, with a long dusty walk ahead of them, and only three feet on which to manage it.

MEANWHILE, the rest of us were home polishing off a lunch of tuna and green salad and crispy fresh bread and *café con leche*. We were eating off ugly little wrought-iron tables on the patio. The sun was high overhead, and most sensible people were taking a siesta, but we were shaded by tall, dense, pungent pines and couldn't have been more comfortable. We left enough food for the two others, and gave them not a thought. Gordon was scolded for again taking a car without warning, but he apologized and was readily forgiven by us, who had not been in the least inconvenienced.

Walter was on the alert during our meal, hoping to catch the Germans on their way home. Suddenly he stood and said in a puzzled voice, "Sylvie, do you see what I see?"

"Why, it's Juss and Tasha," she said. "But what on earth are they doing?"

Gordon and I joined them on the edge of the patio, and we all shaded our eyes to watch their languorous progress: the boy leaning heavily on the curved shoulder of the woman, while she clasped him tightly around his bare back.

"I'm sure there's some explanation," Gordon said—I think to be droll.

They were moving so slowly that it was a strain to watch. For moments, we struggled to make sense of the scene, but it was like trying to pick out the Presidents' heads in a puzzle picture; we looked but we didn't see. Then Walter, the most farsighted of us, called out, "Good God! Juss is hurt!" He ran down to the road, and we followed.

Gordon got to Tasha and held her under the arms, for she was ready to drop, and Sylvia supported Juss while Walter examined the foot and satisfied himself that it was only the sting of a sea urchin. He pulled out the stinger with his flat fingernails. Then he grabbed Justin around the thighs, slung him over his shoulder, and carried him back to the house. It was a wonderfully fatherly thing to do—so unexpected—and I felt a kind of awe as I walked behind. One needs to be reminded occasionally that one doesn't know all there is to know about one's parents.

Justin, for his part, was astonished to find himself hanging there. He didn't know what to do with his arms, which were perfectly all right, and he tried arranging them different ways—hanging limply, clasping each other, stiff against his sides. He was so surprised that he forgot to be angry at first, but of course he was furious at having been deserted and left to walk all that way, and at having cried.

"You left me stranded!" he shouted the moment he was right side up in the living room. He was frightening to see, standing on one foot, with rage in his face. His other foot was swollen to half again its normal size, red, shiny, and hot. "It's not funny!" he screamed, though nobody thought it was, and he stumbled down the stairs to his bedroom, sobbing loudly.

"What did we do?" Sylvia said. "I ask you."

"I guess I'm partly to blame," Gordon said. We thought he was probably right.

"He didn't even notice my eye, did he, Sylvia?" Walter said. "That's why *we* left. How were we supposed to know? Jesus, that kid! Who told him to swim all the way out to the goddam rocks?"

"It'll all get straightened out as soon as he calms down. It's not your fault, darling," she said, and went to the kitchen to make up an ice pack for Juss.

"I *know* it's not my fault."

"Then the sting is nothing to worry about?" Tasha asked. To her credit, she seemed relieved, even though it made her rescue less crucial. These were the first words she had spoken.

"There were sea urchins all over those rocks," Sylvia chatted on, gesturing loosely. "We saw them the other day."

"But we didn't step on them."

"Well, I'll take him the ice pack," Tasha said, "and then I will go to bed myself." She was shaky with exhaustion, but no one offered to take over for her with Juss; we doubted that he was ready to see our faces.

A CLATTER of German broke the stillness of the late afternoon. The soccer players were coming up the hill, flicking wet towels at each other and shouting for the sheer joy of hearing themselves. Walter waited on the patio, ten feet or so above the road, with his legs planted mightily, his polychrome eye ablaze. "Hey, you there!" he called, and the shouting broke off just as birdsong does.

One of the Germans, the handsome older one, stepped gamely forward and looked up at Walter's injury. "It was you," he said. "Sorry for that. My friends were careless. They are boys only. They play too rude. They wish me to say they are most sorry for you."

"The beach is no place for your rough games—you hear me? We're paying members there too, you know. Maybe I ought to speak to somebody about this," he added to Sylvia in a loud aside. "Have some consideration, damn it!"

"Yes, they will be most careful in future," the German said. He waved a jaunty farewell and led his group away. The shouting resumed almost immediately, and seemed to take on a mocking edge.

"Insolent little bastard!" Walter said. "I'd like to smack his bottom."

"Darling, your face is getting all red. Go upstairs and lie down for a while, and I'll bring you a fresh ice pack." We were doing a land-office business in ice packs that day.

"You know, I think I will," Walter said. "This thing is starting to throb again." Wincing and gasping, he felt around the swollen eye as Sylvia steered him toward the stairs.

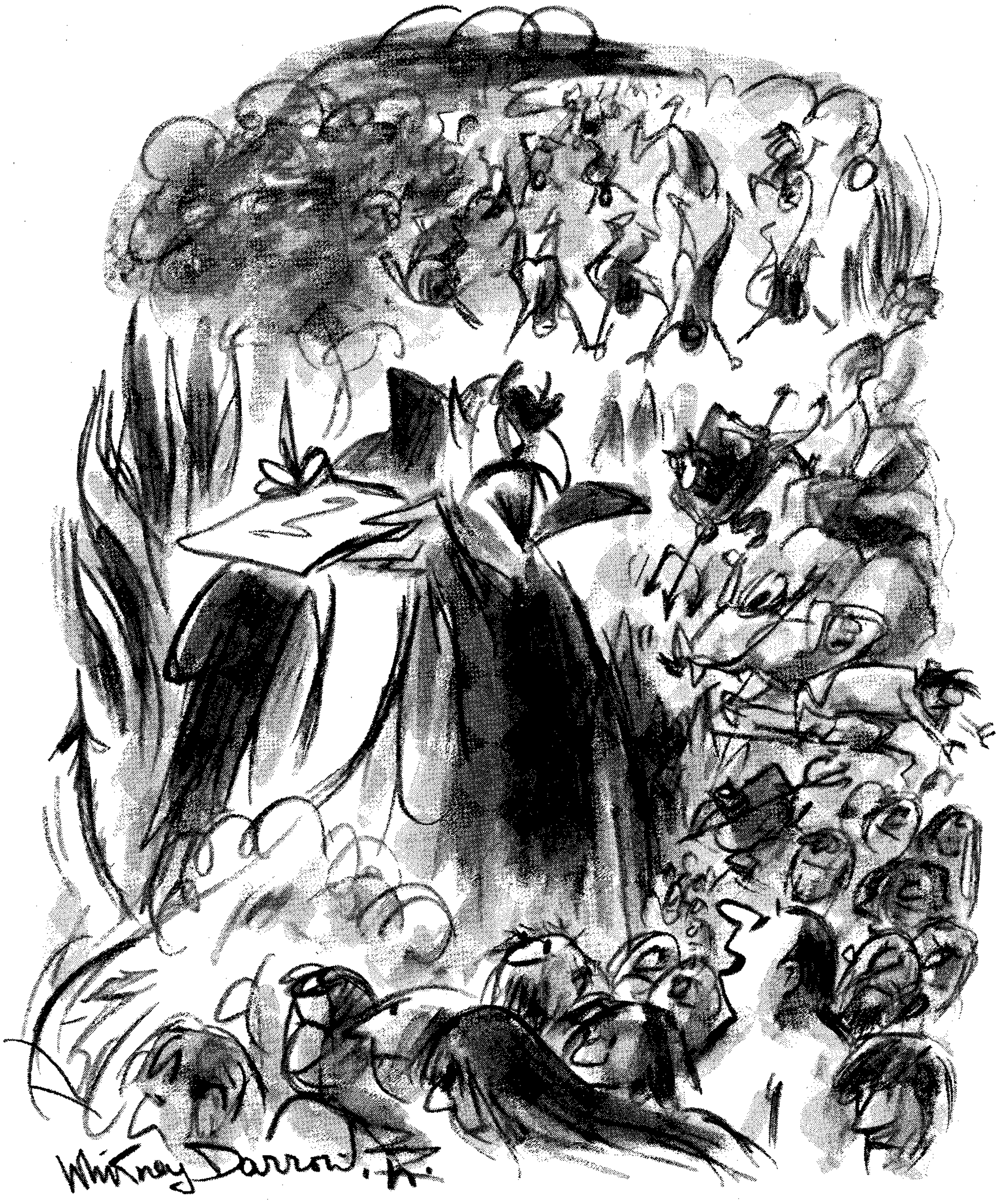
"Anyone for wine?" Gordon asked brightly, dangling a bottle. He and I followed Sylvia outside to watch the sunset—an activity I normally avoid. The really good sunsets are never the ones that are watched; they're glimpsed in a perfect, fiery moment, by accident. Besides, as it happened, we were facing east, and Sylvia's sunset was only an attractive shading of the sky from blue to green-and-violet to a duskier blue.

We were the same four at dinner as at lunch. Sylvia took Justin his plate and reported that the swelling was down. Tasha was sleeping through dinner, Gordon said. The rest of our conversation dealt with Sylvia's and Walter's reason for leaving the beach when they did. They had a good case and enjoyed reviewing each point. Gordon mentioned several times his intention to apologize, but he neglected to say to whom.

"The women will take charge of the car keys for a while," Sylvia announced, reducing the problem to manageable proportions. "The men have had their day."

Dinner is late in Spain, and soon after the meal we were ready for bed. As we disbanded, I went to see if Justin was still awake. I wanted to hear his story.

I knocked softly on his door, and when he called feebly for me to enter, I wondered suddenly if he counted me among his deserters. "You really got me in trouble today," I said, hoping to head off any blame.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I don't think you'll actually find me on the list. I was an unidentified co-conspirator."

“Why did you have to tell everyone about that guy?”

He said he didn’t know, and I decided that that was probably true.

“Are you mad at me?” I asked. “For leaving the beach or something?”

“No. I don’t care. I’m not mad anymore,” he said in a strangled voice. I sat on the edge of his bed and had a closer look at his face in the moonlight. His eyes stared straight at the ceiling and didn’t so much as flicker in my direction.

“You sick or something?” I asked. His bangs were pushed off his forehead, and it looked so smooth and exposed that I wanted to cup my hand there.

“I’m not sick,” he said. “Anyway, I doubt it.”

“Can I get in with you?”

He moved over, gasping when he had to lift his foot. It was outside the covers with a sopping towel around it, and left a big wet spot where my feet were to go.

“Does it hurt much?”

“No. Yeah. It doesn’t matter, though.”

“So how did you manage to swim back with that?” I nodded at the bulky silhouette of his foot.

“Tasha came and got me in one of those boats, those pontoon things. . . . She had to pedal it all the way there and back by herself, and it was really hard to do. You’re supposed to have two people. She was incredible. . . .”

“What, at pedalling?”

He didn’t answer me but went on dreamily. “You know, when you hear about somebody rescuing someone on the news, in a fire or an accident or something . . . and they look so ordinary when it’s all over. But I always wondered what they looked like while it was happening. Did they look scared, or like they knew what they were doing, or what?”

“So what did Tasha look like?”

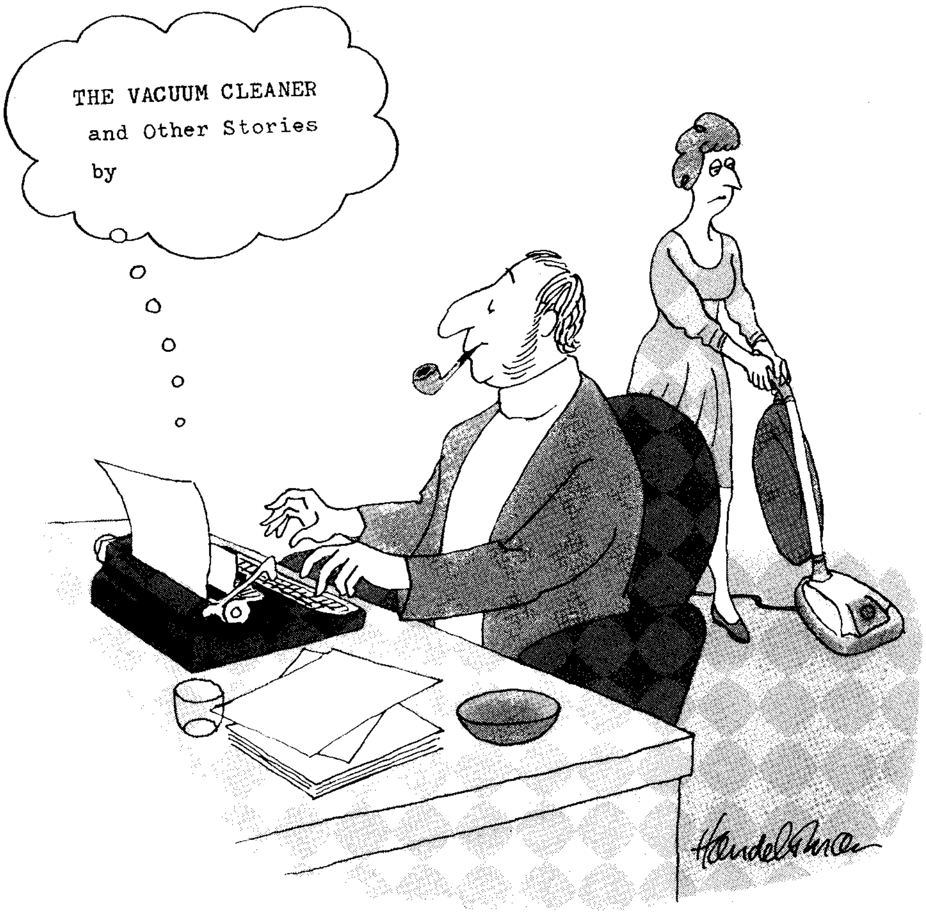
“It’s hard to describe. Sort of fierce. Like Joan of Arc. She’s really beautiful, you know?” He was still staring up at the ceiling, but now I knew what he saw. “She looked heroic, she really did. Only I wish I hadn’t cried. Damn.”

“Why? Did she say something?”

“No. We didn’t actually talk. We weren’t having a conversation or anything. Just ‘We’re almost there,’ stuff like that. And when the car was gone, she said, ‘Gordon, how could you?’ You know what, Trili?” He lowered his voice. “I love her, in a way.”

“You’re extremely grateful.”

“No, I know what I feel, and I feel real love. When we were walking home and her arm was around me . . .”



“That’s sex.”

“No, Trilby. Maybe you just never felt the kind of love I’m talking about. It’s pure.”

“First of all, Justin,” I said, “she’s pregnant.” And the moment I said the word, I knew it was true.

“How do you know?” He sounded dashed.

“The old women in town said it. Remember? The little girl who touched her? I could make out some of what they said, you know.”

“Then why didn’t you say so then?”

“Because it only just dawned on me.”

“Well, I don’t care if she is,” he said firmly. “I only said I love her. I don’t expect her to love me back or anything. I don’t expect anything to happen.”

“I know what you mean,” I said, “because that’s exactly how I feel about Gordon.” And again, saying the words seemed to make it so.

“Since when?” He was incredulous.

“I don’t know. I didn’t realize it until you described it so beautifully.”

“Gimme a break! *Gordon*? He hardly pays any attention to you!”

“He does so.” I was beginning to believe that our mutual attraction was obvious.

“You never even said you *liked* him before. You said he was goofy-looking.”

“I changed my mind. There’s something about his eyes. Sometimes I catch him looking at me, and it feels almost like I’m looking into my own eyes.”

“*What are you talking about?*”

“I guess we’re just *simpático*,” I said.

“Oh, my God! You’re not planning to *do* anything, are you?”

“Like what?”

“Trilby, he’s a married guy!”

“Who do you think invented adultery?”

“You’re unbelievable! Don’t you have any morals at all?”

I decided that I did not, and that I didn’t mind. I went off to my own bed and slept well and soundly. Gordon was as good as mine. —IVY STRICK

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There was one officer on patrol after midnight on the night of May 27. He was involved in an arrest at 1 a.m. and assisting a Framingham trooper on Rte. 9 in a holdup for the rest of the night.—*Boston Globe.*

Busy, busy, busy.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

RIDING THE BOOM EXTENSION

AT the end of the day in slowly falling light a pickup truck with a camper rig came into Circle City, Alaska. It had a Texas license plate, and it drove to the edge of the Yukon River. Piled high on the roof were mining gear, camping gear, paddles, a boat, and a suction dredge big enough to suck the gold off almost anyone's capitol dome. To operate a suction dredge, swimmers move it from place to place on floats as it vacuums uncounted riches from the beds of streams. For the moment, though, no one was about to swim anywhere. In the gray of the evening, the Fahrenheit temperature was thirty-one degrees, smoke was blue above the cabins of the town, and the occupants of the pickup—having driven four thousand miles, the last hundred and twenty on an unpaved track through forests and over mountains—were now pausing long to stare at a firmly frozen river. May 4, 1980, 9 P.M., and the Yukon at Circle was white. The river had not yet so much as begun to turn gray, as it does when it nears breaking up.

There was a sign to read. "CIRCLE CITY, ESTABLISHED 1893. . . . MOST NORTHERN POINT ON CONNECTED AMERICAN HIGHWAY SYSTEM. . . . THE END OF THE ROAD." The new Dempster Highway, in Yukon Territory, runs a great deal farther north than this one, but the Dempster is in Canada and is therefore not American. The haul road that accompanies the Alyeska pipeline goes to and over the Brooks Range and quits at the edge of the Arctic Ocean, and if the haul road is ever opened to the public it will destroy Circle City's sign, but meanwhile the community maintains a certain focus on this moribund credential. Circle City was given its name in the mistaken belief that it was on the Arctic Circle, which is somewhere nearby. The town was established not as a gate to the Arctic, however, but as a result of the incontestable fact that it would stand beside the Yukon River. This was the trading port that supplied the Birch Creek mining district, which lies immediately to the south, and where miners around the turn of the century working streams like Mammoth Creek and Mastodon Creek—in a country of mica schists and quartz intrusions, of sharp-peaked ridges, dendritic drainages, steep-walled valleys, and long flat spurs—washed out in their cleanups about a million ounces of gold. Circle was for a time the foremost settlement on the Yukon, and proclaimed itself "the largest log-cabin city in the world." It was served by woodburning stern-wheel steamers. They ran until the Second World War. In 1896, there were ten thousand miners out on the creeks of the district, with their small cabins, their caches. The resident population of Circle was twelve hundred, its all-time high. Works of Shakespeare were produced in the opera house. The town had a several-thousand-volume library, a clinic, a school, churches, music and dance halls, and so many whorehouses they may have outnumbered the saloons. A large percentage of these buildings have since fallen into the river. Circle is considerably smaller now and consists, in the main, of two rows of cabins, parallel to the Yukon and backed by a gravel airstrip. The center of commerce and industry includes the Yukon Trading Post ("SOUVENIRS, TIRE REPAIRS"), the Yukon Liquor Cache, and the Midnite Sun Cafe—names above three doors in one building. The cabins are inhabited by a few whites and for the most part by a group of Athapaskans who call themselves Danzhit Hanlaii, indicating that they live where the Yukon River comes out through mountains and begins its traverse of the vast savannas known as the Yukon Flats. Circle, Alaska 99733.

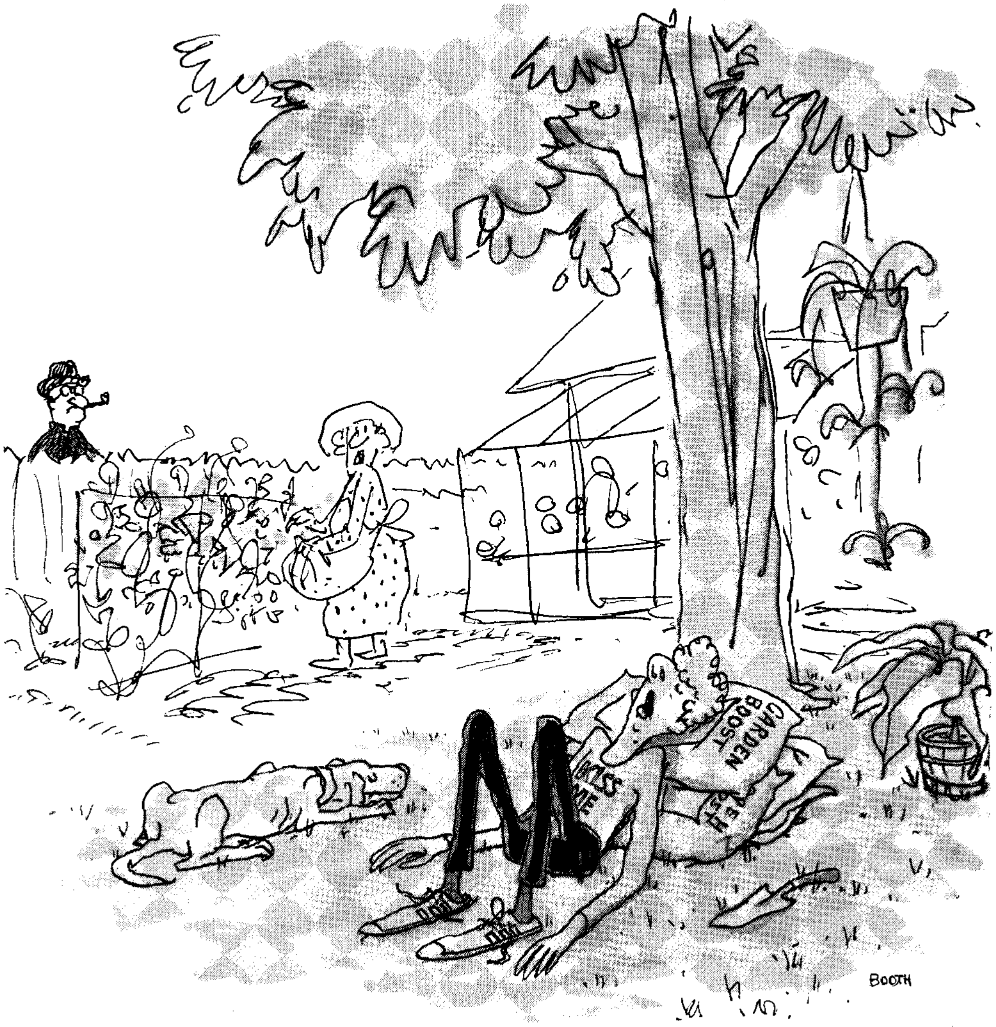
In a thousand miles of the upper Yukon, the largest vessel ever seen on the river in present times is the Brainstorm, a barge with a three-story white deckhouse, an orange hull; and on that chill May night a few weeks ago even the Brainstorm was disengaged from the river, and was far up on the bank, where it had been all winter, canting to one side in Circle City. To the suckers in their pickup from Texas, the appearance of the Brainstorm may have been one more suggestion that they had come a little early with their dredge. The pickup turned around, eventually, and moved slowly back into the forest.

If the arrival was untimely, the rig was nonetheless the first of a great many like it that would come to the End of the Road in a summer of excited questing for gold. The price of one troy ounce had gone up so much over the winter that a new boom had come to a region whose economy has had no other history than booms. In Fairbanks, a hundred and sixty miles away, dealers in the goods of placer mining were selling their premises bare. Bulldozer parts were going like chicken livers—and whole bulldozers, too, many of them left over from the construction of the pipeline. Placer miners

Tryst

have recently discerned the hidden talents of AstroTurf. They use AstroTurf in sluice boxes—in much the way that the Greeks washed auriferous gravels over the unshorn hides of sheep. Gradually, the hides became extraordinarily heavy with arrested flecks of gold. They were burned to get the metal. What for the Greeks was Golden Fleece for us is AstroTurf. To be sure, the AstroTurf of Alaska is not the puny Easter-basket grass that skins the knees of Philadelphia Eagles. It is tough, tundric AstroTurf, with individualistic three-quarter-inch skookum green blades. In a cleanup, this advantageous material will yield its gold almost as readily as it has caught it. AstroTurf costs about four hundred dollars a roll. Sold out.

People from all over the Lower Forty-eight are fanning into the country north of Fairbanks. As they represent many states, they also represent many levels of competence. The new price of gold has penetrated deep into the human soul and has brought out the placer miner in the Tucson developer, the Denver lawyer, the carpenter of Knoxville, the sawyer of Ely, the merchant of Cleveland, the barber of Tenafly. Suction dredging is a small-time effort made by people without established claims, who move up and down streams sniping gold. The real earthmovers are the Cat miners, with their steel sluice boxes and their immense Caterpillar D8s and D9s. Some people named Green from Minnesota have shipped the family bulldozer to interior Alaska for five thousand five hundred dollars. There are a lot of new people in the country who know how to move gravel but will not necessarily know what to do with it when it moves. Whatever the level of their skills may be, the collective rush of suction dredgers and Cat miners is so numerous that, like their counterparts of the eighteen-nineties, most of them will inevitably go home with pockets innocent of gold. Gold is where you find it, though, and not all of it lies in the beds of creeks. Richard Hutchinson, who has been in the country for sixteen years, knows where the gold is now. He has struck it right here in Circle City.



"Roy, Jr., is all stems. He grew in the shade."

THREE years ago, Hutchinson went down to Fairbanks and returned with a telephone exchange in the back of his pickup. It had been in the Tanana Valley Clinic and was of a size that could deal with only about eighty individual lines, which had become too few for the expanding needs of the Tanana Valley Clinic but would be more than adequate for Circle City. Hutchinson prefers not to mention what he paid for it. He will say that he got it for "a song," but when asked he will not sing it. "The thing is called a PABX. It was on its way to the dump. Luckily, I came along—the big boob at the right time. I got it for next to nothing." Hutchinson is a dust-kicking type, modest about himself and his accomplishments. He is big, yes, six feet one, and trim in form, with blue irises and blond hair, cut short in homage to the Marine Corps. But he is away from the mark when he calls himself a boob, as almost everyone in Circle will attest.

"He gave us lights."

"He gave us telephones."

"He did it all by himself."

Eight hours over the mountains he drove home with his PABX. A tall rectilinear box full of multicolored wires and wafery plates, it might have been a computer bought in an antique store in Pennsylvania. Hutchinson had no idea what its components were, what their purposes might be, or how to advance his new property into a state of operation. Remembering the extent of his knowledge of telephone technology at that time, he says, "I knew how to dial a number." There was a manual, but with its sequence charts and connecting schemes, its predetermined night answers and toll-diversion adapters, its spark-quench units and contact failures, the manual might as well have been for human sex. He had friends, though, who knew the system—telephone technicians and engineers, in Fairbanks, in Clear. They would give him his training, on the job. He emptied his tool shed and put the PABX in there. He strung wires. He sold subscriptions. In July, 1977, he opened his local service.

Carl Dasch was having none of it.

"Would you like a telephone, Carl?"

"No."

"A phone is a real convenience, Carl."

"When I say no, I don't mean yes."

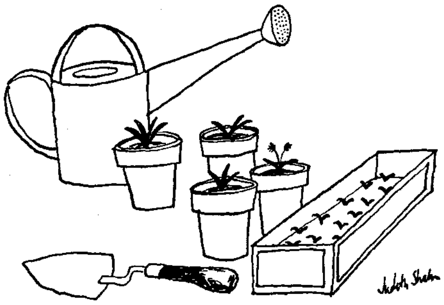
Dasch, from Minnesota, has been in Alaska forty years and lives on a pension from the First World War. He trapped for many seasons, and he used to take passengers on the river in his boat. He wears high black shoes and, as often as not, a black-and-red checkered heavy wool shirt. He has a full dark beard. He is solidly built, and looks much younger than his years. His cabin is small and is close to the river. “Why would I need a telephone? I can stand on the porch and yell at everyone here.”

The village otherwise clamored for Hutchinson’s phones. He soon had twenty subscribers. Albert Carroll, the on-again-off-again Indian chief, speaks for the whole tribe when he says, “I don’t get out and holler the way we used to. I call from here to here. We stand in the window and look at each other and talk on the phone. I don’t have to walk over next door and ask Anne Ginnis if she has a beer. I call her and tell her to bring it.”

THE wire cost Hutchinson a couple of thousand dollars. He already had the poles. In 1973, he bought a fifty-five-kilowatt generator and a seventy-five-kilowatt generator to bring light and power to the town. He went to Fairbanks and bought used telephone poles, which he set in holes he dug in frozen gravel, with an ice chisel, by hand. He strung his power line. “When I put it in, I couldn’t wire a light fixture. It was comical.” He sent away for “The Lineman’s and Cableman’s Handbook” and “The American Electrician’s Handbook.” Before he was off page 1 he had almost everyone in town signed up for electricity. The only holdout was Carl Dasch. Soon there was a record-player in nearly every home. There would have been television everywhere, too, but television has yet to reach Circle City.

Hutchinson in his books learned how to install meters. His son, who is called Little Hutch, was five years old when the generators began to operate. He is now twelve and is the reader of the meters. A number of people in Circle have two Mr. Coffee coffeemakers, one for coffee and one for tea, which they brew in the manner of coffee. They have big freezers, in which king salmon are stacked like cordwood. Albert Carroll has at least three freezers, for his moose, ducks, fish, and geese. For four years, Carl Dasch observed all this without a kind word, but then one day he mentioned to Hutchinson that he wouldn’t mind a little current after all. Hutchinson dropped whatever he was doing and went home for his wire, and Dasch was on line that day. Dasch has a small freezer, and a single forty-watt bulb that hangs from his cabin ceiling. With the capitulation of Carl Dasch, Hutchinson’s electric monopoly became as complete as it ever could be, with a hundred per cent of the town subscribing.

At some point early in the history of the company, the thought occurred to a number of customers that plugging in an electric heater would be, as one of them put it, “easier than going out and getting a log of wood.” In various subtle ways, they brought heaters into Circle. They did not want Hutchinson to know. They did not understand the significance of the numbers on his meters. Now there are not so many heaters in town. There are wringer-style electric washers but no dryers and no electric stoves, except at the school. The government and the pipeline are paying for the school. Hutchinson charges thirty-two cents for the first hundred kilowatt hours used each month, twenty-two cents for the second hundred, and seventeen cents after that—rates that are regulated by the Alaska Public Utilities Commission and are roughly double the rates in New Jersey. There are no complaints, and, according to one subscriber, complaints are unlikely from the present generation—“People remember what it was like to use kerosene lamps.” In Hutchinson’s electric-lighted home, an old Alaskan kerosene lamp is on display like a trophy: an instant antique, garlanded with plastic daisies.



FOR about a year and a half, the telephone customers of Circle Utilities, as Hutchinson has named his diversified company, had no one to call but themselves. That, however, was

FOR MARGARET

My mother near her death
is white as a downy feather.
I used to think her death was as distant
as a tropical bird,
a giant macaw, whatever that is—
a thing I have as little to do with
as the distant poor.
I find a single feather of her suffering,
I blow it gently as she blew
into my neck and ear.

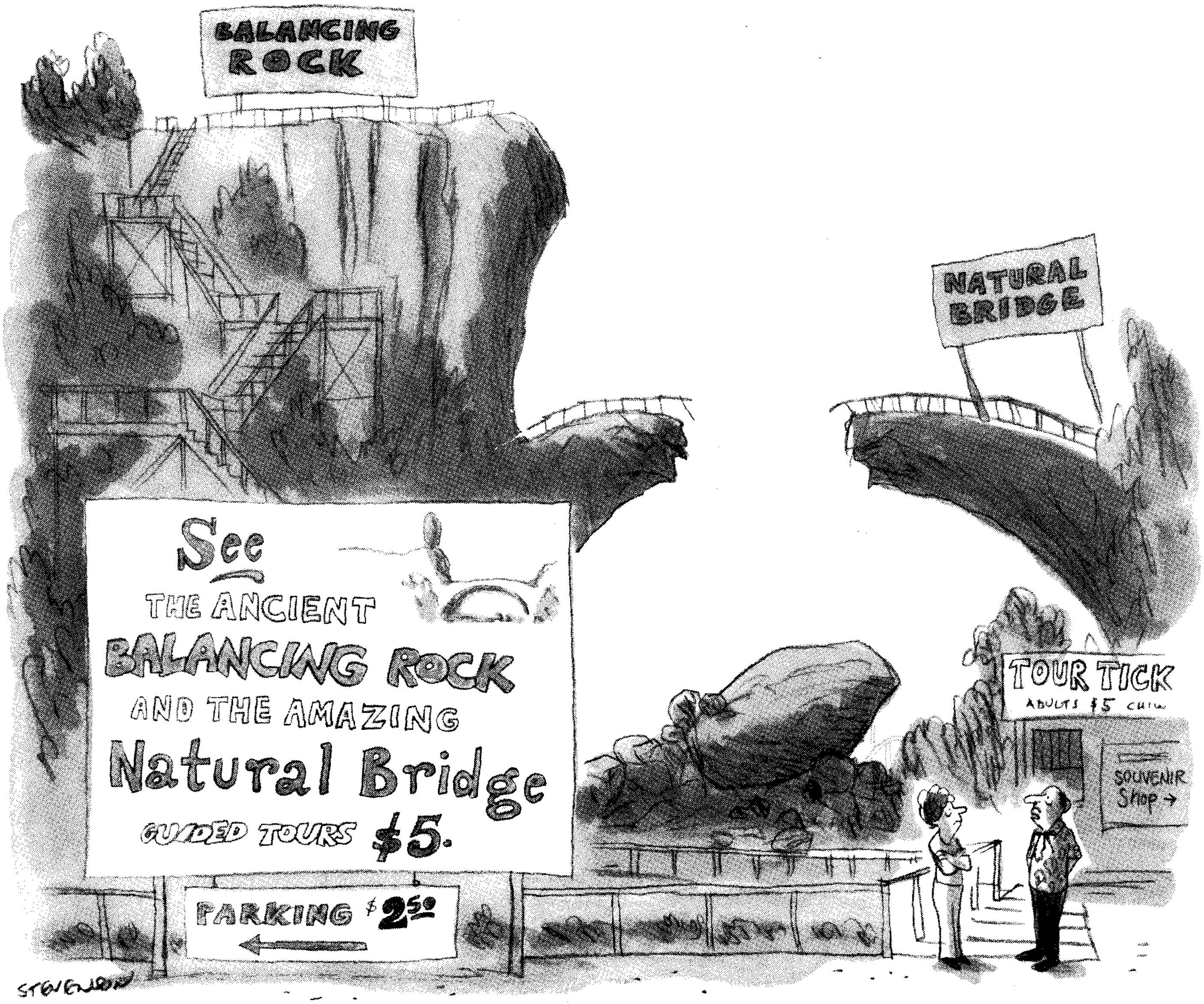
A single downy feather is on the scales,
opposed by things of weight, not spirit.
I remember the smell of burning feathers.
I wish we could sit upon the grass
and talk about grandchildren
and great-grandchildren.
A worm directs us into the ground.
We look alike.

I sing a lullaby to her about her children,
who are safe, and their children.
I place a Venetian lace tablecloth
on the grass of the whitest linen.
The wind comes with its song
about things given that are taken away
and given again in another form.

Why are the poor cawing, hooting,
screaming in the woods?
I wish death were a whippoorwill.
Why is everything so heavy?
I did not think
she was still helping me carry
the weight of my life.
Now the world’s poor are before me.
How can I lift them one by one in my arms?

—STANLEY MOSS

• •



"On the other hand, we've had a lot of wonderful years in the tourist business."

• •

joy enough, and for five dollars a month they were on the telephone twenty-four hours a day, tattling, fighting, entertaining their neighbors. "It's almost like having TV," Hutchinson observed. "They're always on the phone, calling each other. Suddenly they can't live without it. A phone goes out and you ought to hear them squawk." From the beginning, he has been busy with his manual, practicing the art of repair. When conversations turn bellicose, people will rip phones off the wall. They shatter them on the floor. Albert Carroll, one winter night, opened the door of his wood stove and added his phone to the fire. Hutchinson makes cheerful rounds in his pickup, restoring service. The cost to him of a new telephone instrument is only twenty-eight dollars. He says, "Phones are cheap if you own the phone company."

At the end of 1978, RCA-Alascom and the Alaska Public Utilities Commission, the communications powers of Arctic America, completed a long series of discussions about Hutchinson, with the result that Circle City subscribers were let out of their closed circuit and into the telephone systems of the world. There is a white dish antenna outside the Circle City school, facing upward into the southeast toward a satellite in geosynchronous orbit more than twenty-two thousand miles high. When someone telephones a relative in Fort Yukon, which is the next town downriver (sixty miles), the call travels first to the dish antenna, and then up to the satellite, and then down to the Alascom earth station at Talkeetna (beyond the summits of the Alaska Range), and then back up to the satellite, and then down to Fort Yukon. The relative's voice reverses the caroms. The conversation travels ninety thousand miles in each direction, but the rate charge is reckoned by the flight of the crow: Circle City to Fort Yukon, forty-five cents for three minutes.

Alascom allows Hutchinson to keep about eighty per cent of the tolls. When someone at Alascom first acquainted Hutchinson with this nineteen-carat percentage, he could not believe what he was hearing.

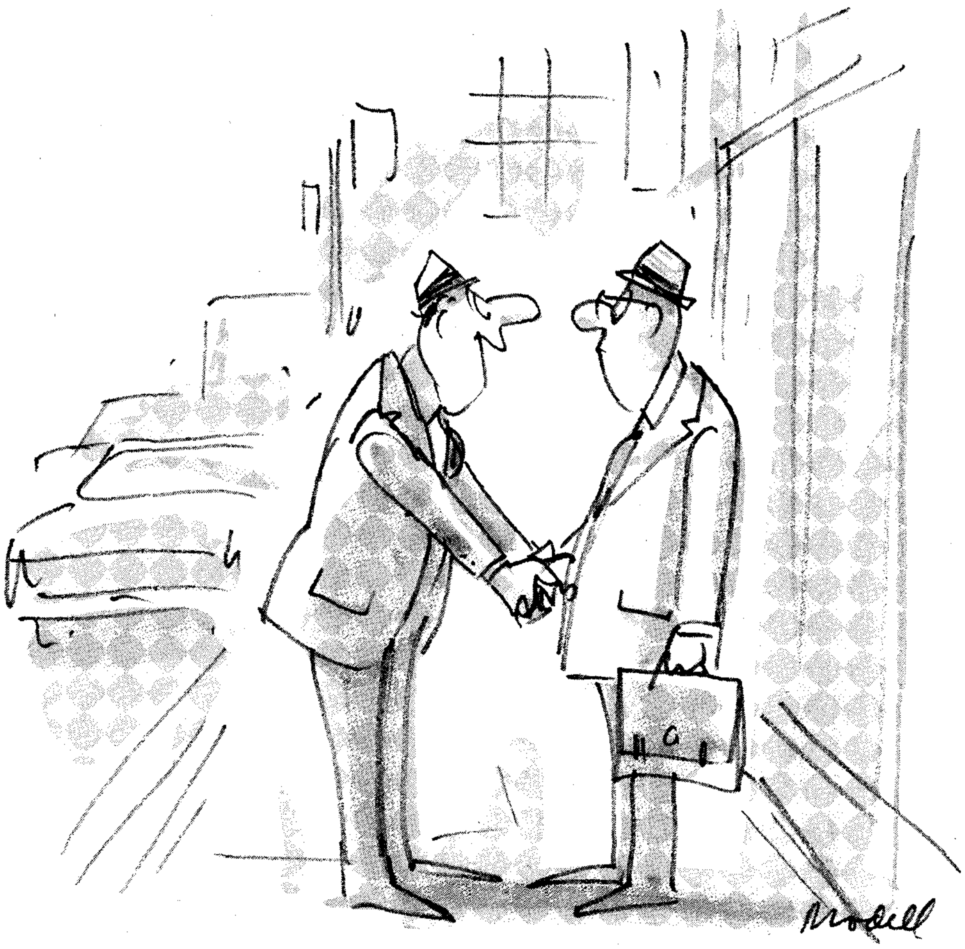
"That's not right," he said.

"What? You want more?" said Alascom.

"No. That's too much," said Hutchinson.

And Alascom said, "Don't ever say it's too much."

Circle City people are running up phone bills above a hundred dollars a month, calling their kin in Fort Yukon. They call Metlakatla. They call Old Crow. They call Anchorage, Fairbanks, and Chalkyitsik. They call New York, Deadhorse, and San Jose. Al-



"You don't know how relieved I am to hear you say that! I can't remember your name, either."

• •

bert Carroll's toll calls exceed fifteen hundred dollars a year. "When I'm drinking, I call my brothers in Fort Yukon and my sister in Florida," he says. "Before the telephone, I wrote letters. It took me two years to write a letter. Don't ever take the phone out of Circle City. It's our best resource." When it is suggested to the sometime chief that the dish antenna is drawing out of his pocket thousands of dollars that might otherwise be spent on something solider than words, he says, "Money is nothing. Easy come, easy go. I make good money trapping. I'm one-third partner in the Brainstorm."

Carroll is the captain of the Brainstorm. He goes to Black River, Coal Creek, Dawson, hauling diesel fuel and D8 Cats. He does not resemble Lord Nelson. He is short and sinewy, slight like a nail. With his dark felt eyebrows and black beard, his dark glasses and black visored cap, he is nearly illegible, but there is nothing enigmatic in his rapid flow of words. For the moment, he is not the chief. "Margaret Henry is the chief. But I'll straighten that out when I get good and ready," says Carroll. His wife, Alice Joseph, is the Health Aide in Circle, and school cook. "Her great-grandfather was Joe No. 6," he says, with evident pride. "I am Albert No. 1, you see—Albert Carroll Senior the First." The pelts of half a dozen ermine decorate their cabin wall. Hutchinson and Carroll used to trap together. Sometimes Hutchinson comes into Carroll's cabin, sees only one light on, and asks, "How am I going to make any money?" "He turns on every light there is, inside and out," Albert says. "If a bulb is missing, he'll go and get one."

Alice earns about fifteen thousand dollars a year. A doctor in Fairbanks calls her frequently to discuss the health of Circle. Last year, Albert trapped thirty lynx. A lynx skin was worth thirty-five dollars not long ago and was worth five hundred last year. Meanwhile, the State of Alaska has been making so much money from its one-eighth share of pipeline oil that the legislature is in a feeding frenzy. Pending court approval, Alaskans are to receive fifty dollars in 1980 for every year they have lived in Alaska since statehood. Alice and Albert Carroll will together get twenty-one hundred dollars. Next year, they will get twenty-two hundred, twenty-three hundred the year after that. The oil will last about twenty-five years. Easy come, easy go. The state will soon have a surplus in its treasury of nearly four billion dollars. It will cover many calls to Fort Yukon.

CIRCLE is now a part of the Fairbanks and Vicinity Telephone Directory, wherein many businesses stand prepared to serve few people. There are five hundred yellow pages, a hundred white ones. The "vicinity" is about three hundred thousand square miles. It includes communities as far as six hundred miles from Fairbanks. One telephone book. One-tenth of the United States. Only eighteen towns are in the directory, because few villages have a Dick Hutchinson and telephones are little known in the bush. Circle, with its seventeen listings, is not the smallest community in the book. The Summit Telephone Company, of Cleary Summit, Alaska, lists seven subscribers. The Mukluk Telephone Company, an intercity conglomerate, has twenty-three listings in Teller (sixty miles north of Nome), thirty-two in Wales (on the Bering Strait), and fifty-six in Shishmaref (eighty miles up the coast from Wales). Up the Koyukuk, there are forty-one listed telephones in Bettles (Bettles Light & Power). Of course, there is no saying how many unlisted telephone numbers there might be in a given village. In Circle, there is one. Also, there are eight credit-card subscribers—trappers whose cabins are thirty, forty miles up the Yukon. They come into town and use other people's phones.

There is a shortwave transmitter in the Yukon Trading Post. People used to come into the store and call Fairbanks, where they would be patched into the national telephone system. The charge was seven dollars and fifty cents to Fairbanks plus the toll from there. Hutchinson's rate charge for three minutes to Fairbanks is a dollar and ten cents. Two dollars and thirty-five cents to Anchorage. Of course, three minutes mean nothing to an Alaskan. They take three minutes just to say hello. When they talk, they talk. An encountered human being is like a good long read.

When the trappers come in from the country and appear over the riverbank, Hutchinson can be counted on to intercept them with their phone bills. Monthly statements are not mailed out in Circle. They are hand-delivered by Hutchinson in his Chevrolet pickup, a vehicle he starts with a hammer. In it is a gimballed cage in which a glass tumbler swings always level. Levi Ginnis,

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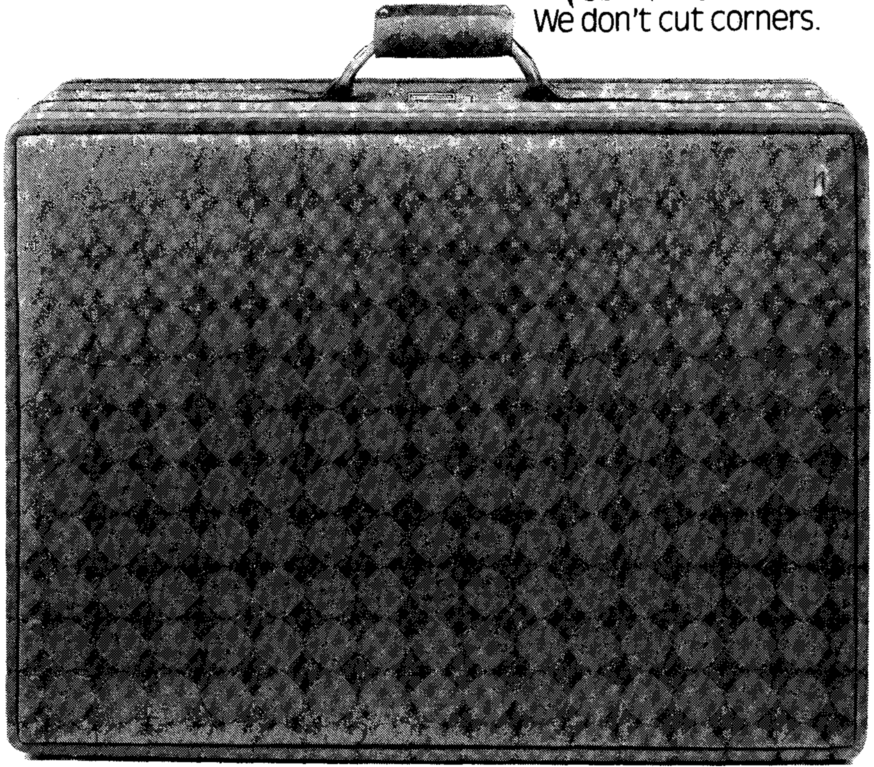
a hundred and ten dollars. Ruth Crow, a hundred and forty dollars. Albert Carroll, two hundred dollars. Helge Boquist's toll calls come to eight dollars and twenty-three cents. Helge is a Swede and he is married to an Athapaskan. Long since retired, he once worked Mastodon Creek. It is said that his Athapaskan relatives take advantage of his good nature, making free use of his telephone for long-distance calls. At eight dollars and twenty-three cents, he would seem to have the problem under control.

The Reverend Fred Vogel has a modest bill, too. Vogel is more or less a one-man denomination. He holds services in his cabin. The return address he sends out with his mail is "Chapel Hill, Circle, Alaska." He has been in and out of Circle City for nearly thirty years. "He's all bent out of shape because the Episcopals give wine to kids during Communion," Hutchinson says. Once, when Vogel was off doing missionary work, he tried to close the Yukon Liquor Cache by mail from Liberia.

Calvary's Northern Lights Mission, of North Pole, Alaska, near Fairbanks, has a small outpost here in Circle—a young couple, who also have a low-toll phone bill. At its home base, the mission operates a fifty-thousand-watt radio station called KJNP—King Jesus North Pole. A great deal of bush communication is accomplished by a program called "Trapline Chatter" on KJNP—people announcing their travel plans and their babies, people asking favors or offering fragments of regional news, people begging and granting forgiveness. "Trapline Chatter" knits the lives of citizens of the bush, but its audience has declined in Circle City. As a result, Circle City people are much less current with what is going on around the bush. What they know now is what has been said on their own telephones. And there are no party lines.

From time to time, a bill will become seriously overdue, the subscriber indefensibly delinquent. Hutchinson has yet to disconnect a phone. "I strap their lines," he says, which means that he takes a pair of pliers to the PABX and turns off their access to the satellite.

Gordon MacDonald's aggregate phone bill approaches five hundred dollars a month. He has two or three lines. Young and entrepreneurial, MacDonald and his wife, Lynne, own the Trading Post, the Liquor Cache, the Cafe, and a helicopter-and-fixed-wing flying service, which takes geolo-



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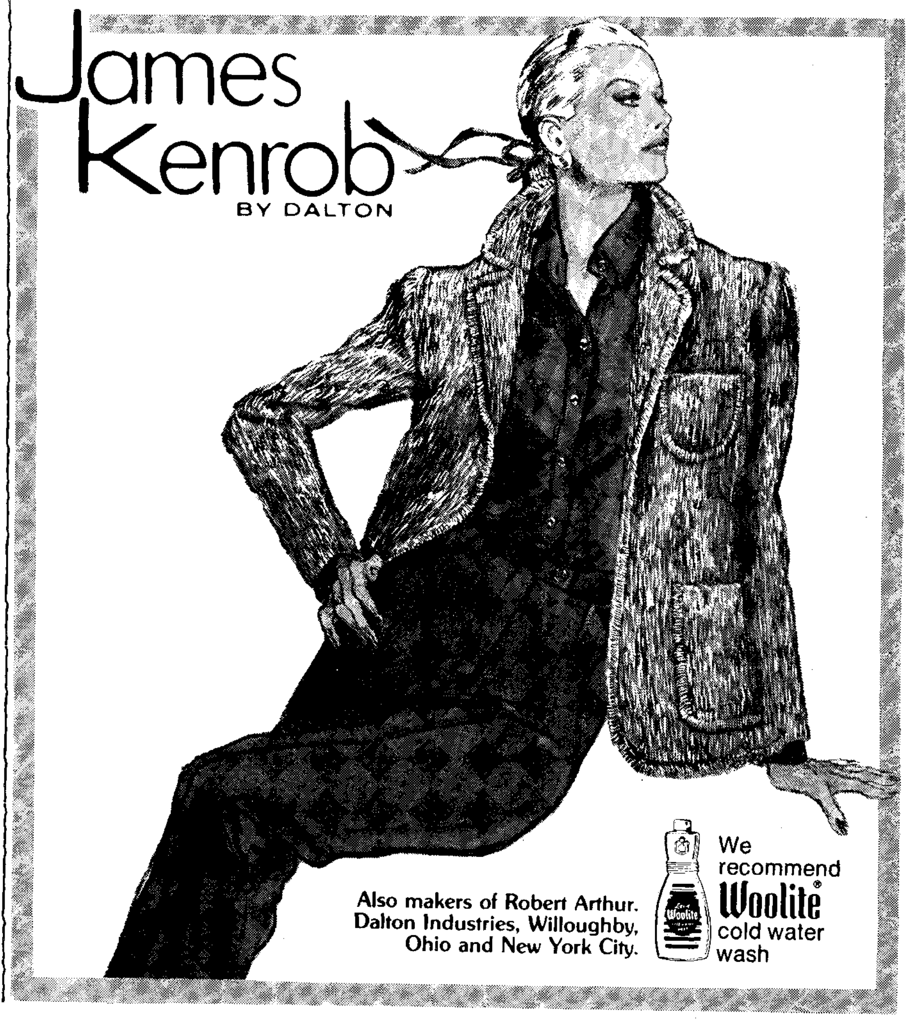

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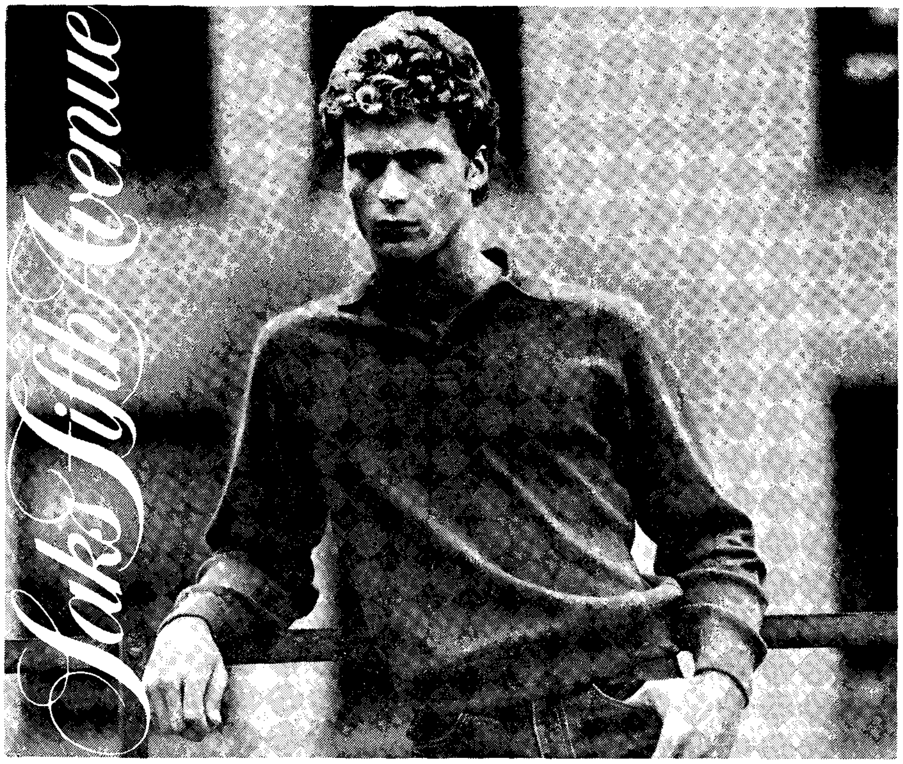

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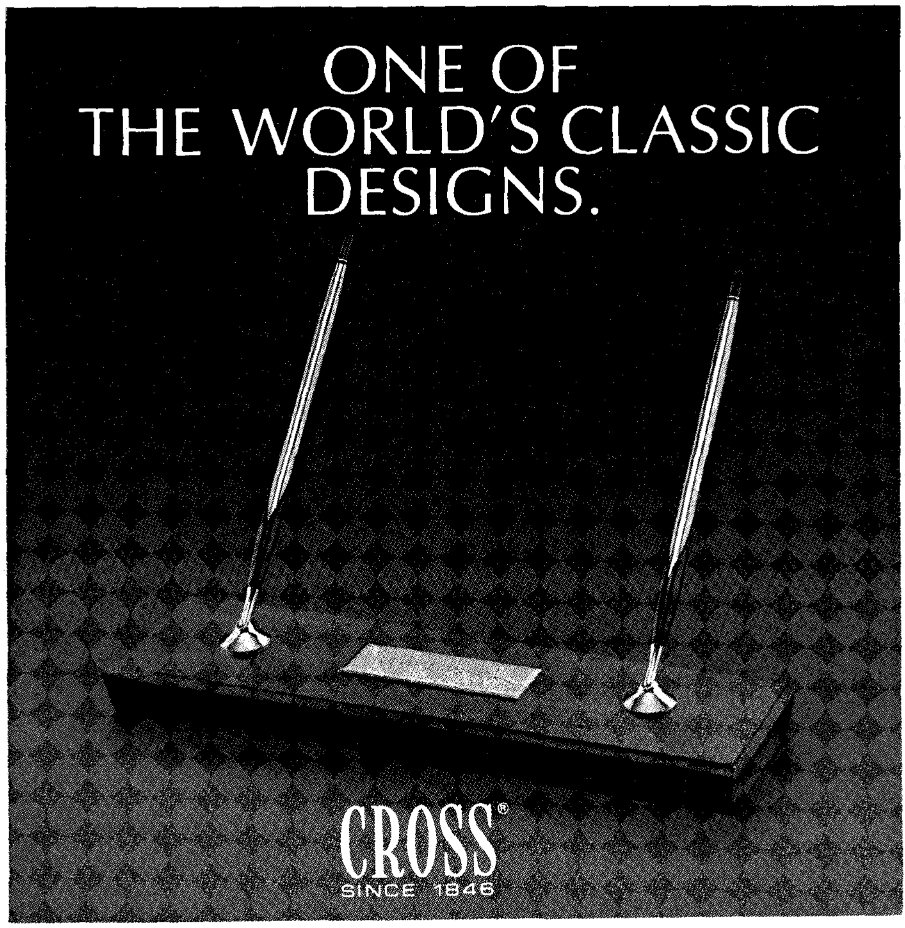

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gists into the country in a three-place Hiller for a hundred and fifty dollars an hour, or twice that in a five-place Hughes. MacDonald carries supplies to trappers in winter and to miners in summer. Hutchinson works for him as a part-time fixed-wing pilot. Certain trappers resist MacDonald, who has been in the country four years. They say that if he brings his geologists around their home streams they will open fire. "Just try that once" is MacDonald's response, "and a fifty-five-gallon drum filled with water will land on the roof of your cabin."

On billing days, Hutchinson does not call on Carl Dasch. Now and again, Hutchinson has renewed his attempts to sell Dasch a phone, but the prospect seems unlikely. "He knows it's no use," says Dasch. "I have no one to call." Living alone in his cabin, with his two rifles above his bed, Dasch has achieved a durable independence that he obviously enjoys. In the nineteen-seventies, Dasch's brother appeared one day in Circle. The two men had not seen each other in forty years. They had a pleasant conversation for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then Carl's brother went back down the road. The brother is dead now.

"This is a good country to get lost in if you want to get lost," says Carl.

"Yes, it is," Helge Boquist agrees. "One guy was lost here three months."

"That's a different kind of lost," says Carl Dasch.

Dasch went to Fairbanks last summer, and he has visited Anchorage. "Yes, I was in Anchorage just after the Second World War."

He has found much to interest him here in the country. He used to watch ornithologists from the Lower Forty-eight shooting peregrine falcons off the bluffs of the Yukon. "They were allowed to do this. It was a scientific deal. They wanted to see what the falcons had been eating. All they had to do was look at the bones in the nests to see what the falcons had been eating."

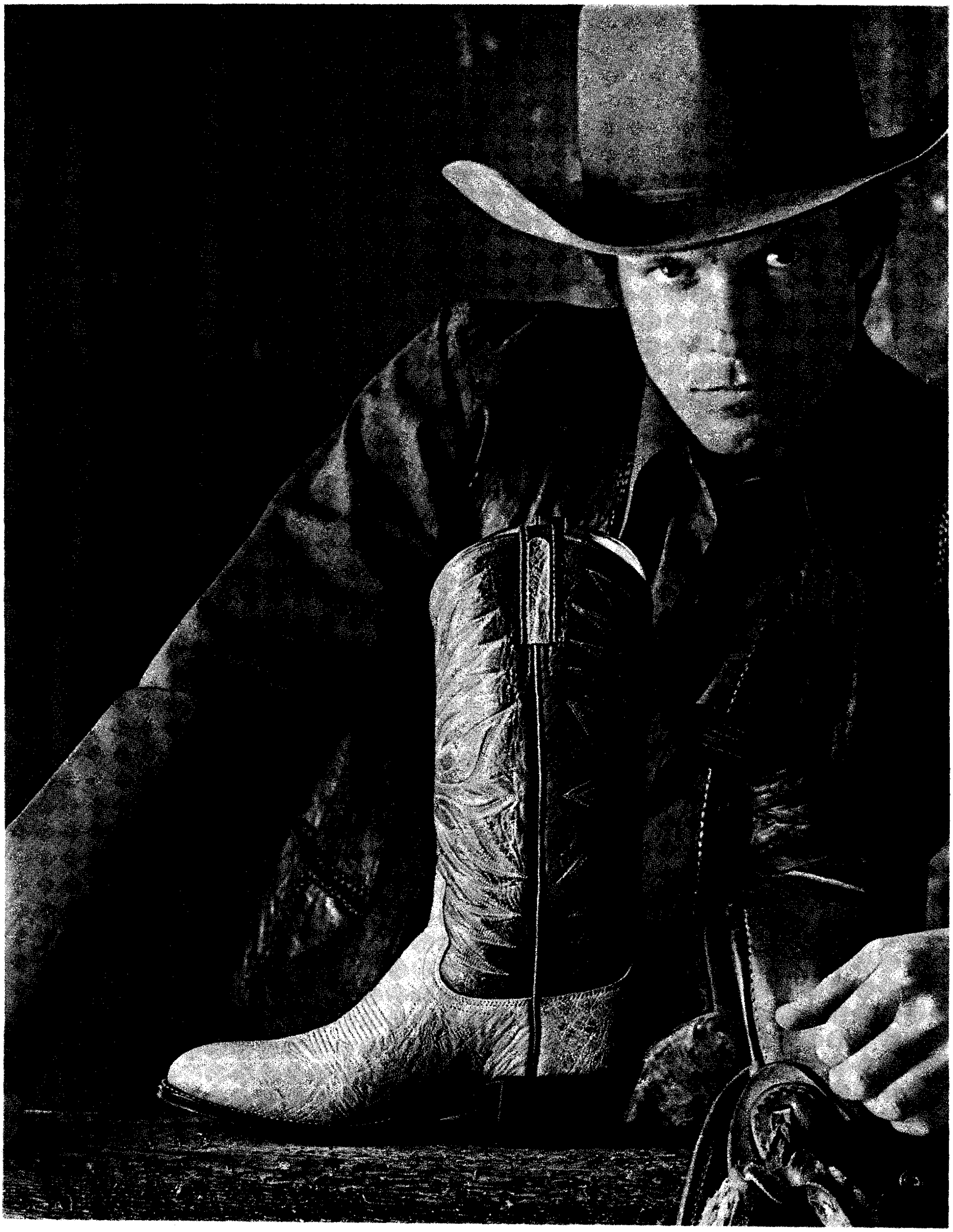
As advancing age increases his risks, would he not be reassured by having a telephone at hand?

"I'm a hard guy to convince. When I say no, I don't mean yes."

"What happens if you get sick, Carl?"

"If I get sick enough, I'll die, like everybody else."

DASCH's obstinance notwithstanding, Circle Utilities is in such robust condition that Hutchinson has become deeply interested in the growth of the town. This past school year, he was



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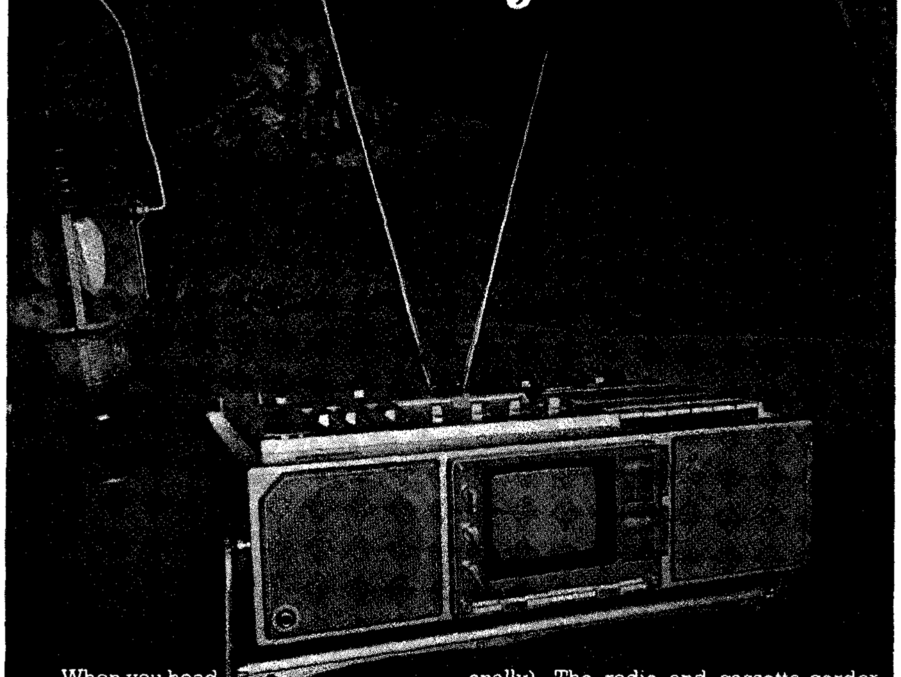

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pleased to note five new first graders. He referred to them as "future customers." Hutchinson is the town welcome wagon. "Circle has plenty of capacity for expansion," he says. "I think it could probably stand a hundred and fifty people and still be comfortable." The new census has amazed and gratified him. "The count was eighty. That really surprised me. I thought there were sixty-five." To prepare himself for the demands of the future, he has bought a Pitman Polecat, the classical truck of the telephone lineman, with a plastic bucket that can lift him forty-one feet into the air and a big auger that can drill holes deep in the ground. While Hutchinson is up in the bucket, Little Hutch is operating the truck below, his hands flying to the levers of the pole-grabber, the outriggers, the load line, the boom extension. It is Hutchinson's hope that one day Little Hutch will inherit the place in the bucket.

Hutchinson's father was a Boston fireman, and Hutchinson grew up in South Weymouth, Massachusetts, where he read a little less than he hunted and fished. He learned offset printing in the Marine Corps, and had been working for a job printer in Los Angeles when he first got into his pickup and drove to Alaska. Unlike most people who experiment with Alaska, he spent no time in Anchorage or Fairbanks but directly sought the country of the upper Yukon. The year was 1964, and he was twenty-three. He lived in the woods some miles from Circle. His adventure ended one day when, just after killing a wolf, he tripped and accidentally shot himself in the leg. After time in the hospital in Fairbanks, he went Outside to recover. It is a measure of his affection for Alaska that he returned as soon as he could, with intent to stay forever. He trapped from a cabin on Birch Creek and, as the expression goes, made his groceries. He worked as "a flunky for a biologist," live-trapping lynx, shooting them with tranquillizers, putting radio collars around their necks, and then tracking their movements. He worked in the Yukon Trading Post, and in Fairbanks printing *Jessen's Weekly*, among other things, while assembling the capital to establish his utility. His flight instruction was under the supervision of the late Don Jonz, who was at the controls when the plane carrying Congressman Hale Boggs and Nick Begich disappeared over the Gulf of Alaska. Hutchinson has had a commerical flying license since 1972. He also worked as a generator operator on the construction of the Alyeska pipeline, making well over five thousand dollars a month, at Franklin Bluffs and Prudhoe Bay, doing "seven twelves"—twelve hours a day, seven days a week. Hutchinson's wife, Earla, thinks a more accurate translation of "seven twelves" would be "seven days a week, twelve minutes a day," but Earla has the so-called work ethic deep in her fabric. From Standish, Michigan, she came to Circle to teach in a Bible school that was run by the Episcopal church. The Hutchinsons have two children: Earl Francis (Little Hutch) and Krista, who is ten. For ten years, the family lived in a small cabin that had one bedroom. They now live in a handsome new house that stands eight feet in the air on steel poles like a giant cache. Last year, an ice jam on the Yukon at Circle backed up water until it went over the bank and flooded much of the town. The PABX telephone exchange stood boot-deep in water. So Hutchinson, later constructing his new home, backed the Pitman Polecat up to the site and planted his metallic stilts—ten feet into frozen ground. The house is all second floor—forty-two feet long, three bedrooms, galvanized roof. Temperatures in Circle reach seventy below zero. There's a foot of insulation in the elevated floor. Even the outhouse is raised off the ground on what appear to be short stilts. A chorus of sled dogs is chained in the yard.

Inside, Hutchinson sits back with a contented grin, a Calvert's and water. He listens to the static on his radio. "Music to my ears," he says. The static indicates that at least one long-distance telephone call is in progress in Circle City. It is an almost purring static. It stops when the parties hang up. The static caused by a local call is different. Local-call static is staccato, crackly, arrhythmic, and not particularly pleasing to Hutchinson's ears.

He wears a black-and-gold Ski-Doo cap, an elbow-patched canvas shirt, bluejeans, and L. L. Bean's shoepacs, which he calls "breakup boots." In his living room and kitchen, he is surrounded by mementos of life on the Yukon River: the locally obsolescent kerosene lantern, a wolverine pelt, a model of a log cabin (very much like the cabin the Hutchinsons lived in for so many years). There is a model dogsled and a model Yukon River fish wheel. A red fifty-five-gallon drum full of water stands beside the kitchen sink. It is the house water supply, and he fills it from a neighbor's well. There is a tall refrigerator-freezer, a

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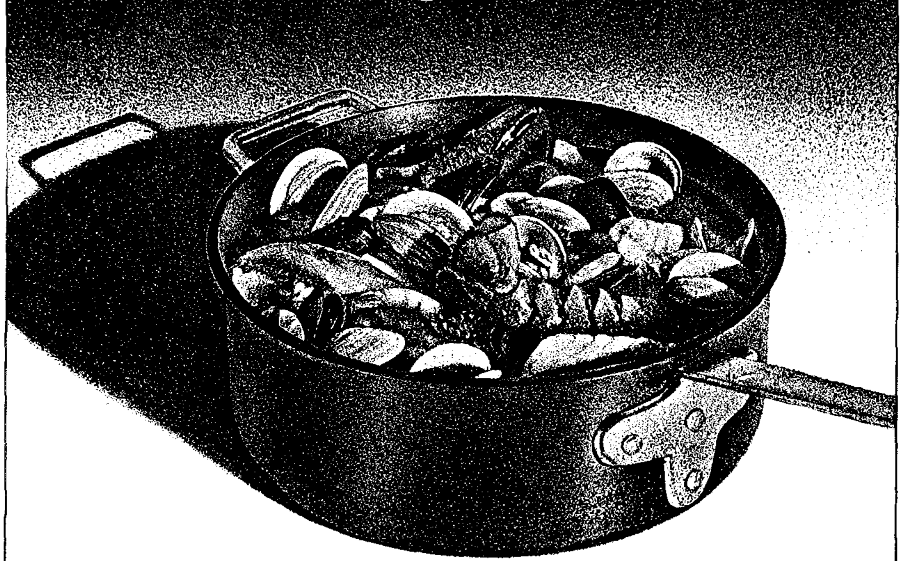

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microwave oven, an electric coffeemaker, an electric can opener, a toaster, a washing machine, an electric typewriter, an electric adding machine, and a Sears electric organ. Along a bookshelf are "Livingstone of the Arctic," "Cultures of the North Pacific Coast," "How to Select and Install Antennas," "McGuffey's 5th Eclectic Reader." Dick and Earla are partners in Circle Utilities, which earned for them about sixty-five thousand dollars last year. Earla now teaches in the public school. With her salary and his income from flying and trapping, their grand total has broken the six-digit barrier and gone into the proximate beyond. Hutchinson tugs apologetically at the visor of his Ski-Doo cap. He says, "Of course, that won't sound like much to people in the Lower Forty-eight."

HELGE BOQUIST remembers that when he came here fifty years ago a telephone line ran from Circle a hundred and sixty-five miles among miners out on the creeks. Galvanized wire went through the forest from tripod to tripod of spruce. It was an all-party line "with one long, three shorts, that sort of thing, a box on a wall with a crank," and everybody heard everybody else, from Circle to Ferry Roadhouse to Central to Miller House, and on Birch and Independence, Deadwood and Ketchum, Mammoth and Mastodon Creeks.

"Helge knows where gold still is," says Carl Dasch. "He should get a skookum young partner and go out there."

"Today, they get five hundred dollars for a teaspoonful of gold" is Boquist's contemplative response. "And the old telephone wires that went out to the creeks are clotheslines now, here in Circle." —JOHN MCPHEE

•

In an effort to reach as many of my constituents as possible, throughout the year I have been holding Town Hall Meetings. These sessions provide an opportunity for me to learn some of the issues that are on my mind.—*Rangel Reports, a newsletter from Representative Charles B. Rangel, of New York.*

Hmm.

•

DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*From the Maine Boat Law, 1980*]

21. Operating an airmobile upon a public way. A person is guilty, except as provided in subsection 27, paragraph C, of operating an airmobile upon a public way if he operates an airmobile upon a public way.

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

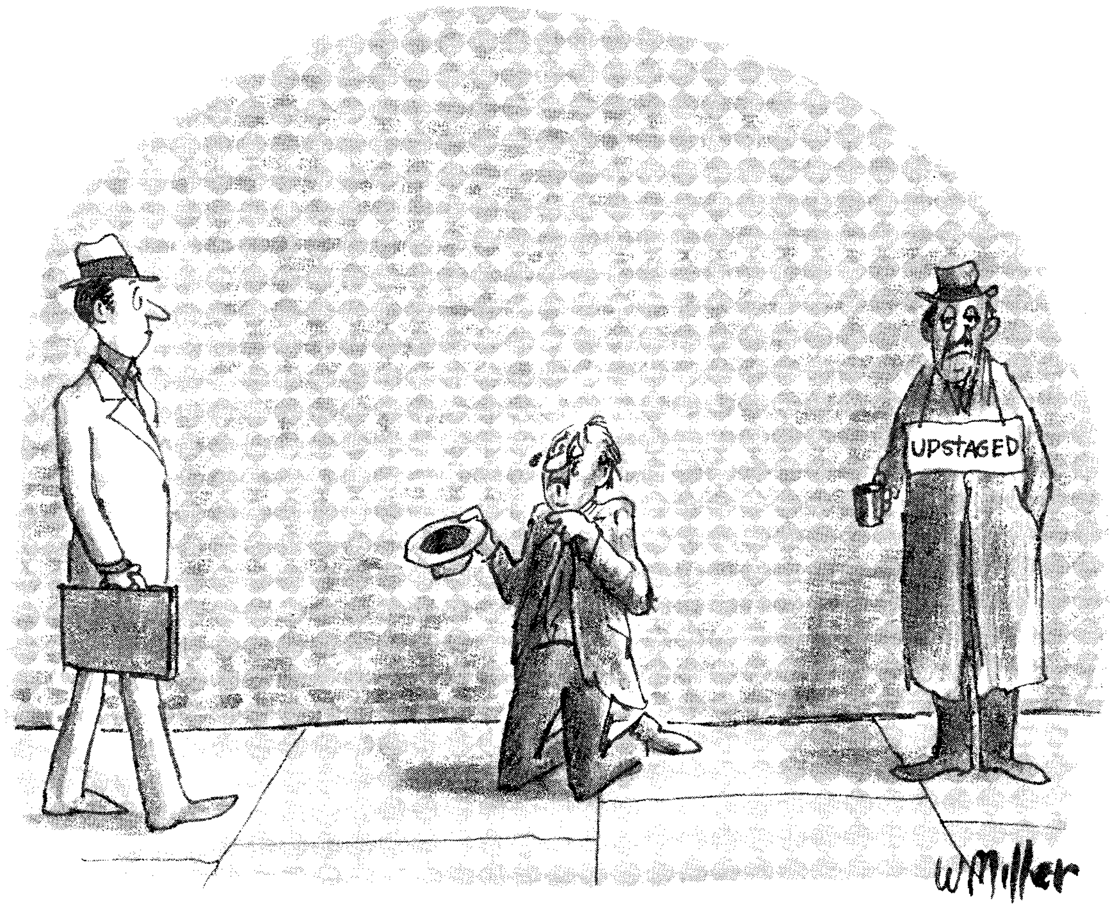
A RAINY DAY ON THE VINEYARD

A LITTLE after one o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 16, 1978, a switchboard operator at the Bureau of Epidemiology of the Center for Disease Control, in Atlanta, received a long-distance call from a man who asked to speak to someone in authority in the Parasitic Diseases Division. He had, he said, some information to report, and he wanted some advice. The operator connected him with a young Epidemic Intelligence Service officer assigned to that division whose name was Steven M. Teutsch.

"I don't know about authority," Dr. Teutsch says. "But I guess I was in charge." A white smile stirs in the depths of a curly black beard. "I happened to be the only doctor in our office that afternoon. So I took the call and gave my name, and the caller identified himself. He was a physician in practice in Grand Junction, Colorado, and he needed help. He then went into a rather complicated story. It took me a minute or two to get it straight. It seemed he had a patient in a Grand Junction hospital seriously ill with pneumonia—a man I'll call Daniel Stafford. He had become ill on August 11th, with a fever of a hundred and four degrees, headache, muscular aches and pains, loss of appetite, nausea, and a cough. He had been treated with penicillin but had shown no improvement. It also seemed that Stafford's wife—I'll call her Anne Lord Stafford—had been ill for several days with some similar pulmonary infection, but was now recovered. They were both in their early thirties, and they had recently returned from a family houseparty at her father's summer cottage on Martha's Vineyard. It was the doctor's understanding that two other guests at the family gathering had become sick and were hospitalized—one at Martha's Vineyard Hospital and the other at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston. The patient at the Vineyard hospital was Mrs. Stafford's younger sister. I'll call her Patsy Lord Hooper. Mrs. Hooper had become sick on August 7th with symptoms much the same as those of her relatives out in Colorado. The Beth Israel patient was Patsy Lord Hooper's brother-in-law—John Hooper. And he was the particular reason for the Colorado doctor's call. The advice of a parasitologist was needed. John Hooper's illness was thought to be babesiosis.

"Well! That was interesting—very interesting. And the Colorado doctor's concern was easy to understand. Babesiosis is one of our newer diseases. I should say newly identified and described—it is probably as old as any of them. But it's new to medicine. It isn't even mentioned in the standard medical texts. It is primarily a tick-borne disease of wild rodents, but it is transmitted by infected ticks to man. The causative organism is a protozoan—a blood parasite named *Babesia microti*. Babesiosis came into prominence only four or five years ago, and most, if not all, known cases have been in and around coastal southern New England—the Cape Cod area, including Martha's Vineyard, and the east end of Long Island. It's a serious disease. The Colorado doctor went on to say that he knew next to nothing about babesiosis, but if that was what John Hooper had, might it not also be the cause of Daniel Stafford's illness? If so, what should he do? That was a good question. There is a treatment for babesiosis—an agent called pentamidine. But I wasn't about to recommend it in the case of Daniel Stafford. I didn't know about John Hooper, up in Boston, but it didn't sound at all to me as if Daniel Stafford, out in Grand Junction, had babesiosis. Babesiosis is not a pneumonic disease. It tends to come on like malaria. Which is also, of course, a protozoan disease. I told the doctor what I thought. I thanked him for his call, his report. I said that his Martha's Vineyard houseparty sounded very much like something we would want to look into. I would keep him informed. And I *was* interested. I mean, all that pneumonia, all that pulmonary disease in one small group! I thought it sounded like a very unusual epidemic.

"I had a little problem there, of course. I wanted to go ahead, but I was working in the Parasitic Diseases Division, and pulmonary disease was out of my official capacity. I was tempted to wonder if maybe I was mistaken about babesiosis. I didn't think so—and yet . . . Well, I decided to take at least the first step. I put in a call to Boston—to Beth Israel—and talked to one of the doctors there about



John Hooper. Babesiosis was still very much on their minds, and Hooper was being treated for that. Their thinking was based on a blood smear that seemed to show a protozoan organism. He was not doing too well. He was still running a fever—up to a hundred and three. On the other hand, of course, they were keeping an open mind. They had taken blood samples for a series of evaluations. Then I called Martha's Vineyard and talked to the doctor there who was treating Patsy Lord Hooper. It was his impression, based on a chest X-ray, that she was suffering from an atypical viral pneumonia. She had run a fever up to a hundred and two, but she was now much improved. We talked about other possibilities—more specific kinds of infection—and he told me he was arranging for the indicated serum studies. And I later learned that he had also treated Patsy's husband, Tom, for a febrile illness—a mild case, from which he recovered uneventfully. Patsy and her husband had spent the summer on the Vineyard with her father at the family cottage. They were joined there on Sunday, July 30th, by the Staffords and John Hooper. The party broke up on Saturday, August 5th. Everybody had arrived well and remained well during the week of the gathering. But everyone who had spent time in the house during those days—including the two women's father and a friend of his named Betty Smith—had become ill with pulmonary symptoms of some sort within a few days after the party. It was indeed an interesting epidemic.

"Well, I thought I'd made a start. In any event, I'd gone about as far as I could go on my own authority. And my superior was out of town. In an organization like C.D.C., everything is structured. Everything moves through channels. I put my notes together and got up and went along the hall to what seemed to be the appropriate starting channel."

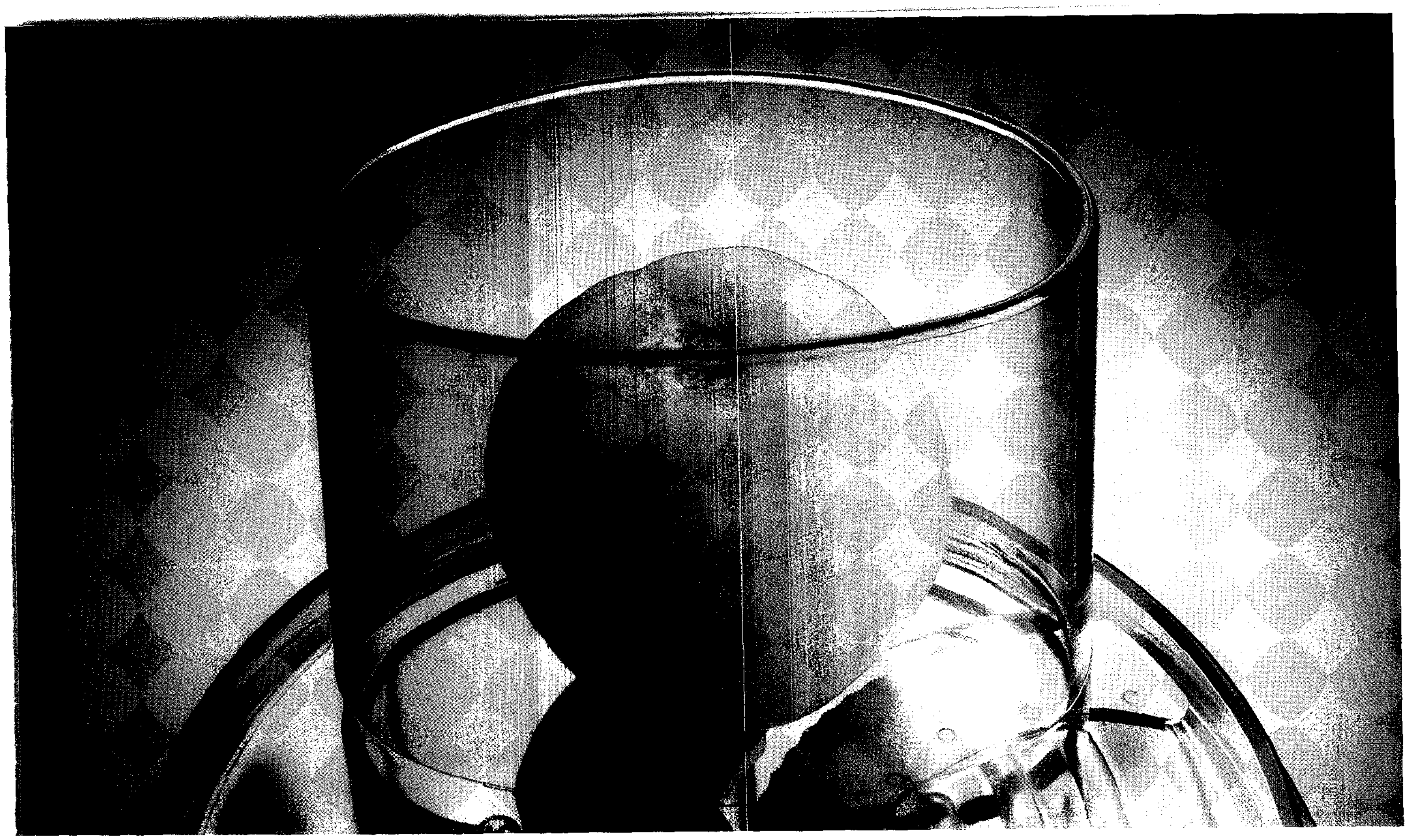
THE immediate course and consequence of Dr. Teutsch's alerting report are noted in a subsequent interoffice memorandum channelled to Dr. William H. Foege, the director of the Center. It gives these details:

> On August 16, 1978, Steven M. Teutsch, M.D., EIS Officer, Parasitic Diseases Division, Bureau of Epidemiology (BE), advised Arnold F. Kaufmann, D.V.M., Chief, Bacterial Zoonoses Branch, Bacterial Diseases Division; John Bennett, M.D., Director, Bacterial Diseases Division; William G. Winkler, D.V.M., Chief, Respiratory and Special Pathogens Branch (RSPB), Viral Diseases Division (VDD), BE; and Robert B. Craven, M.D., Chief, Respiratory Activity, RSPB, BE, of a possible outbreak of acute respiratory disease in humans on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. Dr. Craven and Stanley I. Music, M.D., Deputy Director, Field Services Division, BE, contacted Joseph P. Reardon, M.D., Assistant State Epidemiologist, Massachusetts State Department of Public Health, and discussed this possible outbreak. . . .
>
> Additional discussions were held with Edward W. Brink, M.D., EIS Officer, located at the Connecticut Department of Health, and Timm A. Edell, M.D., EIS Officer, Colorado Department of Health. Frequent discussions were held with the Massachusetts Department of Public Health staff over the next 12 days. . . .
>
> On August 28, David R. Kimloch, M.D., Deputy Health Officer, Massachusetts Department of Public Health, spoke with Dr. Winkler and invited CDC to assist in the investigation. On August 29, Dr. Teutsch departed for Martha's Vineyard.

"Actually, it wasn't quite as simple as that," Dr. Teutsch says. "The invitation from the Massachusetts Department of Public Health to C.D.C. to participate in the investigation was not entirely spontaneous. There was an *éminence grise*. He was the famous Dr. Alexander Langmuir. Alex—everybody calls him Alex—was the founder of C.D.C.'s Epidemic Intelligence Service and was its director for many years. He's now retired, and it so happens that his family has always spent the summer on Martha's Vineyard, in Chilmark, and that's where he was living. He knew as well as anybody that state health departments do not automatically invite the participation of C.D.C. in local public-health investigations. They sometimes hesitate to appear to be in need of outside help. Which, of course, is only natural. Well, Alex had heard about the outbreak, and he knew that I had talked with the doctor who had treated Patsy Lord Hooper and her husband. He pulled some invisible strings and got himself appointed a temporary consultant to the Chilmark Board of Health. Then he set about advising the local authorities to request that the state ask C.D.C. to come in. And, as usual, Alex succeeded. And he was on hand to welcome me when I arrived on the Vineyard. I even stayed at his house.

"On the drive to his place from the airport, Alex and I brought each other up to date. There really wasn't much to report. Patsy Hooper had been discharged from the Vineyard hospital, and her brother-in-law John Hooper had been discharged from Beth Israel. But Dan Stafford, out in Colorado, had been flown from Grand Junction to a Denver hospital. He was in intensive care, on a respirator, and his condition was considered critical. That was an extra incentive to us to try to identify the problem. Dan Stafford couldn't be properly treated until his doctors knew the cause of his illness. And the cause was still a mystery. The first round of laboratory evaluations was inconclusive—more or less as expected. Pneumonia of the sort we were dealing with here is diagnosed by serum-antibody tests, and antibodies don't appear in the blood during the acute stage of the illness. Antibodies rise slowly, as the body mobilizes its defenses, and an accurate positive result can't be expected in much less than three weeks. Arrangements were being made now for a new collection of blood samples—convalescent samples. The tests would be run at the C.D.C. laboratories in Atlanta. Another complication was the sheer number of disease possibilities to be evaluated. There are a good many atypical pneumonias. Legionnaire's disease was one possibility, and one that was very much on our minds at C.D.C. Another possibility was mycoplasmal pneumonia. The other possibilities included psittacosis, influenza A-type and B-type, adenovirus infection, respiratory syncytial virus disease, tularemia, parainfluenza types 1, 2, and 3, and the three major fungal infections—histoplasmosis, blastomycosis, and coccidioidomycosis. Alex's first choice was Legionnaire's disease, and his second choice was mycoplasmal pneumonia. His third choice was a little scary. He thought it might be something brand-new—something we knew nothing about.

"I spent three days on the Vineyard. Ed Brink, a fellow E.I.S. officer assigned to the Connecticut Health Department, came over from Hartford, and we divided up the work. Our job was to get a standard epidemiological study under way. That involved two approaches. One was a study of the Lord cottage and its environment. The other was to determine the dimensions of the outbreak. Was it confined to the seven members of the houseparty, or were they part of a larger epidemic? Alex drove me over to the cottage. I don't know if you know Martha's Vineyard. It's roughly triangular in shape, about twenty-five miles long from east to west, and from two to



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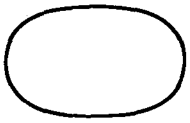

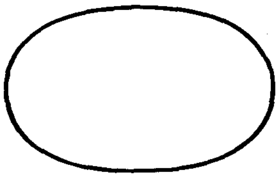

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eleven miles wide. The Lord cottage is at the west end, in Chilmark, which is largely rural—hilly, with scrub woods and brush. Patsy and Tom Hooper were still on the Vineyard, and we talked to them at the cottage. Here's what we learned: The nearest neighbor was another summer cottage, about two hundred yards distant, and the two houses shared a well. There had been no illness of any kind at the neighboring house. The Lord party stayed pretty close to its cottage. The only outside activity in which all seven people participated was at an annual Vineyard affair called 'Illumination Night,' when an area of gingerbread cottages in Oak Bluffs, at the northeast end of the island, is all strung up with paper lanterns. We went through the house—large living room with a fireplace, kitchen, bedrooms, and bath. The house is heated when necessary by the fireplace, and the fireplace is equipped with a convection device called a Heatilator, which distributes the hot air. The fireplace was used only once during the houseparty week—on the night of August 2nd. There was nothing significant in the food eaten during the week. The party often went swimming, and waded across the shallow, brackish waters of Chilmark Pond to get to the ocean beach. The Hoopers had two dogs—a Labrador and a Chesapeake Bay retriever—both young and active. Mice had been seen in the cottage early in the season. Rabbits were abundant in the area, and so were ticks, mosquitoes, and flies. During the week of the gathering, the septic tank backed up but did not overflow. A wooden post supporting the front porch collapsed early in the week and was replaced. We took samples of the pond water, samples of the rotten post—rotten wood suggests fungus—samples of earth at the septic tank, samples of household dust, samples of debris from the Heatilator, and a sample of drinking water from the kitchen tap. We hadn't picked up anything of much importance. But maybe the laboratory in Atlanta would.

"The other phase of the investigation was hardly more productive. We talked to all the Vineyard doctors, and we burned the midnight oil at the hospital checking out its records. The records in the emergency room showed that four thousand three hundred and ninety-four persons were seen there during July and August of 1977. In the same period of 1978, the number was four thousand three hundred and seventy-nine. No leads there. Then we checked admissions. We came up with three patients in 1977 who had been admitted and subsequently discharged with a diagnosis of pneumonia. The total for the period in 1978 was six, of whom one was Patsy Lord Hooper. We ran down the five other patients and arranged for blood samples. One of the few positive findings was that there seemed to be no possible connection between the activities of the Lord group and the five other pneumonia patients. And those five were also unconnected. So the indications were reasonably clear that we were dealing with an outbreak concentrated at the Lord cottage. The only really encouraging news came from Colorado. Dan Stafford was off the critical list. He was still very sick, still in intensive care, but they had taken him off the respirator. We couldn't take much credit for that."

DR. TEUTSCH's arrival on Martha's Vineyard had been noted in a front-page story in the semiweekly *Vineyard Gazette* on Tuesday, August 29th. The story, written by an industrious reporter named Mary Breslauer, was headed:

EPIDEMIOLOGISTS WILL PROBE
CHILMARK FAMILY'S ILLNESS

Three days later, on September 1st, on the eve of Dr. Teutsch's departure, the results of the investigation were also given front-page prominence. The story, also the work of Mary Breslauer, was headed:

EPIDEMIOLOGISTS STILL BAFFLED
BY CHILMARK FAMILY'S ILLNESS

It began, "To the investigating federal epidemiologists, the attending Island physician, and the affected family, the respiratory illness which blighted a Chilmark summer vacation is a medical mystery." It also said, " 'We don't know what is going on here,' Dr. Teutsch added. 'It's not a classical presentation of anything at this point, including Legionnaire's. We don't know much about Legionnaire's, and it probably has a very broad spectrum, like most diseases. What's happened here is consistent with Legionnaire's, but it's not something that jumps out at us. Nothing is obvious to us yet.' "

"OH, yes," Dr. Teutsch says. "That's the way it was. We were very definitely thinking of Legionnaire's disease. It had always been Alex's first choice, and Ed and I were quite willing to go along. So was everybody in Atlanta. It was at the top of everybody's list. An attack rate of one hundred per cent is most unusual—seven people, seven illnesses. It means a highly infectious organism, and *Legionella pneumophila* is that kind of organism. But then the first serologic results came through from our laboratory. We had ordered the tests in order of probability, and the first results were for Legionnaire's. And they were negative. Well! The next-best possibility on our list was mycoplasmal pneumonia. Those results were also negative. Well, that was interesting, too. I think the next results were on psittacosis. Negative. So were the tests for influenza A and B. And adenovirus infection. And respiratory syncytial virus disease. And parainfluenzas 1, 2, and 3. And the fungal infections. That left only tularemia. And tularemia seemed to be it. The first four convalescent blood samples—from the three Hoopers and from Anne Lord Stafford—had very high levels of tularemia antibodies. They ranged from one in forty up to one in six hundred and forty, and three of the patients had readings in the upper range. When the results of the tests on the other three came through—on Lord and Betty Smith and Dan Stafford—it was very much the same. They all had significantly high readings on the tularemia organism. I have to say that those reports left us all a little bit astonished. Tularemia was the very last thing we expected. But that was it. Our epidemic was an epidemic of tularemia."

TULAREMIA is one of an unpleasant handful of infectious diseases that made their first scientifically recorded appearances in the United States. Its companions in this morbid group include rickettsialpox, babesiosis, Lyme arthritis, St. Louis encephalitis, murine typhus, the several Coxsackie-virus infections, and, of course, Rocky Mountain spotted fever and Legionnaire's disease. Like many of these, its name declares its place of origin. The Coxsackie viruses are native to Coxsackie, New York; Lyme arthritis is a native of Lyme, Connecticut; St. Louis encephalitis was first identified in St. Louis and environs; Rocky Mountain

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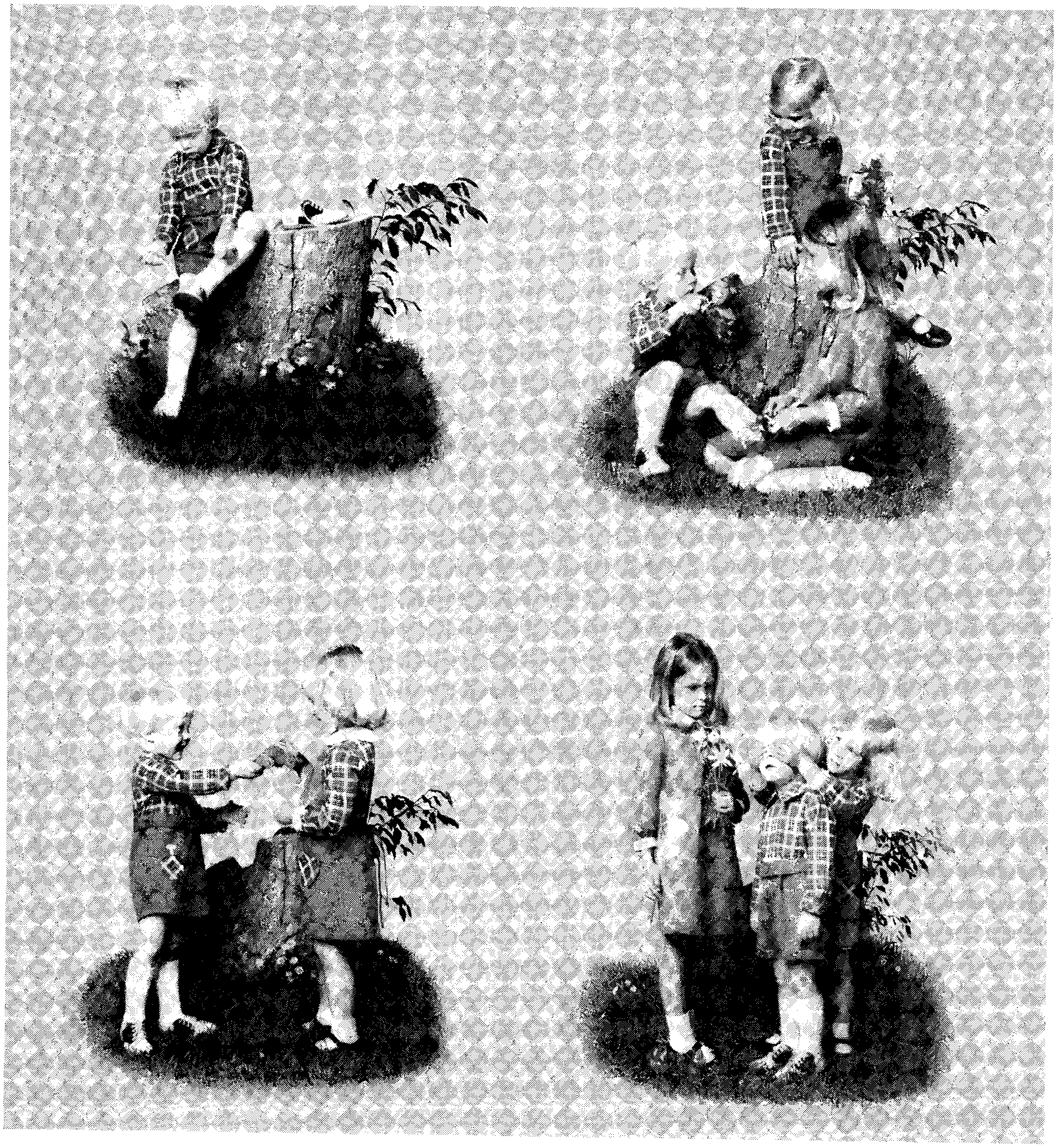
spotted fever is a now widely travelled native of the Continental Divide; and Legionnaire's disease made its disastrous début at the American Legion's 1976 convention in Philadelphia. Tularemia was first recognized as a specific disease in Tulare County, in south-central California, in 1911. ("Tulare" derives from "tule," a kind of reed that grows abundantly in California—so abundantly that "out in the tulies" has the same meaning in California that "out in the boondocks" has elsewhere.) The discoverer of tularemia was a United States Public Health Service investigator named George W. McCoy. "During the routine examination of ground squirrels," McCoy noted in a report to the *Public Health Bulletin* in April, 1911, "we have encountered an infection the lesions of which are readily mistaken for those of plague." This slippery new infection, he further noted, had been transferred to healthy squirrels, guinea pigs, domestic rabbits, rats, mice, and a monkey, and "attempts to grow the causative organism are still being made." His conclusion was a muted warning: "We do not know whether the organism causing this disease is pathogenic for man, but judging from the large number of species that are susceptible, we are inclined to suspect that man might contract the infection." The following year, his attempts to grow the organism were finally successful, and he and an associate, Charles W. Chapin, announced its laboratory generation under the name of *Bacterium tularense*, from which—at the suggestion of Edward Francis, a celebrated bacteriologist and 1928 Nobel Prize nominee, who largely completed the elucidation of the disease—tularemia derived its name. In 1913, *Bacterium tularense* confirmed McCoy's natural suspicions and felled its first recorded human victim—a meatcutter in a Cincinnati restaurant specializing in wild-rabbit dishes, who is known to medical history only as E.E. The historic diagnosis of E.E.'s illness (fever, prostration, a plague-like lesion), which was subsequently substantiated by a perspicacious professor of bacteriology at the University of Cincinnati named William B. Wherry, was somewhat more than the mere première of human tularemia. It led to the identification, as tularemia, of a long-puzzling occupational complaint called, variously, "marketmen's disease," "meatcutter's disease," and, most commonly, "rabbit fever," and it also established the wild cottontail rabbit as the chief source of the infection in human beings. It was, in fact, the threat of tularemia that eventually led most American municipalities to restrict the sale of wild rabbits as food.

Bacterium tularense—or *Francisella tularensis*, as the organism is now called, for keener definition and to honor the work of Edward Francis—stands well apart from most other pathogens in two rapacious respects. It has, for one thing, an extraordinary pathological vigor, a seething virulence, an almost matchless capacity to communicate disease. Most infectious diseases require an assault force of thousands, even millions, of organisms (depending upon a complex of physiological variables) to successfully invade the human body. Tularemia is one of a ferocious few (influenza, measles, Lassa fever) that can overwhelm their victims with a force of no more than a dozen. There are four general portals through which a disease organism may stage an invasion. Many infections (typhoid fever, cholera, trichinosis) are transmitted by the ingestion of contaminated food or water. Many (pneumonia, whooping cough, the common cold) are transmitted by way of the respiratory system, by inhalation. Others (malaria, yellow fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever) are transmitted by injection—by the bite of an insect carrier or (as in serum hepatitis) the thrust of a contaminated hypodermic syringe. A few (boils and other staphylococcus infections, tetanus, conjunctivitis) are transmitted by contact—by entry into the body through a fortuitous cut or scratch. Numerous pathogens are capable of entering the body by more than one of these routes, some by as many as three. *F. tularensis* can make use of any available route.

The route by which *F. tularensis* enters the body largely determines the clinical nature of the disease, the organs most particularly affected, and, to a considerable extent, its severity. Tularemia is most commonly acquired (as in the classic case of E.E.) by contact—by contact with the carcass of an infected animal, most commonly a wild rabbit. This can be, and often is, wholly inadvertent. In New Orleans, in 1949, a woman became infected (an investigation finally determined) by merely resting her wrist on a marble counter where a butcher had recently cut up a wild cottontail rabbit; entry was made through a little abrasion, the pinprick of a rose thorn. Contact with an infected carcass, the bite of a carrier tick or deerfly, and (much less commonly) the ingestion of undercooked infected meat or of water con-



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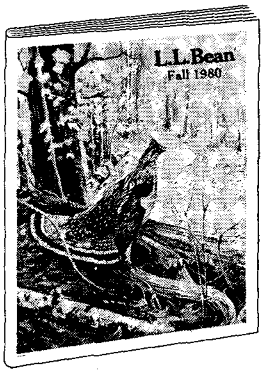

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taminated by the carcass of an infected animal account for practically all of the two hundred-odd cases of tularemia that occur in this country each year. The tiny remainder—less than one per cent—are cases of pulmonary, or inhalation, tularemia. Practically all these are isolated cases, and practically all of them involve laboratory technicians working with cultures of *F. tularensis*. Epidemics of pulmonary tularemia—a cluster of related cases—are very rare, almost unheard of. Indeed, as it happens, an epidemic involving as many as seven cases had never been heard of until the outbreak on Martha's Vineyard in the summer of 1978.

THE second phase of the C.D.C. investigation of the ill-fated Lord family reunion was undertaken by a differently constituted, more sharply focussed team. Its members were three epidemiologists with specific training and experience in the natural history of tularemia. The team was headed by Arnold F. Kaufmann, a veterinarian and the chief of the Bacterial Zoonoses Branch of the Bacterial Diseases Division (the zoonoses are diseases of animals that can be transmitted to man), and included Morris Potter, a veterinarian on Dr. Kaufmann's staff, and William J. Martone, an Epidemic Intelligence Service physician assigned to the Bacterial Zoonoses Branch. Dr. Kaufmann and Dr. Martone are co-authors of an authoritative monograph entitled "Tularemia."

"I guess you could say that we were picking up on Steve Teutsch and Ed Brink and the others," Dr. Kaufmann says. "They laid the groundwork for our study. But in a sense we were still at the beginning. In a lot of epidemiological investigations, maybe in most, the basic problem—the cause of the outbreak, the disease responsible—is known at the outset. The purpose of the investigation is to identify its source and control any possible wider spread. So in a way we were only just starting. We were investigating an outbreak of pneumonic tularemia. The seven clustered cases were, of course, the center of our study. But that wasn't our only interest. We wanted to know if the case cluster was an isolated event. Or did it represent a larger problem? Was tularemia—animal tularemia—endemic on Martha's Vineyard? We got under way on September 19th. We couldn't have moved much faster. It didn't much matter, though. There was no great pressure. The clinical problem had been taken care of. As soon as we knew we were dealing with tularemia, we discussed the outbreak and appropriate treatment with Dan Stafford's doctor in Denver. Streptomycin is a specific for tularemia, and it makes a big difference in the pneumonic form of the disease. Pneumonic tularemia can be fatal. But a proper treatment is desirable in any variety. Untreated or improperly treated tularemia can drag on for weeks, even months. Tetracycline is effective, at least in treating the first rush of symptoms, but relapses often occur.

"Bill Martone led the way to the Vineyard. He left Atlanta on the nineteenth, and Morris Potter followed him up the next day. Potter's particular job was to get source samples for testing for the tularemia organism—animal material, insects, soil, rotted wood, water, house dust from the cottage. That had been done before, of course, but now we knew what we were looking for. The sample material would be injected into laboratory mice, and a positive reaction would give us a pretty good idea of where the Lord exposure came from. And it might lead to other cases—sporadic, unrelated cases. That was Martone's job. He was working at the hospital, with the local doctors, rechecking the pneumonia-like admissions. But he was also interested in any suspicious skin diseases, anything that might resemble the classic lesion of what we call ulceroglandular tularemia—the mark of handling an infected carcass or suffering an infected bite. Anybody who seemed to qualify would be tested for antibody evidence of tularemia infection. Potter finished up on September 23rd, and he and I had a conference here in Atlanta. Then, on the twenty-sixth, I went up to the Vineyard. Martone was still there. I can't say his visit was very exciting. There are few things duller than checking hospital records. But Martone hadn't wasted his time. He had learned something, and when I joined him we learned a little more. We found a total of twenty cases of pneumonia-like illness and ten cases involving suspicious skin lesions. They were run down, one by one; some were locals on the Vineyard, some were summer visitors. We ended up with serologic evidence of tularemia in eight of the twenty, six of them local residents. Two of these were gardeners. One of the visitors, an itinerant sheepshearer, was still sick, up in New Hampshire, with pleuropulmonary disease. We talked to his doctor and learned that he was being treated for tuberculosis. His doctor then put him on streptomycin, with the usual good results. The way he had been going, he might never have got out of bed. Well, all those findings tell us a couple of things. One was that there is tularemia on the Vineyard, as there is in most places. And now the doctors there are well aware of it. They have it in mind as a possibility. I don't think many future cases of tularemia on Martha's Vineyard will be misdiagnosed. The other thing we learned was that the Lord outbreak was self-contained. The other cases had no relation to the cottage or to each other.

"I don't know what to say about the central problem—the outbreak at the cottage. It is officially still unsolved. We established certain things. There was, of course, no question about its nature. It was a case of airborne transmission. The intensity of the epidemic—an attack rate of one hundred per cent—suggested very strongly that the exposure occurred inside the cottage when the family was all together. We were able to eliminate certain possibilities—bare possibilities, I would say. An analysis of house dust was negative. So was an analysis of dust and what could have been mouse material found in the Heatilator system. In any event, the Heatilator didn't have much propulsion—it couldn't throw out much of an aerosol. On the positive side, we established the infection in several rabbit carcasses. We also learned that the Hooper dogs chased rabbits, and caught them more than once. Dogs seem to have some resistance to tularemia. At least, they don't usually show any clinical evidence of disease. But we can detect exposure, and both of the dogs showed serologic evidence of tularemia infection.

"Well, those are the facts. I have my own ideas, and they are generally supported by the facts. I think what happened was this, and I think it must have happened on August 2nd. August 2nd was a rainy day, and the houseparty stayed indoors. The dogs were out, as usual—in and out. It seems quite likely to me that one or both of them killed a rabbit that day. Killed and ate or mangled it. Then they came into the house. You know how a wet dog shakes itself. It doesn't just shake its body. It also shakes its head, its muzzle, its jowls. And there is always a certain spray of saliva."

—Berton Roueché

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Flute

I HADN'T planned to go to Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival. Avery Fisher Hall is no apt home for eighteenth-century music; and although some eminent artists were billed to appear, the thought of even the ablest pickup orchestra playing four concerts (two programs) a week six weeks in a row did not suggest loving and carefully rehearsed performances. (Tuesdays and Thursdays are given to chamber music—but also in the huge spaces of Fisher Hall.) The music is played on modern instruments. And, in any case, the vulgarity of the festival's radio advertisement—in which the G-minor symphony bursts, after a few measures, into the allegro of "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"—was enough to keep serious Mozartians away. But on the day the festival was due to open I was crossing Lincoln Plaza—on my way to the Library of the Performing Arts to consult, as it happens, a facsimile of the original "Magic Flute" libretto. And I heard magical flute music. In the open air, clustered in the shade beneath the north wall of the Met, the flutist James Galway and the festival orchestra, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, were rehearsing Mozart's D-major concerto, K. 314. It was more of a run-through than a rehearsal. The sound was coming from loudspeakers. But it was the heavenly andante, with those stretches of simple, enchanted three-part writing for the soloist and the first and second violins which are among Mozart's miracles. And Mr. Galway was playing purely, steadily, without wobbly vibrato. I felt rather as those wild beasts in Act I, Scene 15, of "The Magic Flute" must feel, stayed to listen, wanted more, and was lucky enough to get tickets for that night's concert.

The program book of the festival contains a good essay, "Mozart and Friends," by David Hamilton, which is about, mainly, the wind players who inspired the composer. Among them, Anton Stadler, for whom the clarinet quintet, the clarinet concerto, and a major "role" in "La Clemenza di Tito" were written, has pride of place. (The quintet appears on the Mostly Mozart bill; also the clarinet trio, whose minuet Eric Blom chose to exemplify "a kind of Emily Brontë-like quality of smouldering passion in Mozart.") The clarinet and its dark, gentle brother the basset horn color the last year of Mozart's life, until in his final opera the clear flute proclaims music's power to lead us surely through spiritual peril. The first flowering of music with woodwind soloists starts during Mozart's stay in Mannheim, from the end of October, 1777, to mid-March, 1778. There he became friendly with the members of an orchestra celebrated for its wind playing—and, to judge from numerous references in the Mannheim letters, particularly friendly with the flutist Johann Baptist Wendling. With Wendling, the Mannheim oboist Friedrich Ramm, and the Mannheim bassoonist Georg Wenzel Ritter, he planned to visit Paris. Once in Paris, for them and the horn player Giovanni Punto he composed a symphonie concertante. For Wendling's wife, Dorothea, and for the same four concertante instruments he wrote Ilia's great aria "Se il padre perdei," in "Idomeneo." That was in Munich; the Mannheim company had moved there when their employer, Charles Theodore, became Elector of Bavaria. In Munich, Mozart composed his oboe quartet, for Ramm. (This piece also figures on the Mostly Mozart bill.) The flute quartets and flute concertos date from Mannheim—the result of a commission (passed on to Mozart by Wendling) from a Dutch amateur, one De Jean, for a clutch of such pieces. The D-major concerto, the one Mr. Galway played, is in fact a reworking of an earlier oboe concerto, in C, which Ramm had taken up with great success. All this Mannheim and Munich wind music is written in an eager, youthful vein, bright with a sense of new worlds waiting to be mastered.

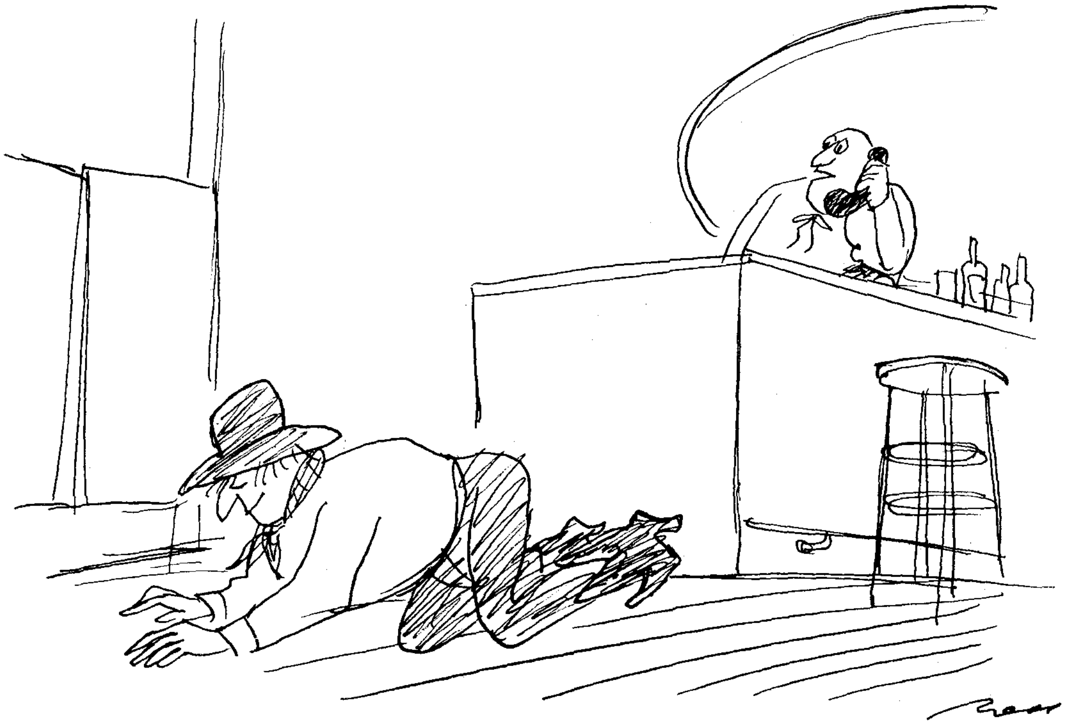
Commentators on the flute quartets and flute concertos regularly observe, first, that Mozart disliked the flute and, second, that this dislike did not stop him from composing admirable music for it. (The Mostly Mozart program note, for example, began, "Mozart's professed distaste for the flute is not evident in the music he wrote for it.") The evidence for the distaste is a parenthesis in a letter Mozart wrote home from Mannheim on February 14, 1778, while he was busy with the De Jean commissions (which he never completed). Emily Anderson translates it thus: "Moreover, you know that I become quite powerless whenever I am obliged to write for an instrument which I cannot bear." But the translation in the Eulenburg miniature score of K. 314 suggests something different: "And then, as you know, I am always 'stuck' if I have to write all the time for one and the same instrument (which I dislike)." Does the relative relate to the flute itself or to the tedium of constantly composing for the same—for any—instrument? It would be pleasant to assert that the composer of "The Magic Flute" did not dislike the flute. The original German, alas, does not quite permit that assertion; the placing of Mozart's parenthesis does seem to point to the flute: "*dan bin ich auch, wie sie wissen, gleich stuff wenn ich immer für ein instrument /das ich nicht leiden kann:/ schreiben soll.*" But *maybe*—presuming some loose syntax—one could render the sense as "Moreover, as you know, I always get fed up when—something I can't bear—I have to go on and on writing for the same *instrument*." The letter continues, "So, for an occasional change, I've done something else, such as piano-violin duets, and some work on the Mass."

The instrument that Mozart composed for—whether he disliked it or not—was not the instrument that Mr. Galway played. Eighteenth-century flutes were made of wood, usually of boxwood, and, according to C. Max Champion, in Grove, "the tone of a boxwood flute is unsurpassed for sweetness." My own experience of them confirms it. They had a conical bore, wider at the blowing end. And they were hard to keep in tune. (Mozart praised Wendling as one of the rare flutists who inspired confidence, not apprehension whether the next note would be sharp or flat.) The modern, more easily pitched cylindrical flute—a descendant of which Mr. Galway uses—with the big air holes, and keyed caps to cover them, was a nineteenth-century invention, and it makes quite a different sound. Theobald Boehm designed it in about 1846, and with his invention (again I quote Mr. Champion) "the flute gained enormously in freedom of speech and richness and volume of tone." Boehm built his first specimens of metal, usually silver. (Mr. Galway's flute was made of gold.) In the right place—in the right works—freedom of speech and richness and volume of tone are virtues, but the sound of a modern flute in eighteenth-century music can be, and often is, offensive: when it produces a fat, thick, overnourished tone, and when it throbs and wobbles. (There are flutists who seem to cultivate, and even revel in, a heavy vibrato.) Mr. Galway, however, played lightly, cleanly, neatly. I had not heard him since his orchestral days—in the Stratford, Sadler's Wells, and Covent Garden pit bands, then with the BBC Symphony, the Royal Philharmonic, and the Berlin Philharmonic—but had read quite a lot about him, for he has become a celebrated and popular flutist: Ireland's (or RCA's) answer to Jean-Pierre Rampal, as it were. RCA has sent me curious records of Mr. Galway playing (on the flute) Japanese melodies, the Mozart clarinet concerto, the César Franck violin sonata, Bach harpsichord concertos, Vivaldi's "Four Seasons," and rather awful duet arrangements, with Cleo Laine as vocalist, of things like "the" Pachelbel canon and Sir Henry Bishop's "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark." But after hearing him as soloist in K. 314 and, on the same program, in the Mozart concerto for flute and harp I am happy to report that musicians can, after all, still take him seriously. Both concertos were attractively and even sensitively played, though just occasionally Mr. Galway plunged into the flute's equivalent of an empurpled chest voice, and both finales were perhaps indecently fast.

The sound of an eighteenth-century flute in the D-major concerto can be enjoyed from a two-disc record album (MCA SEON 67040) in which Frans Vester plays all Mozart's flute-and-orchestra music, with the Amsterdam Mozart Ensemble, conducted by Frans Brüggen. I recommend it, but not without reservations. The timbre of the flute Mr. Vester uses for K. 314, a Dresden instrument of 1796, is beautiful—fuller, more intense, far sweeter than that of a twentieth-century metal flute. It has neither the "hollowness" nor the "silvery" quality of modern flute tone. This sounds like a *wood*wind instrument and—how can one put it?—also like something alive and breathing beneath the player's breath and fingers. The music is not hurried but taken at paces that allow careful molding of Mozart's phrases. Baroque style is as much a matter of articulation as of timbre. (The two are not separable, of course: melodic articulation is bound up with the way the fingers must move on a particular instrument, and modern mechanical "improvements" can destroy the essential character of a melody.) On the other hand, Mr. Vester, unlike Wendling, is not always perfectly in tune, and while the easy tempi and the balanced, unforced timbres of the Baroque ensemble enable one to "hear" the instrumental textures far more exquisitely than usual, Mr. Brüggen's handling of the music is possibly *too* loving and careful.

Mozart's concerto for flute and harp, composed in Paris in 1778, is a work often underrated—not by the public, to judge from the number of recordings it receives, but by commentators who deem it no more than a piece of skillful, pretty salon music composed for a duke and his daughter to play. It seems to me a work whose beauties of invention can make the heart stand still, and three of its recordings are especially dear to me. One, made by Beecham in 1947, with René Le Roy and Lily Laskine as the soloists, is perhaps the most graceful and aristocratic of all in its gait. Another, a Vox record of the mid-fifties, has as its flutist Camillo Wanausek; and Mr. Wanausek, who has also recorded the solo concertos and the flute quartets, is a marvellous Mozartian. The third appears in the MCA album. The duke who commissioned the concerto had been French ambassador in London, and he evidently returned to Paris with one of the new English six-keyed flutes, reaching down to the low C, for Mozart thrice uses the note. For the MCA recording, Mr. Vester plays a London flute of about 1800, and keeps it in tune. Edward Witsenburg, the harpist, plays a "simple pedal harp" made in London, by Erard, in 1802. The sound is beautiful—not just of the solo instruments but also of the Baroque strings, oboes, and horns, for which Mozart writes so deftly. I enjoyed the Fisher Hall performance, in which Marisa Robles, a polished harpist, made her New York début. I returned home to enjoy the Dutch performance even more—because here the scale of the execution, the phrasing, and, above all, the marvellous timbre of the flute match Mozart's music precisely.

And for another reason: at the live performance, Mozart and his conductor, Mr. Schwarz, had to suffer competition, in the part of the hall where I sat, from one of the Miss Jenkynses of this world. Another essay in the festival program book, by Speight Jenkins, deals wisely and firmly with audience behavior—and stresses the clarity with which the new acoustics of Fisher Hall throw the noisier audience manifestations into prominence. But Mr. Jenkins does not mention the time-beater who with hand, program, or foot sets up counter-rhythms to the composer's. A mild sentence from the first chapter of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," if printed somewhere in the program, might help to deter those whose bodily reactions to music get out of control: "We were none of us musical, though Miss



"I told him it was time to be moseyin' along, Mrs. Bailey, and he's moseyin' along."

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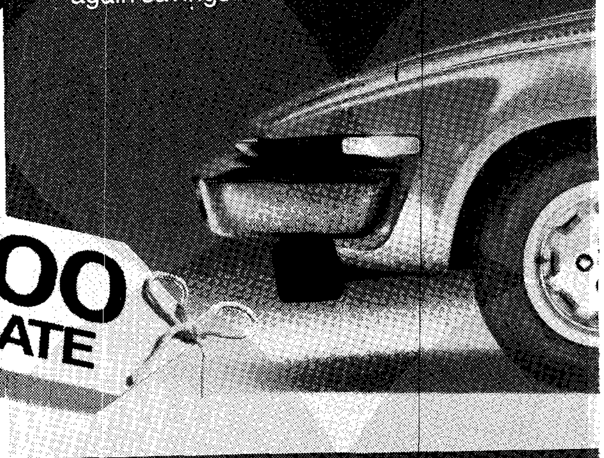

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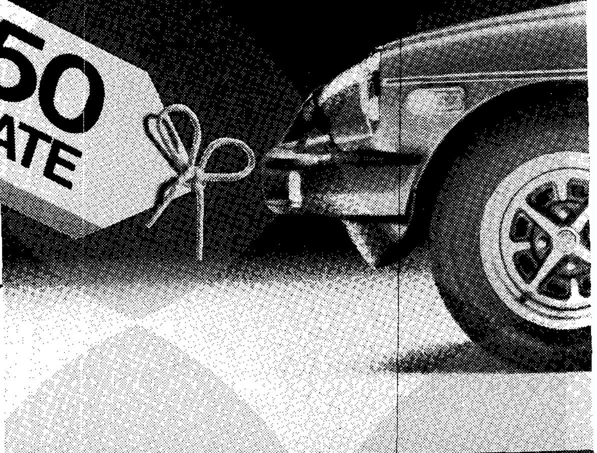

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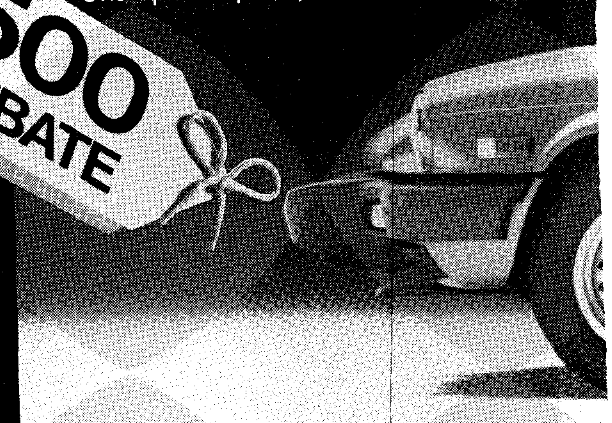

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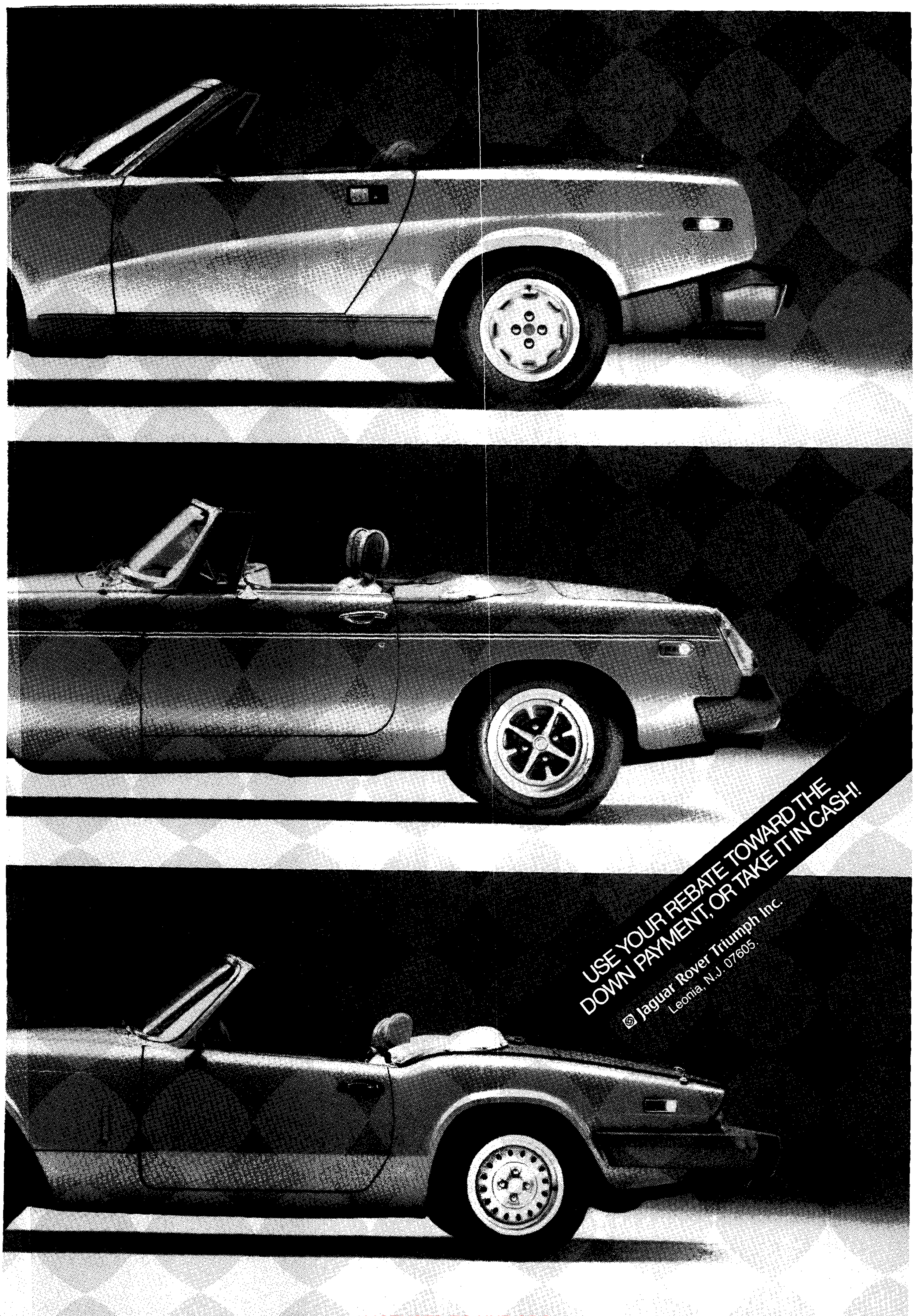
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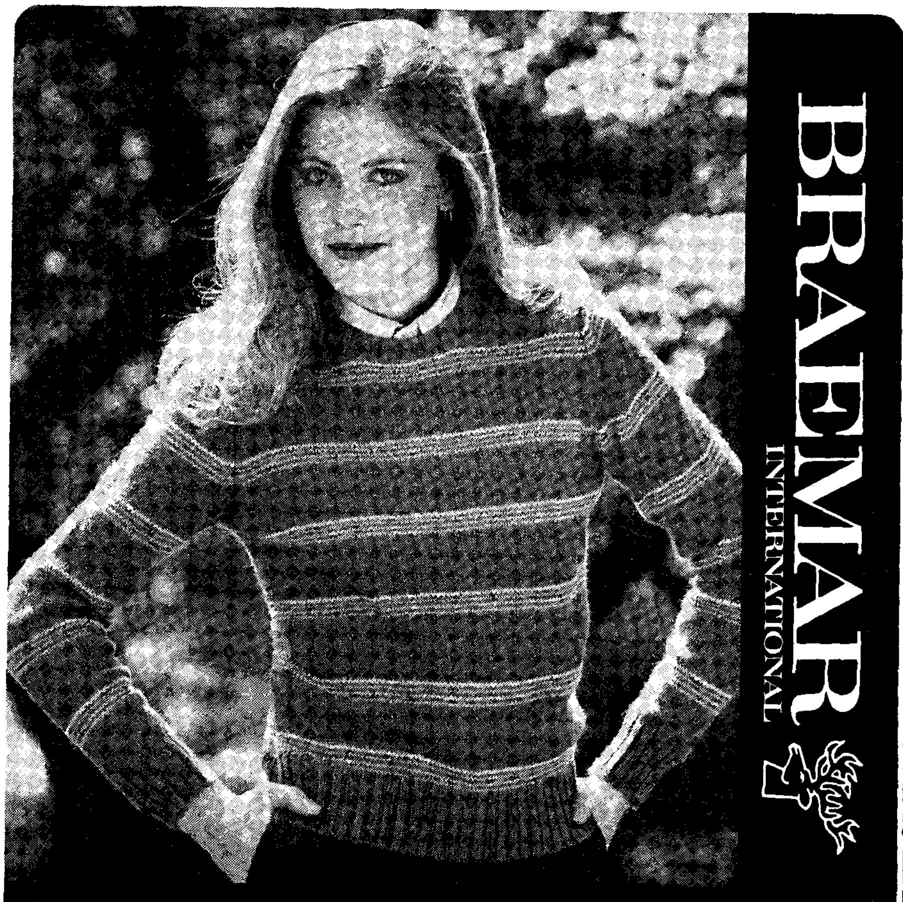

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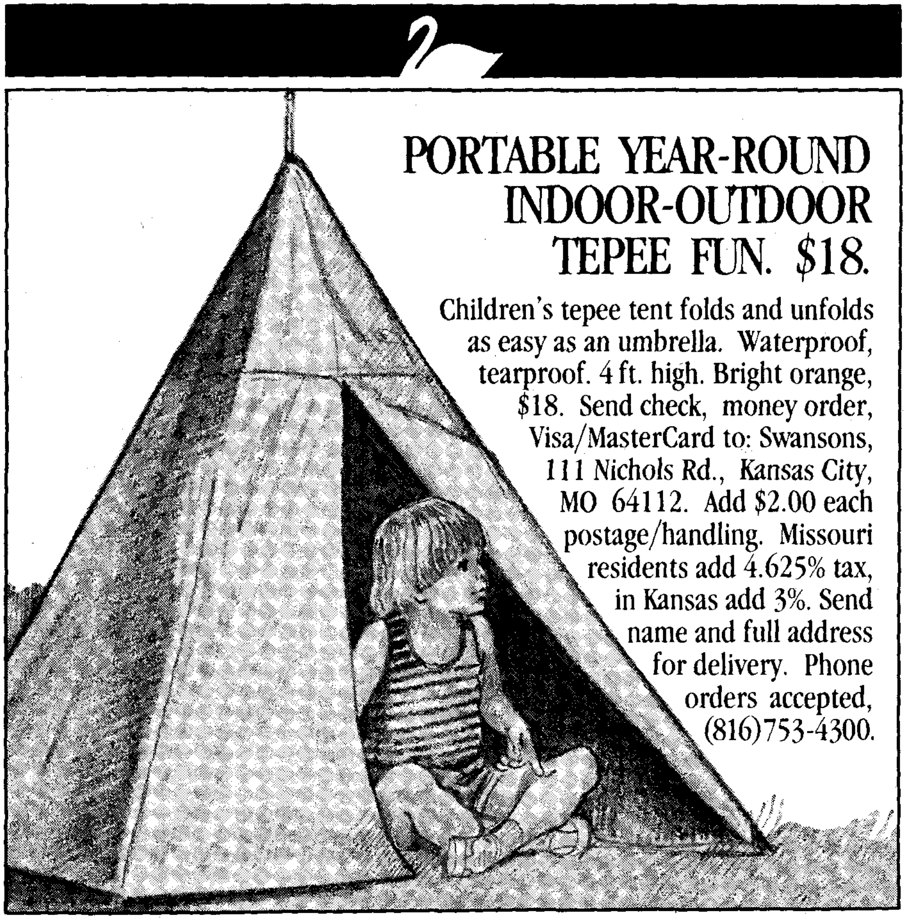
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Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so."

The titular flute of Mozart's last opera is meant to be an exceptional instrument. At its first appearance, a stage direction describes it as "golden." Much later, Pamina announces that her father "cut it in an enchanted hour from deep within the thousand-year-old oak tree." Leslie Kopp, who has worked with the vast Dayton C. Miller collection of flutes in the Library of Congress, tells me she has come across walnut and mahogany instruments but none made of oak. I've seen it suggested that "golden" refers to the color of the wood (but oak normally darkens with age), or that the flute had golden fittings (the writer must have had a post-Boehm model in mind; the sort of flute the first Tamino played had just one little metal key). Some writers instance the apparent contradiction as one of the loose ends the authors of the "Flute" left when they decided to convert a fairy tale into a Masonic allegory. My suggestion is that the flute is a wooden one gilded to look good—and magical—on the stage. One *could*, I suppose, declare that Pamina's father had cut a golden metal flute out of an oak tree where, like Excalibur in the stone or Nothung in the ash tree, it had been resting. People are ready to say almost anything about "The Magic Flute": consider some of the other things that have been claimed for the instrument itself.

There are at least three good reasons why that instrument is a flute, and not, say, a magic oboe or a magic clarinet. First, the plot of the opera had its starting point—and more—in a story called "Lulu, or The Magic Flute." Second, the first Tamino, Benedict Schack, actually played the flute. (Or so we are always told, but I've not found prime evidence of the fact.) And, third, like the lyre and the lute, the flute is an aptly mythic and "timeless" instrument. The timbres of the oboe and the clarinet are too intricate and their actual manufacture, even in eighteenth-century versions, is too complicated to provide a clear, effective symbol of music's power; a listener might start wondering whether Tamino knew how to cut new reeds if the one supplied by the Queen got damaged. While the "Flute" was being prepared, a rival theatre brought out "Caspar the Bassoon-Player," another opera based freely on "Lulu;" and the timbre of *that* instrument gave rise, we are told by Jahn, to "some very questionable pleasantry."

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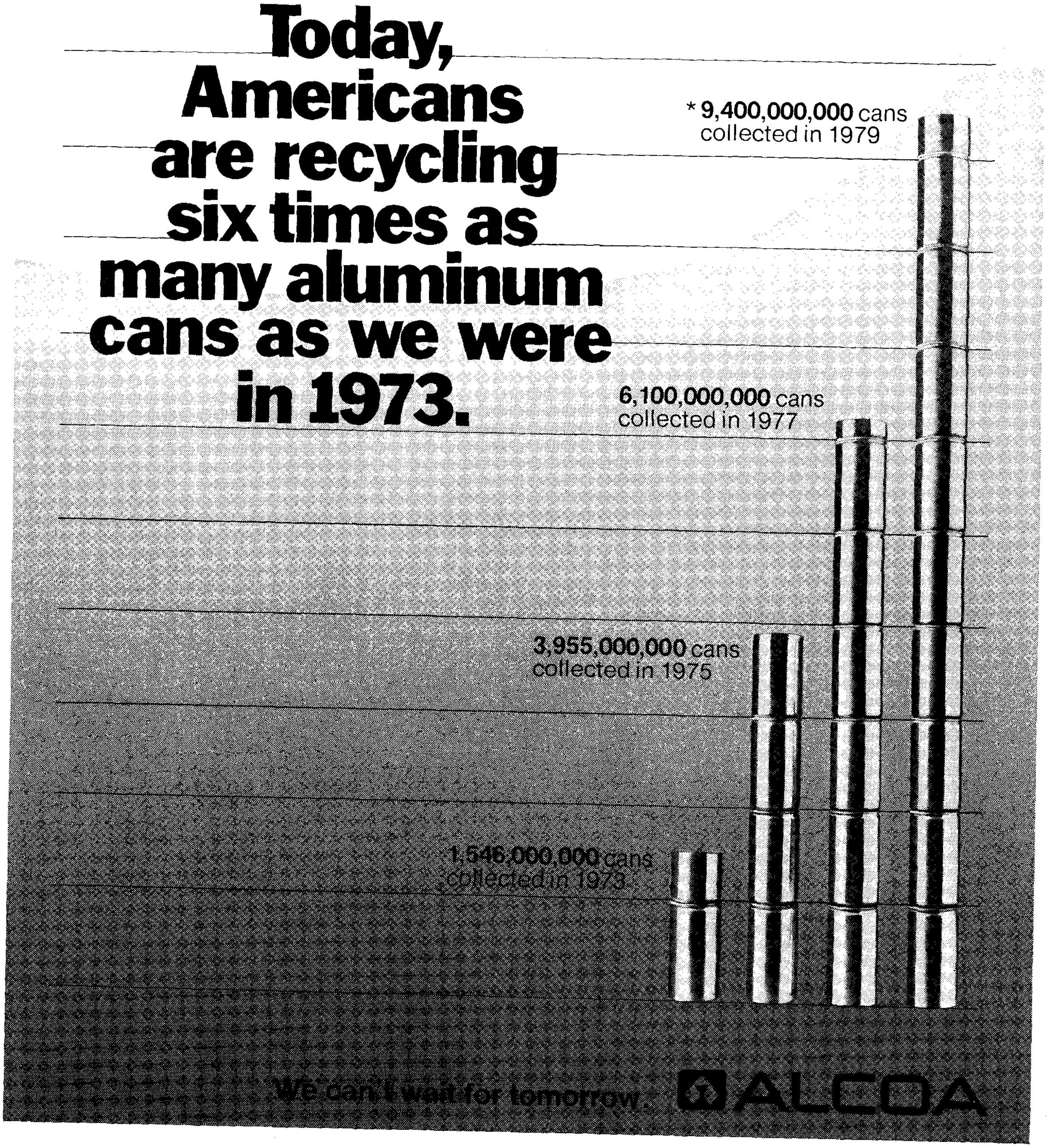

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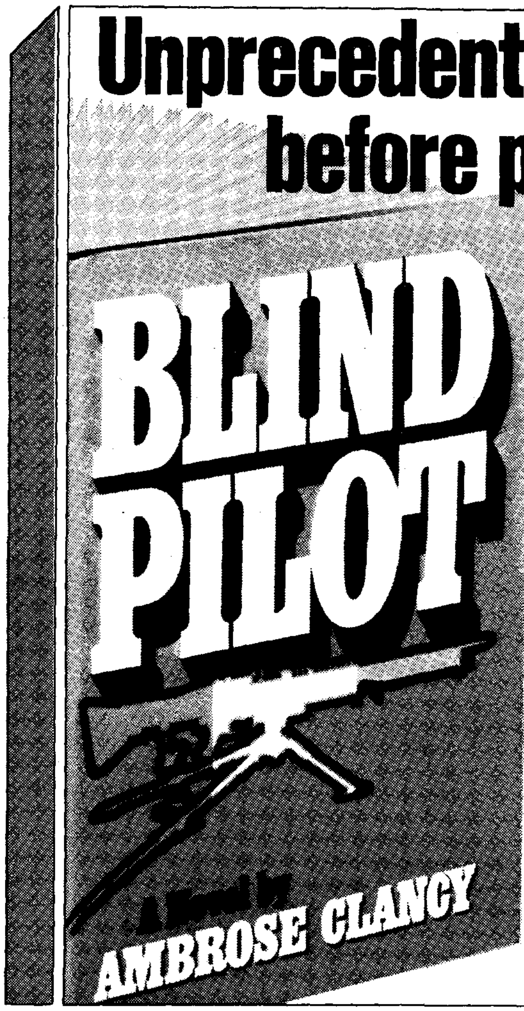

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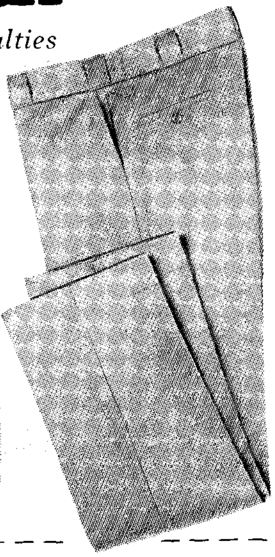

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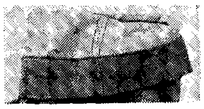

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flute has, of course, been dubbed a phallic symbol. When one pursues the implications of that suggestion, some of them are too obvious—for Tamino is again and again exhorted to "be a man"—to add anything to our understanding of the work, while at others the mind boggles. For the commentator Alfons Rosenberg, however, the flute is an androgynous symbol, because of its "phallic form with a feminine high voice." To Jacques Chailley, in his book about the opera's Masonic aspects, the flute represents the four elements, since Father cut it on a stormy night amid rain, thunder, and lightning (which Chailley glosses as water, earth, and fire), while it is sounded by air: "It unites the four Elements, whence its perfection." Dorothy Koenigsberger, in an essay in *European Studies Review*, finds in the flute a symbol of completeness (because it can play all the notes of the scale), of purity (because it has a pure tone), and of alchemical transmutation (because, although once oaken, it has become golden). What the flute primarily—and, I would say, sufficiently—symbolizes is proclaimed in so many words by Pamina before the trials by fire and water: *the power of music* to "protect us on our way" and, again, to "lead us on our fearsome way." When the Three Ladies hand Tamino the flute, they tell him that with it he can "transform human passions," since when he plays it "the sad will become happy, and the stony-hearted affectionate." (Papageno's bells—described by Schikaneder in his libretto by an old term for a xylophone, a "wooden laughter," and by Mozart in his score by an old term for a glockenspiel, a "steel laughter"—represent, on the other hand, the disarming power of music to turn hostility into merriment.) The Ladies' statement is true as far as it goes but incomplete. New and deeper truths await us at every turn of "The Magic Flute," and in this profound and inspiring work not only music's affective power but, eventually, music's spiritual power is celebrated. After Pamina's declaration, four voices—those of Pamina, Tamino, and the Men in Armor—join to sing "Through music's power, we/you pass, joyful, through death's gloomy night."

> When . . . the four voices combine in an exalted quartet, we experience a feeling of concord and perfect fulfillment of which there are few parallels in music. After that there is a pause; and then, as Pamina and Tamino pass through the fire and the water, comes the strangest thing in the score, a climax of mysterious stillness. Without raising his voice, and by

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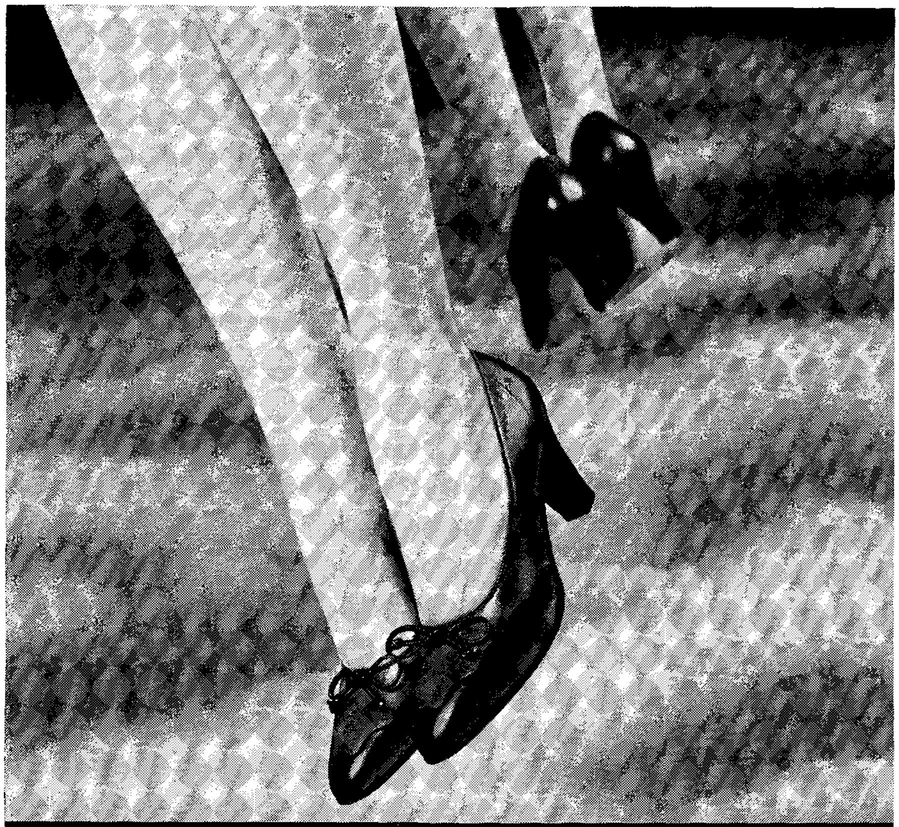

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> means of a quiet march played by a handful of instruments—a slow but florid melody for solo flute, punctuated at the end of each phrase by brass chords followed by soft drumbeats (always on the offbeat)—Mozart creates an overwhelming sense of tension, the ordeals of a lifetime compressed into a few bars.

That is from David Cairns' "A Vision of Reconciliation," the latest—and one of the most eloquent—of the hundreds of essays that have been written about "The Magic Flute." It appears in a guide to the opera—libretto and translation, documentation, and essays—just issued by the English National Opera (published in this country by the Riverrun Press).

I have often wondered why ambitious tenors do not acquire enough flute technique to be able to play at least the brief, C-major solos of "The Magic Flute" expressively. So far as I know, no Tamino since Schack has played his own flute. At Sadler's Wells or Covent Garden, I suppose I have heard Mr. Galway play the solos. (Does he also sing? If so, Tamino's Act I scena might be a stunt worth trying for his next record.) And lately I have been longing to hear a "Magic Flute" in which the title role is played by the right kind of flute. The tone of that instrument, I find, touches the heart more nearly, more keenly than any modern flute can do. "The Magic Flute" was the first opera I heard, and sometimes I feel that ever since then my life has been lived in, with, against its music; that by its precepts I should judge my own failings, failures, and occasional achievements. The feeling has been particularly strong with me this year, during which I made a new translation of the opera, and the sound of it was with me day and night. Great creators—Bach, Mozart, Beethoven; Shakespeare, Goethe, George Eliot—teach one how to live, and modern creators (for me they have been Roger Sessions, Michael Tippett, and Peter Maxwell Davies) reinterpret lessons of the past for our own day. Adam and Eve may be type figures of our human condition, but beside Adam and Eve—as the father in Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea" observes—we can set Tamino and Pamina. Since music comes to life in performance, I find it sustaining that a true performance of "The Magic Flute," executed with something like the sounds Mozart expected, remains a bliss to look forward to, and find it encouraging that there are players, singers, and conductors who feel as I do and are likely to bring it about.

—ANDREW PORTER

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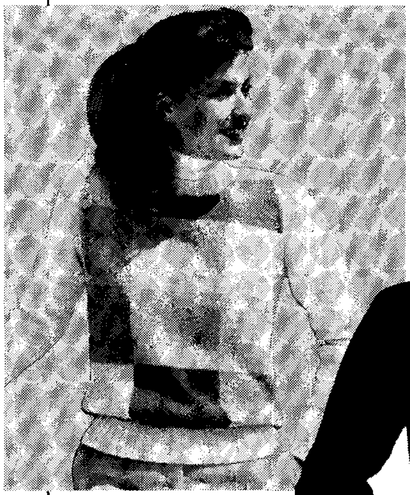
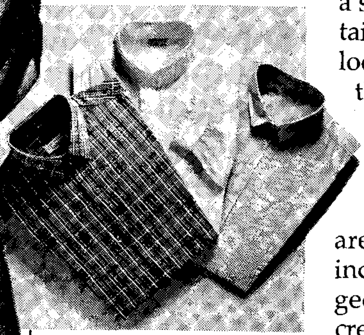
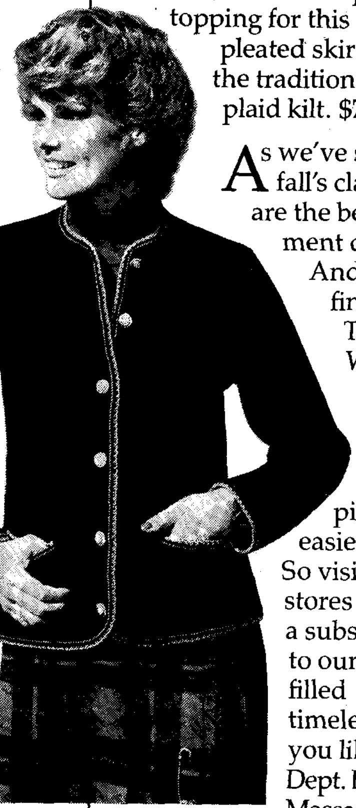


In sportswear, sweaters take the lead with fur-blends in subtle shades, cardigans shaped like jackets, many hand-knit looks, plus updated versions of traditional favorites. For instance, this soft Shetland pullover combines classic styling with bold, bright patches of color. $42.

Small round collars and details like tucking and ruffles give a softly tailored look to the new blouses for fall. The fabrics are varied including georgette, crepe, silk broadcloth and pure cotton. You'll find plaids and stripes for sport plus subtle prints and solids to make any outfit special. $30 to $64.



Jackets range from tailored tweed blazers to looser styles in mohair, poodle cloth or quilted fabrics. But the big news is the Austrian jacket shown here in cozy Shetland wool. $140. It's the perfect topping for this fall's flared or pleated skirts, especially the traditional tartan plaid kilt. $70.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Master Spy, Master Seducer

IN "Dressed to Kill," a suspense comedy about sex and fear, set in Manhattan, everybody is spying on everybody else, or trying to. And the director, Brian De Palma, who also wrote the script, is the master spy. In two early De Palma pictures, Robert De Niro played an underground filmmaker who made Peep Art movies, and in the second one he also tried to get into the action. At the start of "Sisters" (1973), a blind girl is taking off her clothes; a well-dressed black man catches sight of her—will he go on watching? It turns out that they are both part of a TV game show called "Peeping Toms." The beginning of "Carrie" (1976) is like an adolescent boy's dream of sneaking into the girls' locker room at high school and hiding there, unseen, as the girls strip and soap themselves and brush their hair in the misty, steamed atmosphere. Now, at the opening of "Dressed to Kill," Kate Miller (Angie Dickinson), a beautiful, aging golden blonde, married yet frustrated, and longing to be made love to, is in her shower, at her most defenseless, smiling ever so slightly in pleasure, and as the camera moves around her she seems to have an aureole—an auto-erotic glow. We in the audience are put in the position of voyeurs inside Kate's languorous masturbation fantasy, sharing her secrets. (In some shots, she has been given the dream body an aging woman might have in her fantasies.)

Over the years, De Palma has developed as an artist by moving further into his material, getting to deeper levels of erotic comedy and funnier levels of violation. If he has learned a great deal from Hitchcock (and Welles and Godard and Polanski and Scorsese and many others), he has altered its nature with a funky sensuousness that is all his own. The gliding, glazed-fruit cinematography is intoxicating but there's an underlay of dread, and there's something excessive in the music that's swooshing up your emotions. You know you're being toyed with. The apprehensive moods are stretched out voluptuously, satirically—De Palma primes you for what's going to happen and for a lot that doesn't happen. He sustains moods for so long that you feel emotionally encircled. He pulls you in and draws the wires taut or relaxes them; he practically controls your breathing.

Has any other moviemaker mastered new skills with each picture the way Brian De Palma has? Born in 1940, he has been making movies since his sophomore year at Columbia, in 1959, and gaining visual strength; now, in his thirteenth feature film, he has become a true visual storyteller. He knows where to put the camera and how to make every move count, and his timing is so great that when he wants you to feel something he gets you every time. His thriller technique, constantly refined, has become insidious, jewelled. It's hardly possible to find a point at which you could tear yourself away from this picture.

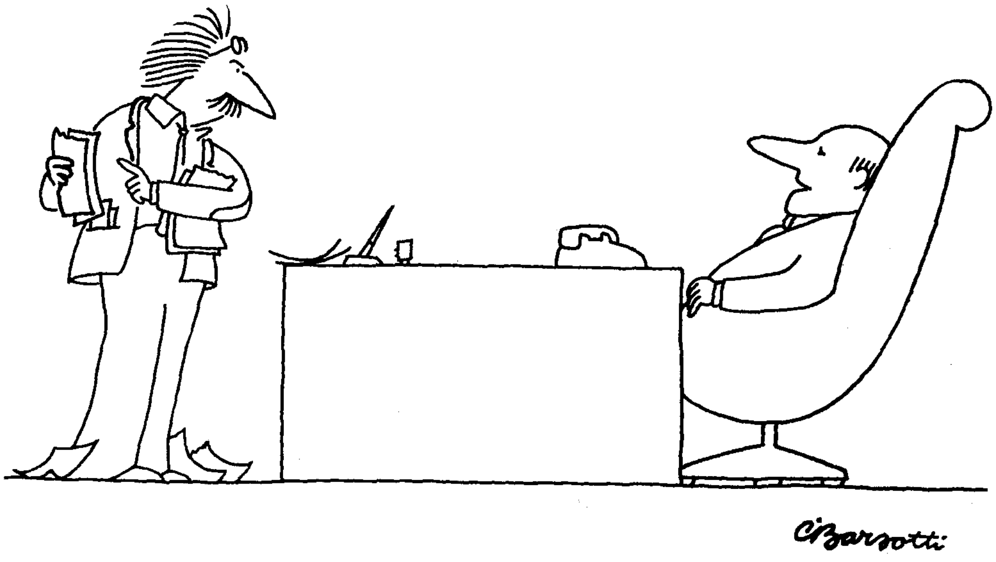
A few minutes in, De Palma stages an almost perfect love comedy, in miniature: Kate Miller, whose day began with a bout of miserable thumping intercourse with her husband, Mike (Fred Weber), to the accompaniment of the weather report on the radio, followed by a session with her analyst, Dr. Elliott (Michael Caine), who rejected her sexual invitation, sits on a bench in a room at the Metropolitan Museum. This woman, who looks—as they used to say—"made for love," is visibly aching for it. Distracted, dreaming away the time, she watches a little Oriental girl skip off from her mother and her mother's male companion, who a moment later run after her. She glances up at a portrait of a woman (by Alex Katz) that seems to look back at her, contemplatively, as if to say, "So what are you going to do now?" A handsome stud of perhaps thirty-eight, in dark glasses, a casual gray pullover, and a well-tailored dark jacket, sits down next to her. Unable to meet his eyes, Kate looks down at her hands, in two-toned gloves with strips of leather running up the fingers, and then she looks farther down, to his expensive two-toned leather shoes. It's commodity fetishism. Kate takes off a glove, exposing the diamond on her third finger, left hand, and the man disappears. Perceiving with dismay that she has driven him off, she gets up, dropping her glove, and looks for him. The camera (the Panavision version of the Steadicam) darts from gallery to gallery as she searches anxiously. But when the man, having backtracked, picked up her glove, and put it on, touches her shoulder with his gloved hand, she is so startled she bolts away. Then, realizing that he meant to return the glove and that her frayed nerves have made her look a panicky fool, Kate follows him. The man teases her, leading her in a chase through the rooms, with contemporary paintings as witnesses to the cat-and-mouse courtship game. The music here is subdued (the friend next to me whispered, "It sounds like Bernard Herrmann on Quaaludes"), and though it becomes more frantic the chase still has an eerie sheen of culture. With almost no words, this loveplay edged by the man's contemptuous assurance goes through so many permutations that it suggests a speeded-up seduction out of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses"—a hundred pages turned into a visual scherzo. The quick sequence is extraordinarily revealing: when Kate, hopelessly outmaneuvered, stands indecisively in galleries that have two or three entrances, you can see that she's vulnerable to attack from any direction. The desperation in Kate's sexual loneliness makes it possible for Angie Dickinson to show a much warmer expressive range than might be expected—you can read every nuance of desire, embarrassment, and trepidation on her face.

There's very little dialogue altogether in "Dressed to Kill;" what talk there is is casual, funny, and often good-naturedly off-color. Most of the film's humor, though, is visual, and it's not innocent at all. Visual humor is generally slapstick; this isn't. You could try to single out the gags that make "Dressed to Kill" visually funny, but describing the gags wouldn't convey its humor. What makes it funny is that it's permeated with the distilled essence of impure thoughts. De Palma has perfected a near-surreal poetic voyeurism—the stylized expression of a blissfully dirty mind. He doesn't use art for voyeuristic purposes; he uses voyeurism as a strategy and a theme—to fuel his satiric art. He underlines the fact that voyeurism is integral to the nature of movies. In the Metropolitan sequence (the interiors are actually the Philadelphia Museum of Art), we catch glimpses of figures slipping in and out at the edges of the frame, and there are other almost subliminal images; we're playing hide-and-seek along with Kate and her pickup. Later, there's a visually layered police-station sequence: the principal characters—Mike; Dr. Elliott; Kate's whiz-kid son, Peter (Keith Gordon); a loud, brash investigator, Detective Marino (Dennis Franz); and a pretty, investment-minded hooker, Liz Blake (Nancy Allen)—are in different rooms or in the hallway, but they can see each other through the glass partitions, and the interplay among these people, most of whom have never met before, seems to be happening on about eighteen different levels of deception, eavesdropping, and all-around peeping. And there's a subway chase, in which the reddish-blond Liz, who has witnessed a murder and is being pursued by the killer, stands, for protection, near a couple of young black men playing a tape recorder, but then they're joined by their pals, and the gang of hoods turns on her; everybody has designs on poor Liz. In this paranoid urban nightmare of a sequence, it's once again now-you-see-it-now-you-don't, as hidden figures scurry by. Throughout the film, De Palma plays with the visual theme of outside and inside voyeurism (the person peeking through windows is always much safer than the person who sneaks inside), and he also keeps dividing things in two—often the screen itself. This film has some of the most graceful use of the split screen (and screen-within-the-screen devices) in recent years, especially when the image is divided between Dr. Elliott at his place and Liz at hers; she gets a tip from her stockbroker on one phone and raises the necessary money by arranging a "date" with her escort service on another—for her, Phil Donahue on the TV is just a background noise, while the doctor, watching the same show, is giving it close attention.

De Palma's sense of humor makes him the least respectable of the front-rank American directors. He presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. And he does what Hitchcock always said he wanted to do—such as have Cary Grant really be a murderer at the end of "Suspicion." (Hitchcock came closest to actually doing it when he bumped off Janet Leigh in "Psycho.") De Palma goes ahead and takes the risks all the time. Yet though he draws the audience in by the ironic use of sentimental conventions, when he explodes the tension (the shocks are delivered with surgical precision), those people in the audience who are most susceptible to romantic trickery sometimes feel hurt—betrayed—and can't understand why the rest of us are gasping and laughing. Life plays obscene jokes on soft, creamy-pink Kate Miller, who wants nothing more than to give and receive pleasure; just when she's happy and sated and feels grateful, she discovers something so humiliating that she gets the cold shakes. Life also played obscene jokes on the teen-age Carrie (Sissy Spacek), who wanted only to be accepted by the other kids at school. Life played a brutally dirty trick on the father (Kirk Douglas) in "The Fury" (1978), who wanted only to be reunited with his son. Like Hitchcock, like Polanski, like Buñuel, De Palma has a prankish sense of horror. Most parodists of gothic tricks flatten them out (as in "High Anxiety"); De Palma's humor heightens them—he's probably the only American director who knows how to use jokiness to make horror more intense. Through visual storytelling, he can get at the currents of sexiness and fear and guilt that were the hidden strength of the great silent horror films, but he taps those currents for a different purpose. De Palma replays film history as farce. He has kept the dirty fun of a bad boy at the center of his art. It gives his work a lurid, explosive vitality.

"Dressed to Kill" isn't as imaginatively dark as "The Fury": the evil was luxuriant in that one—nightshade in bloom. There's nothing here to match the floating, poetic horror of the slowed-down sequence in which Amy Irving and Carrie Snodgress are running to freedom: it's as if each of them and each of the other people on the street were in a different time frame, and Carrie Snodgress's face is full of happiness just as she's flung over the hood of a car. And the story told in "Dressed to Kill" doesn't have the richness of the pop fairy-tale theme of "Carrie." It's a thinner-textured movie, but—perhaps because De Palma did the writing by himself—it's all of a piece in a way that those films weren't. His dialogue is much more sly than that of the scenarists he has generally worked with—there are no flat, laughable lines like the ones that marred "The Fury."

There are no weak performances, either. In the pivotal role of Dr. Elliott, Michael Caine demonstrates once again what an unself-centered actor he is: he's willing to be reserved and a little creepy—he does no reaching for sympathy, and he never turns on the charm. Clearly, he's considering the total effect rather than just his own part, and he's willing to strengthen the picture by providing authority and letting the women shine. The element that gives the movie its balance may be the director's liking for the characters played by Nancy Allen (she was the blond viper, Chris, in "Carrie") and Keith Gordon. He first paired the two in "Home Movies," the primal-family slapstick comedy that he filmed at Sarah Lawrence, using students and professionals, during the break he took after making the excitingly hellish "The Fury" (which must have been like working in a danger zone). In this anomalous, often very funny comedy, Keith Gordon played an adolescent filmmaker, who was given Star Therapy by the Maestro (Kirk Douglas) who told him that he behaved like an extra, and that he had to learn to put his name above the title, because "Everyone is the star in the movie of his own life." (Keith Gordon had a plaintive moment when he said, "I didn't get a script.") Working on a family theme in light, knockabout terms seems to have loosened De Palma and brought him a simpler, streamlined touch. In "Home Movies," Keith Gordon won the sexy girl played by Nancy Allen—a night-club ventriloquist with a lewd rabbit—but he seemed almost presexual. In carrying these two performers over as the hero and heroine of "Dressed to Kill," De Palma has



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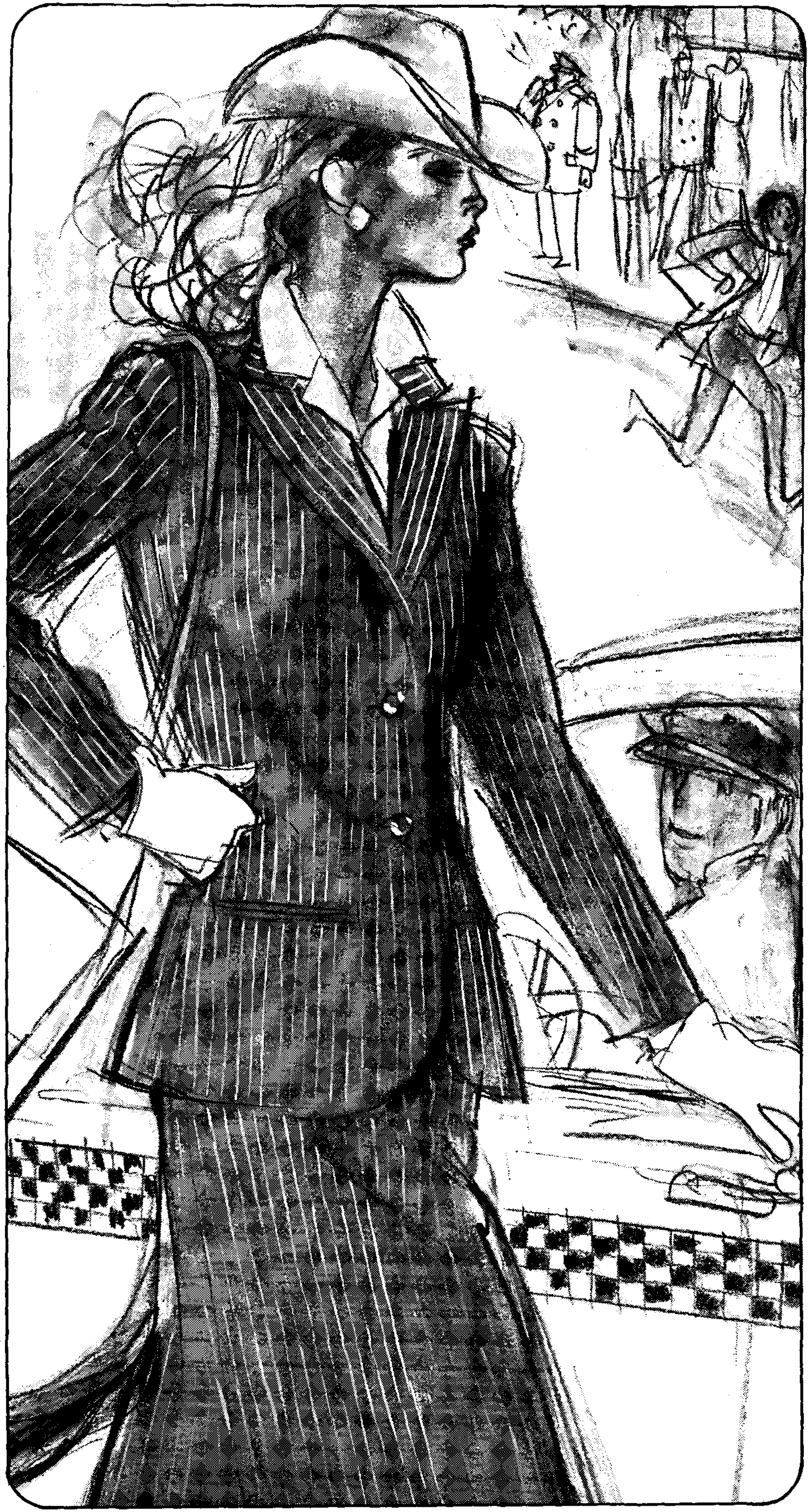

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made this innocence work for him. As Nancy Allen plays her, Liz Blake must be the most practical, out-in-the-open girl since the young, gum-chewing Ginger Rogers. In the Paris setting of "Roberta," Ginger was said to have the best figure in Europe, and no one in a theatre was ever heard to deny it; if Nancy Allen were to play that role, there wouldn't be any rebuttals this time, either. Liz Blake is everybody's target, and four-eyed Peter, who's obsessed with computers, is the teen-age prodigy who rescues her. (As a boy, De Palma, who started out at Columbia in physics and then switched to fine arts, used to design computers for science fairs; he was married to Nancy Allen last year.) Peter has the preoccupied seriousness of an adolescent eccentric, but he becomes a person to reckon with right before our eyes, and it's easy to see why Liz grows fond of him. Even when she says things like "I'll miss having you on my tail," they're spoken in an oddly straightforward way; if she knows more about sex, he knows more about everything else. Nancy Allen is a breezy comedienne, and Keith Gordon is a great young straight man. "Dressed to Kill" seems to have merged De Palma's two sides: he has created a vehicle in which he can unify his ominous neo-Hitchcock lyricism with the shaggy comedy of his late-sixties "Greetings" days, when he used to let background jokes dominate the foreground. Without the misfit romance and the many casual bits, such as the rapid changes of expression on a young cabdriver's face and the changes of clothing on Detective Marino (winner, hands down, of the worst-dressed-cop award), "Dressed to Kill" would be too chic, too stylish. It needs every bit of its shag. This picture is such a unified, confident piece of work that De Palma can even make the image hazy and provide a stylized chorus of observers out of Bedlam—giving it away that something isn't really happening—and still you're terrified.

De Palma has been able to retain control of most of his films by working in the suspense genre, on a small budget. His development has been mostly outside the industry, or on its margins, and, with only a few exceptions, such as "The Fury," which cost six million dollars, he has worked on minuscule budgets or small ones; "Dressed to Kill," which is being released by Filmways (the new name for A.I.P.), came in at six and a half million. (The average cost of a major studio movie this year is nine million.) De Palma knows how to get style on the cheap. Though he didn't have his usual editor, Paul Hirsch (who was busy on "The Empire Strikes Back") and worked with Jerry Greenberg, the timing of the cuts in the Metropolitan sequence and in the subway sequence is daringly precise. And the way that cinematographer Ralf Bode's images connect with the slightly debauched music—it's like a rhapsody on forties movies—by Pino Donaggio seems exactly right. (Donaggio also did the scores for "Carrie" and "Home Movies.") The whole film gives you the feeling of evenly controlled energy. De Palma shows the kind of restless intelligence which suggests that he will want to work in many different forms, and certainly he needs more chances to work on a larger scale, as he did in "The Fury." But he doesn't have to move away from thrillers to prove he's an artist. In his hands, the thriller form is capable of expressing almost everything—comedy, satire, sex fantasies, primal emotions.

There is a peculiarity about "Dressed to Kill": when the explanation comes, it's weightless. You've probably already figured out most of it anyway, and since everything else plays on several levels, this scene, which has only one, seems prosy and obligatory. You recognize how carefully the murder motive was prepared and how everything fits together, but the explanation has no tingle: you don't feel its connections with what makes the picture frightening. The explanation scene in "Psycho" was even prosier, and there is a slight suggestion of parody here, but more likely the resemblance is an homage; the kicker is that it's an homage to—arguably—Hitchcock's worst scene. The parody comes right after it, in the restaurant scene, when Liz plays teacher to Peter, and a woman at a nearby table (a pantomime role, by Mary Davenport, who was Keith Gordon's mother in "Home Movies") overhears such bewildering clinical information being delivered in a matter-of-fact tone that her face crumples. Here De Palma sabotages the rational explanation, which goes rattling on. Then, at the end, he uses a ploy—a pause and then a starting up again—that resembles the endings of "Carrie" and "The Fury," but to get a different psychological effect. In those pictures, he jolted the audience out of the gothic atmosphere, and most of us left the theatre laughing. This time, the spell isn't broken and he doesn't fully resolve our fear. He's saying that even after horror has been explained, it stays with you—the nightmare never ends.

—PAULINE KAEL

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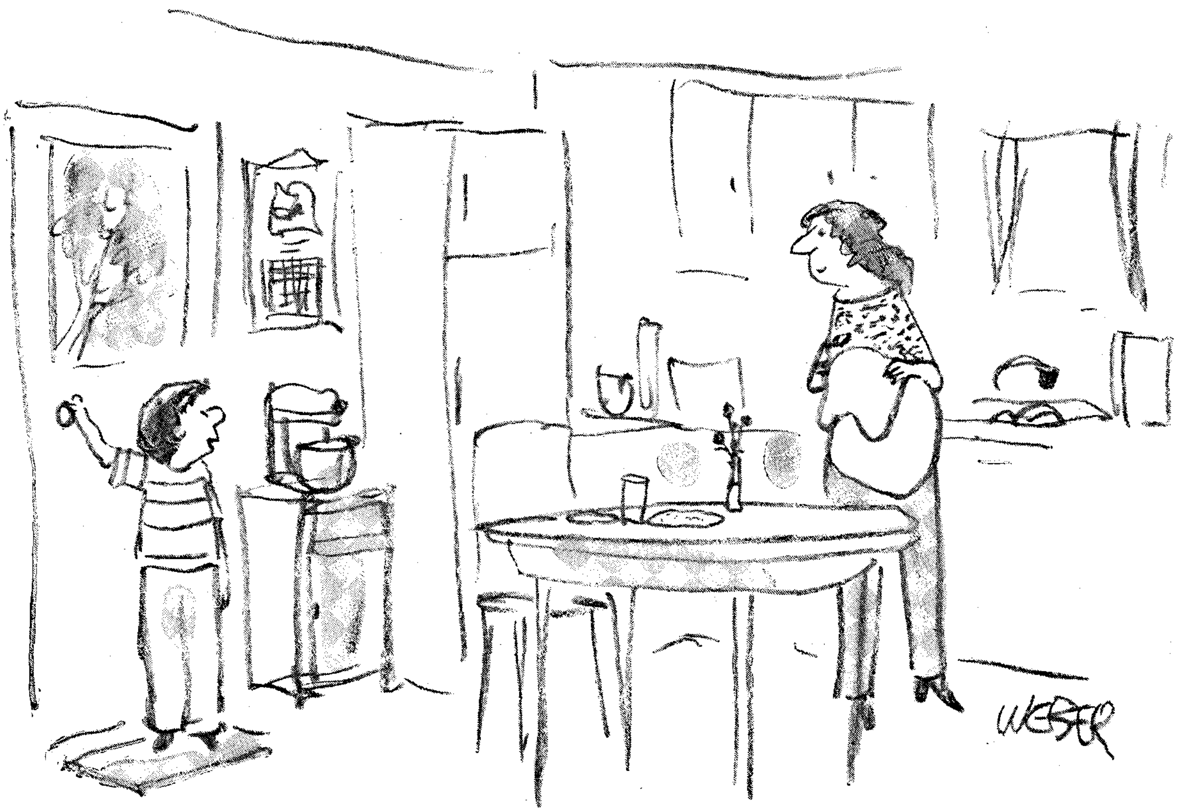
History

THE latest Metropolitan Opera Historic Broadcast recording, which was produced by RCA under the direction of the late Dario Soria and is available to anyone who gives a hundred and twenty-five dollars or more to the Metropolitan Opera Fund, presents the voice of Rosa Ponselle as Carmen in the April 17, 1937, broadcast of Bizet's opera (MET 7; six sides). The other roles are sung by René Maison (Don José), Hilda Burke (Micaela), Louis d'Angelo (Zuniga), Helen Olheim (Frasquita), Julius Huehn (Escamillo), and Thelma Votipka, Giordano Paltrinieri, and George Cehanovsky, all under the baton of Gennaro Papi. Miss Ponselle is everything that one might expect—passionate and intense, with a voice as ample as that of Bruna Castagna and a style that surpasses hers in dramatic subtlety. Huehn is the most powerful Escamillo I have ever heard, and Maison is also particularly good. The monaural recording has its limitations but is generally clear.

The recording of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" made by Ferenc Fricsay in the early nineteen-fifties, with Sena Jurinac, Irmgard Seefried, Maria Stader, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Ernst Haefliger, Karl Kohn, Walter Kreppel, and Ivan Sardi, and the Radio-Symphonie-Orchester Berlin and RIAS-Kammerchor, has been reissued by Deutsche Grammophon (2728 003; six sides). This is the finest "Don Giovanni" recording to date, and I say that with due respect to the splendid versions conducted by Karl Böhm. Not only is it musically immaculate, with great clarity in the ensembles, but it is dramatically the most convincing version imaginable. Fricsay persuaded his singers to do their utmost in that peculiarly operatic art of acting with the voice. Don Giovanni is more ribald here than he is in other versions, but he does not lose a bit of his aristocratic hauteur. Leporello's hatred of his master comes through; Donna Anna and Donna Elvira are really wounded and furious; Don Ottavio is unusually masculine; the voices are disguised in the balcony scene; and exquisite clarity of diction is to be heard everywhere.

The long-awaited recording of the complete version of Alban Berg's "Lulu" has now been released, with Teresa Stratas, Yvonne Minton, Hanna Schwarz, Toni Blankenheim, Robert Tear, Franz Mazura, Kenneth Riegel, Gerd Nienstedt, Helmut Pampuch, Jules Bastin, Jane Manning, Ursula Boese, Anna Ringart, Claude Meloni, Pierre-Yves le Maigat, and the Orchestre de l'Opéra de Paris, Pierre Boulez conducting (Deutsche Grammophon 2711 024; eight sides). The complete opera had its world première in Paris in 1979, the orchestration of the third act having been finished by Friedrich Cerha. This has obviously been a tremendous undertaking, and Boulez has caught every subtlety of the score. The opera is, of course, atonal, and there are some who for that reason will never like it. But in the hands of Berg, one of the very few composers who have used the twelve-tone method with great skill, "Lulu" comes to life; the fact that it is a horror story makes it perfect for the atonal system. "Lulu" is based on two plays by Frank Wedekind, and involves a beautiful woman who is passed from one man to another, shoots one of her paramours, goes to jail and is rescued, and becomes a prostitute in London, where she is killed by Jack the Ripper. Miss Stratas performs miracle after miracle in the extremely difficult title role, and the others are not far behind. The opera takes up seven of the recording's eight sides. The eighth is devoted to commentary by Douglas Jarman (biographical), Friedrich Cerha (on the completion of the third act), and Pierre Boulez (on the interpretation). This is not a pleasant opera, but it is a fascinating one.



"Thanks for the milk and cookies, Mom. Now I'm going out there and play like I've never played before."

Sergey Ivanovich Taneyev's "Oresteia," with Viktor Tschernobajew, Lidija Galuschkina, and many other soloists, and the Chorus and Orchestra of the Belorussian State Opera and Ballet Theatre, Tatiana Kolomijzeva conducting, is available on Deutsche Grammophon (2709 097; six sides). Taneyev, a pupil of Tchaikovsky, was a very learned man and a believer in the Westernization of Russian music. The libretto of his "Oresteia" has similarities with that of Richard Strauss's "Elektra," but Taneyev's opera lacks the dramatic qualities of Strauss's

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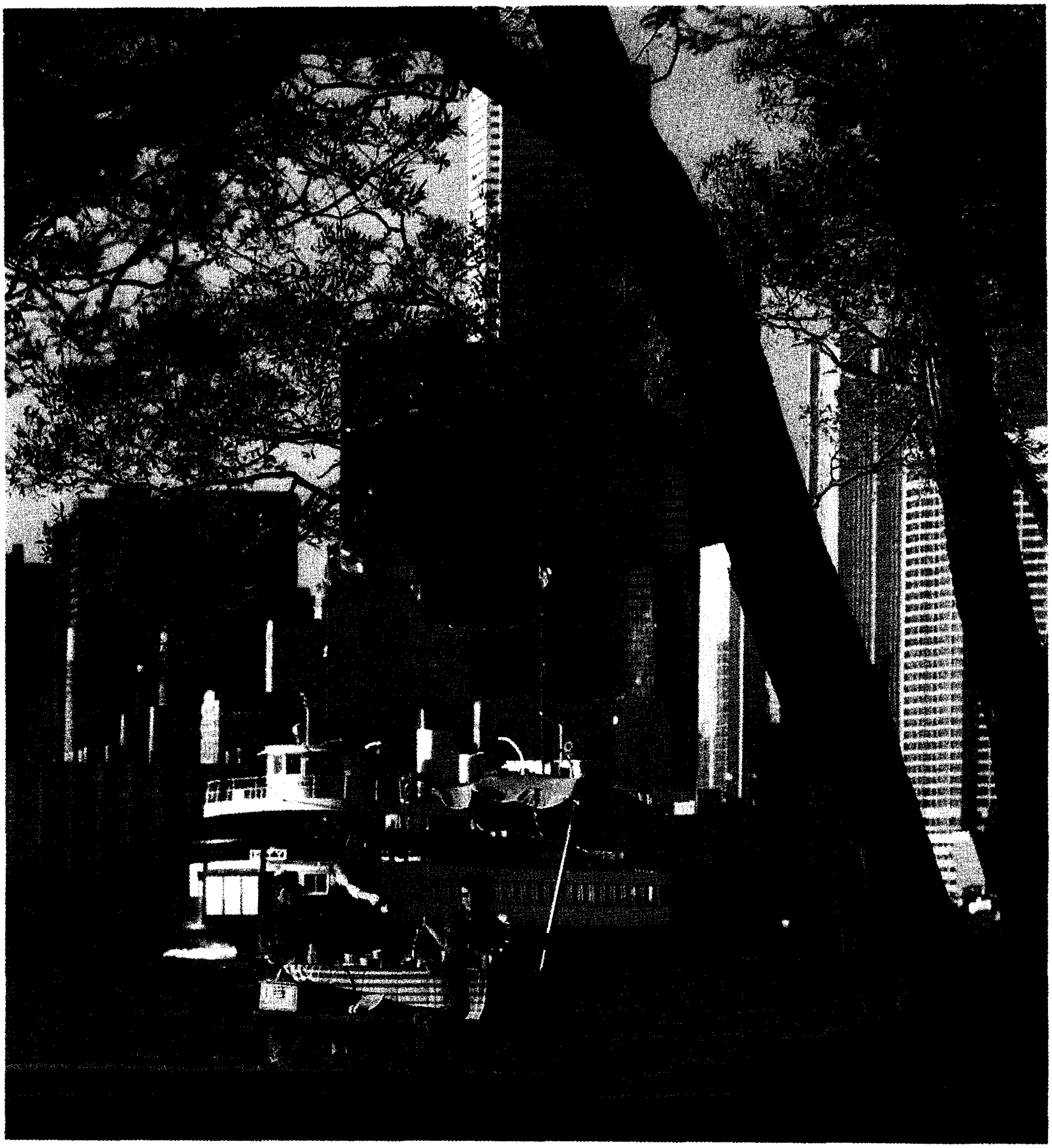

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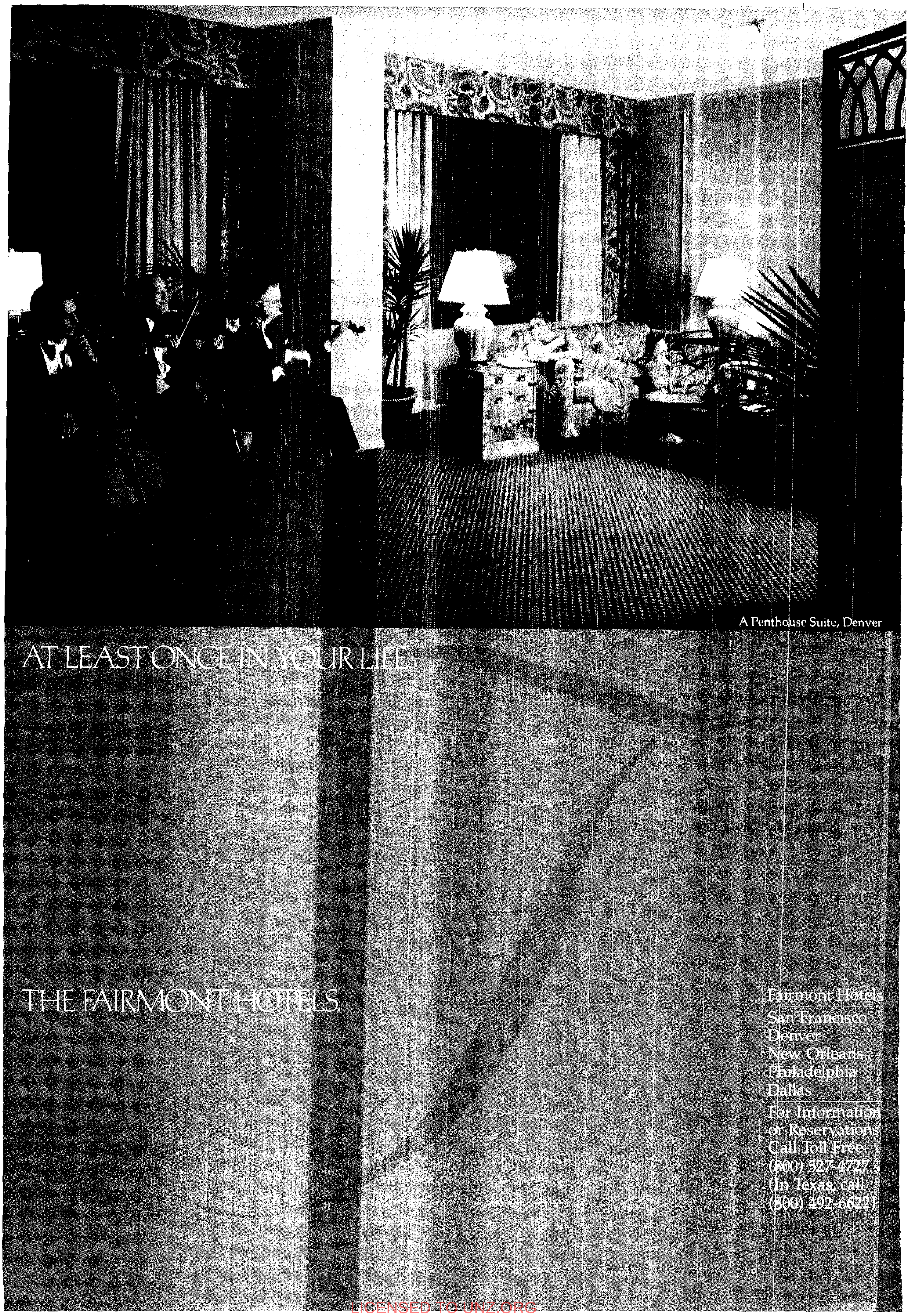

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and is, as a whole, a pretty boring affair.

An opera by Taneyev's pupil Zakharia Petrovich Paliashvily has also been recorded. "Absalom and Etery," in four acts, is based on the old Georgian epic "Eteriana." The performers include Surab Sotkilawa, Schota Kilnadze, Zisana Tatischwili, and a large supporting cast, along with the Great Chorus and Symphony Orchestra of Radio USSR, Didim Mirzchulava conducting (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 094; six sides). Paliashvily obviously strayed from his teacher's pro-Western ideas, and his opera is a true discovery for Westerners. "Absalom and Etery" is a national Georgian opera and is sung in Georgian—a limpid language, which one need not understand to appreciate the musical values of the work. It tells the story of Prince Absalom, who on a hunting trip in the forest discovers the poor but beautiful Etery, falls in love with her, and asks her to marry him. But Absalom has an evil henchman named Murman, who is a magician and has sold his soul to the Devil, and he also falls in love with Etery. At the royal wedding, he casts a spell over her. She falls ill, and he claims that only with him can she be cured. She goes to him. Absalom mourns and falls into a decline. Finally, suspecting treachery, he sends Murman on an embassy to India and sends his own sister to fetch Etery from Murman's establishment. Etery returns, only to find Absalom at the point of death. He dies, she stabs herself, and the chorus sings about a reunion in Heaven. The musical idiom is highly distinctive, being a mixture of Georgian exoticism and Western operatic tradition. The work is melodious and moving. It is sung with enormous enthusiasm, and has stunning moments. Mr. Sotkilawa (Absalom) is a powerful tenor, and Mr. Kilnadze (Murman) is a splendid baritone, but I pick them out from a generally fine cast. Deutsche Grammophon is to be congratulated on its enterprise.

Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" is performed by Richard Stilwell, Frederica von Stade, Nadine Denize, José van Dam, Ruggero Raimondi, Christine Barbaux, Pascal Thomas, and the Chorus of the Deutsche Oper Berlin, and the Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan conducting, on an Angel recording (SZCX-3885; six sides). Without perfect French enunciation, "Pelléas" loses half its effectiveness, and Miss von Stade's enunciation here is indistinct. This would otherwise be a superb version of the opera: van Dam is an excellent Golaud, and Stilwell is currently the champion Pelléas. But I prefer the Ansermet version, with the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, issued by London.

Deutsche Grammophon has issued two historic single discs, which record the late Wilhelm Furtwängler's conceptions of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6 ("Pathétique") and Schumann's Symphony No. 4, in D Minor (2535 165 and 2535 805). The "Pathétique" was recorded in Cairo in 1951, when Furtwängler was on tour with the Berlin Philharmonic. The Schumann symphony was recorded in Berlin, again with the Berlin Philharmonic. (The disc includes recordings of Schumann's "Manfred" Overture and Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture.) There may be subsequent recordings of the Schumann symphony which are preferable today—everything on these two historic items is mono—but the version of the Tchaikovsky symphony is very famous, full of tender, Romantic, pre-Toscanini rubato. In my opinion, a superior "Pathétique" has never been issued.

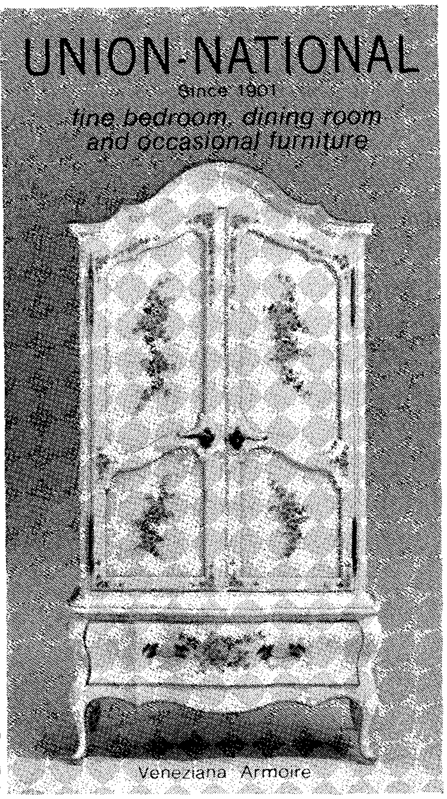
OTHER recent releases worth noting:

Jan Dismas Zelenka: Six Trio Sonatas. Heinz Holliger, oboe; Maurice Bourgue, oboe; Saschko Gawriloff, violin; Klaus Thunemann, bassoon; Christianne Jaccottet, cembalo; Lucio Buccarella, contrabass (Archiv Produktion 2708 027; four sides). Zelenka, a contemporary of J. S. Bach, is a fine, largely neglected late-Baroque composer. The performances here are all that could be asked for.

Nikolai Medtner: "Stormy Sonata," Opus 53, and "Fairy Tales," Opus 20 and 26. Antony Rollé, piano (Finnadar Records SR 9026; single disc). A first record by a brilliant young pianist—and a welcome addition to the meagre list of Medtner recordings—issued in honor of the centenary of the composer's birth.

Herbert Owen Reed: "La Fiesta Mexicana." Carlos Surinach: "Paeans and Dances of Heathen Iberia." Roger Nixon: "Fiesta del Pacifico." Eastman Wind Ensemble, Donald Hunsberger conductor (Westminster MCA 1409; single). Lively and colorful music. The Reed and Nixon works are interesting because of their use of Mexican folk melodies. The Surinach re-creation of ancient Iberian music is rather austere but pleasant.

Tchaikovsky: Symphonies No. 4 and 5. Philharmonia Orchestra, Riccardo Muti conductor (Angel SZ-



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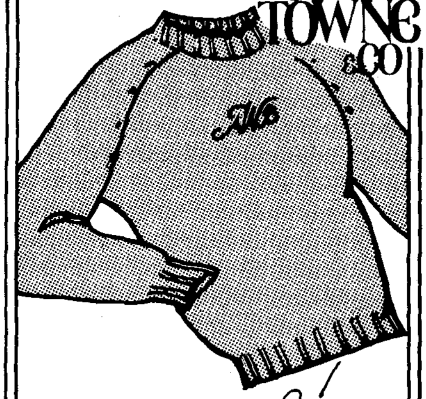

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37624 and 37625; two singles). Muti is among the most dynamic of today's younger conductors, and he provides sturdy performances of both symphonies.

Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1. Andrei Gavrilov, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, Riccardo Muti conductor (Angel SZ-37679; single). Gavrilov is a powerful and accomplished pianist, and Muti gives him a stirring accompaniment.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 ("Pastorale"). Philadelphia Orchestra, Riccardo Muti conductor (Angel SZ-37639; single). Muti appears here with the orchestra of which he has recently been named music director. His performance is unexceptionable.

Haydn: String Quartets, Opus 20, No. 4, and Opus 74, No. 3. The Guarneri Quartet (RCA ARL1-3485; single). These are worthy performances of two of Haydn's most eloquent quartets.

"Leontyne Price—Prima Donna," Volume 5, containing arias from "Semele," "Oberon," "Norma," "Rigoletto," "Tristan und Isolde," "I Pagliacci," and "Gloriana" (RCA ARL1-3522; single). Splendid singing by one of the greatest sopranos alive.

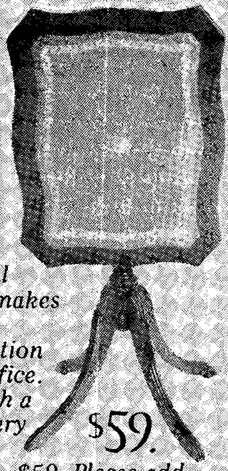
Elgar: "Enigma" Variations. Vaughan Williams: Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis and Overture to "The Wasps." London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn conductor (Angel SZ-37627; single). English favorites, beautifully performed.

Antonio Soler: Six Concerti for Two Keyboards. Kenneth Gilbert and Trevor Pinnock, harpsichordists (Archiv Produktion 2533 445; single). Soler, an eighteenth-century Catalan composer, was much influenced by Scarlatti. His works for harpsichord are striking and these performances are excellent.

Antonio Soler: Music for Harpsichord. Rafael Puyana, harpsichord (Mercury SRI 75131; single). Another Soler item, brilliantly played.

Wagner: Excerpts from "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tristan und Isolde." Munich Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Knappertsbusch conductor (Westminster MCA 1413; single). Very fine, somewhat weighty performances by a superb orchestra and conductor.

Bruckner: Symphony No. 7. Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf conductor (Westminster MCA 1412; single). Bruckner's most popu-



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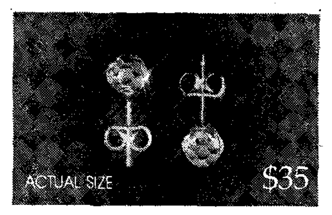

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J. S. Bach: Alla Breve in D Major, S. 589; Toccata in E Major, S. 566; Canzona in D Minor, S. 588; Toccata and Fugue in D Minor ("Dorian"), S. 538. Carl Weinrich on the organ of the Vårfrukyrka, in Skänninge, Sweden (Westminster MCA 1407; single). Some of Bach's most profound music, recorded by a master organist.

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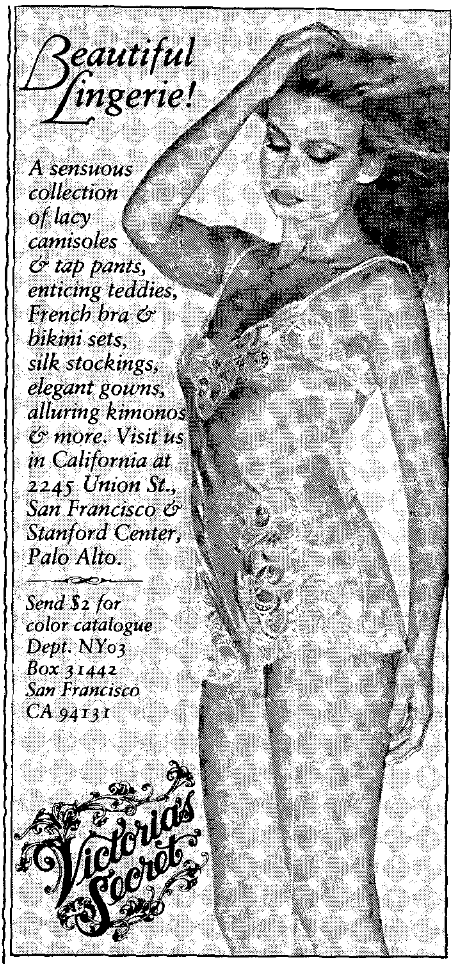

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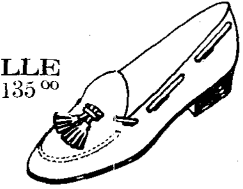

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ION 3

DANCING

Summer Madness

THE Metropolitan Opera, in New York, and the Kennedy Center, in Washington, are presenting the Berlin Ballet this summer. In Germany, the ballet of the Deutsche Oper Berlin ranks below the Stuttgart, which makes it internationally very minor league indeed. But, like most German cultural institutions, it enjoys generous government subsidy, and it can afford to travel. Two summers ago, when it appeared at the State Theatre, in Lincoln Center, it pleased the off-season audience with its well-dressed, expensive productions of familiar ballets and its famous guest artists, who were Valery Panov and his wife, Galina Panova. Of the company's own soloists, Vladimir Gelvan had become known here through spotty appearances with American Ballet Theatre; the principal ballerina, Eva Evdokimova, had yet to establish her local reputation. The Russians carried the season, in their fashion. Evdokimova gave a listless "Giselle," partnered by Gelvan—a performance in which Panov played Hilarion as if he were Igor in the Frankenstein movies. After seeing what Panov could do as a choreographer with Prokofiev's "Cinderella" and what Panova could do with the leading role, I didn't go to the Berlin Ballet anymore. (There was a Panov "Rite of Spring" on the bill.)

This summer, everything has been a little bigger and more ambitious. Rudolf Nureyev has been added to the roster, which makes three refugees from the Kirov reunited in one engagement. The company played the Met, undertaking expenses that are prohibitive to all but the wealthiest state-supported companies. The major attraction is Panov's latest work—a three-act ballet based on Dostoevski's novel "The Idiot"—and, of course, it has Nureyev as Prince Myshkin, Nureyev being the Met's idea of gilt-edged insurance. (A projected Met season by the Paris Opéra Ballet was cancelled when the dancers objected to the addition of Nureyev and other guest stars.) But one feels that with or without Nureyev this is the Berlin Ballet's bid for major-league standing—at least, for off-season major-league standing. The Met management, which has no interest in cultivating a dance audience, is not averse to booking ballet in the summertime, provided it pays its way and makes money at the box office. The Stuttgart could be relied upon until the death of its artistic director, John Cranko, cast it adrift. Canada and Cuba sent their national ballets. Their main failing wasn't just that they had no stars. (Nureyev used to appear regularly with the Canadians.) They also had no "classic" repertory distinctively different from that of the Met's regular tenant, Ballet Theatre. What is a classic? A classic is something that people have heard of. If it isn't "Swan Lake" or "Giselle," it is "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," or "Eugene Onegin," to name three of the most popular ballets in the Stuttgart repertory. John Cranko knew all about instant classics and the ballet audience. Other choreographers, both more and less skilled than he, have tried to latch on to the formula. The latest is Valery Panov. Panov's choreography may not become a standing attraction in New York, as Cranko's did, but he is taking out a long-term policy on classics. He is already talking about "War and Peace." His "Hamlet" has been commissioned by the Vienna Opera Ballet. That Panov shows no aptitude for choreography is less surprising than that he shows *none* for storytelling and mime. Even if you have read "The Idiot," his mise en scène has you puzzling over identities and locations all through the first act and into the second. (The program contains an extensive synopsis—of the novel, not of the ballet.) Panov trowels some kind of movement onto the stage, divides it into scenes, and blows upon it with the hot breath of passion. He doesn't choreograph steps or gestures—he choreographs feelings, which are illegible. The audience of sightseers which drifts through New York's theatres in the summertime doesn't expect to understand anything at the ballet, so it doesn't feel cheated. All it wants to be sure of is that this thing *is a classic thing*—the sort of cultural entertainment that Lincoln Center is famous for, like Richard Burton in "Camelot." The Met itself seemed unsure of what to call "The Idiot;" its radio ads promised "all the grandeur of opera." After opening night,

the only appropriate term was "hit."

The production, a long and costly one, is in fifteen scenes, with a different setting for nearly every scene. These changes, which involve standing scenery as well as projections, were engineered by Günther Schneider-Siemssen and designed by him in a range of modes, from naturalistic to expressionistic. The costumes, of an equal variety and extravagance, are by Bernd Müller. Panov devised the music by combining sections of two film scores, four ballet suites, seven symphonies, one opera, and some chamber music, all by Shostakovich. With its constantly moving scenery, its furs and velours, and its Shostakovich panorama, the show has a certain scope and tonnage. It also has three moments when it is almost a ballet. The first comes in the middle of the second act, with Rogozhin chasing Myshkin through the streets of St. Petersburg to the music of the Eighth Symphony. All this is is a series of diagonal crosses for two dancers and a small male corps; the choreography is mostly jumps and runs, and it isn't very exciting (Panov and Nureyev, both forty-two years old, are past their athletic prime), but it was during this scene that I felt the audience fall for the show. The beginning of the third act is a divertissement in a park during which the courtly Nureyev partners a small girl. And in the closing scene he swings high above the stage from the clapper of a giant bell.

This last scene, which Nureyev performs virtually nude, is the evening's only instance of emotion objectified—its one *image*—and people are going to remember the whole evening by it. As we know from reading his autobiography, Panov has a daredevil meshuganah streak. It took more than fortitude to defy his persecutors as Panov did for twenty-seven months, exposing himself to harassment and his cause to world attention. As a choreographer, in the innocence and shamelessness of his ideas, he's under the divine protection of bad taste. He doesn't seem to know when he has made an effect; he makes it over and over—sliding across the stage to grip the saintly Myshkin around the knees, groping him or having others grope him, throwing himself in alligatorish lunges to the floor, sprinting into the wings with his head thrown back and his toes turned under. When the four principals come together in the third act, the choreography is stuffed to Trockadero excess with fits and ravings. And need I relate what Panov does with icons and crucifixes

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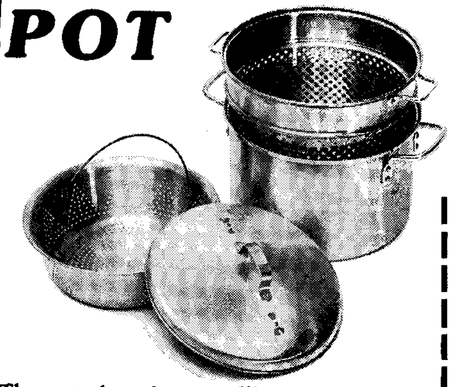

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and candles and with the murder of Nastasya Filippovna? (She seems to die of bad partnering.) Even the big moment at the end is compromised by incontinence—Panov apparently couldn't resist having Nureyev swing from a rope earlier, in the chase scene.

Nastasya Filippovna (Evdokimova) and Aglaja (Panova) are supporting roles in this two-man show. Incidentally, Nureyev does not play Myshkin as an epileptic. He twitches a bit at one point, but he could easily be in ecstasy at Nastasya's beauty. After seeing Nureyev, I felt no obligation to go and see Gelvan, who originated the role and is Nureyev's alternate on this tour. Nureyev is no actor, but it has become customary to chastise him because he takes over other people's parts. If you believe that "The Idiot" can be a ballet, you can believe Nureyev as Myshkin. I am told that Gelvan does not play an epileptic, either. It would be technically impossible in terms of the meshuganah style.

Nureyev in the context of the Berlin Ballet looks, if not a great dancer, then an extremely intelligent and authoritative one. Though Evdokimova towers over him, she has so little range and force that she does not diminish him. Panova, hard and muscular, with unstretched knees and feet that are sickled in passé, is stylistically outclassed by him. Nureyev in decline has lows and highs; this season he has been careful not to overtax his powers (unlike Panov, who barrels right ahead with his "Don Quixote" pas de deux). His appearances for some time have belonged to the history of his career rather than to the history of his art. What can one say of his appearance in "The Idiot" but that it belongs to the history of tourism? —ARLENE CROCE

•

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BOOKS

Miracles

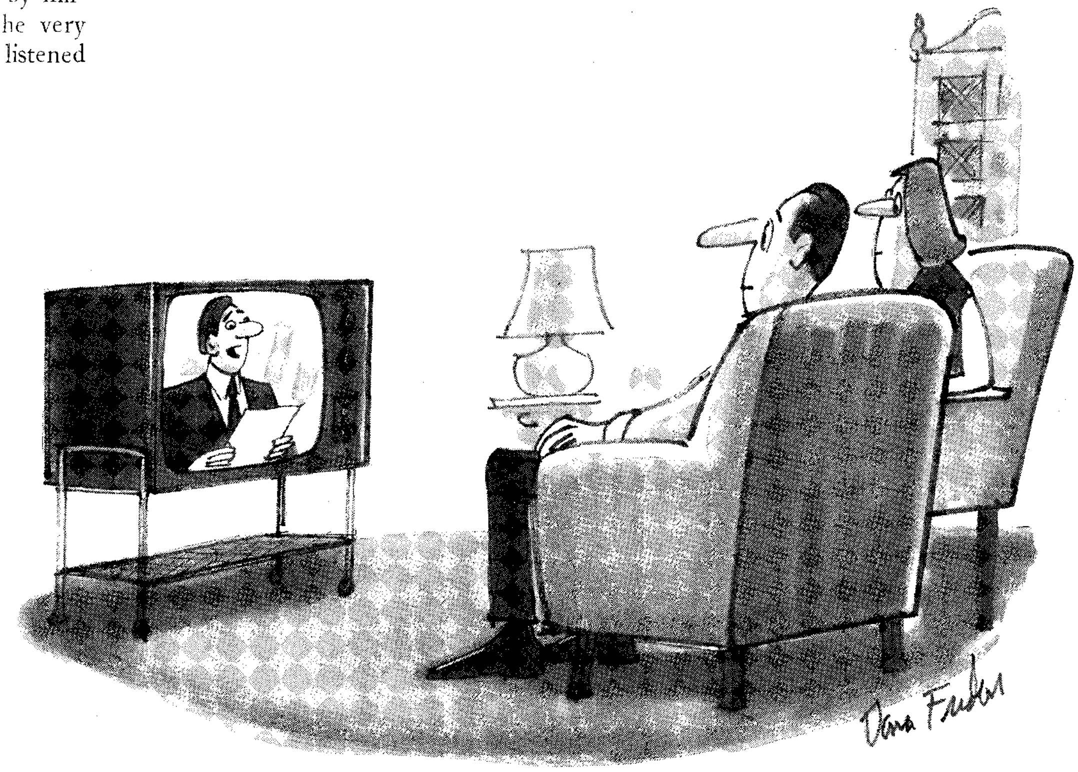
WE are fascinated by the miracle that Helen Keller was and—thanks to William Gibson's play "The Miracle Worker"—by Anne Sullivan, who brought it about. As long as both lived, they were an inseparable twosome, deservedly world famous. Helen Keller wrote a great deal about their lives, and so did others. The two women gave us images of themselves in which we wish to believe and which they, for their own reasons, did not want to disturb. Our great desire to give credence to the possibility of miracles blinds us to much of the hidden reality; but Joseph P. Lash's new book, "Helen and Teacher: The Story of Helen Keller and Anne Sullivan Macy" (Delacorte; $17.95), opens our eyes to the discrepancy between the carefully maintained image of Helen and Anne and the painful reality forced on them by the extreme disabilities that Helen had suffered since infancy.

To get at this reality is no easy task. We would like to believe that it is possible to transcend completely the most severe physical handicaps—even complete blindness and deafness aggravated by partial mutism—when there is a will and a devoted helper. Indeed, most of the eight hundred pages of this book are given over to rendering the public image known and loved by millions of ordinary people and the very great alike. All who saw and listened to Helen or met her in person were moved by her courage and show of cheerfulness despite the greatest adversity. Mr. Lash often lets the two women speak for themselves. He quotes abundantly from what they wrote. His method of presentation makes for much repetitiousness and for sometimes tedious reading, but it also permits the true Helen and Anne to come to life.

Who was the miracle and who the miracle worker? In a lifelong symbiotic relation, this is difficult to ascertain, and it may be unimportant—even the wrong question to ask. An ancient Chinese saying asserts that whoever saves a life from then on remains beholden to the person he saved; it does not mention, as too obvious, the fact that the person saved owes his life to his savior. Anne's and Helen's lives were so intertwined that one is hard pressed to say which of them gained more from their relation. Anne turned a blind, deaf, dumb, savage little girl into the most marvellous human being. The Helen Keller we know was her creation. In forming her, Anne changed from a very bright and spunky but limited, angrily defiant adolescent into one of the most outstanding educators of all time. In this process, two essentially ordinary human beings, who until then had been unusual only because of deprivations they had suffered, made themselves—and, simultaneously, each other—into geniuses.

Gibson's play ends when Helen says her first word and, much more important, comprehends for the first time the power of words: that only through words can one make the world comprehensible to oneself, can one communicate with others. But this is merely the most dramatic moment in Anne's creation of Helen—Anne had started creating Helen the moment she met her. Helen was a reflection of what Anne wanted her to be, although Anne, who was much more down-to-earth, was often skeptical of Helen's idealistic notions, which came from her lack of experience with everyday reality. Occasionally, Helen and Anne made feeble attempts to be separate selves, but none of these were serious. In 1905, John Macy married Anne, but he married into a twosome that was determined that the marriage would make no difference to it. After nine years, the marriage broke up, although Anne loved John Macy very deeply. She continued to love him, long after he deserted her, and even after he died. Yet all along she knew that she could not leave Helen. The creator cannot free herself of her creation, and does not want to.

Anne Sullivan knew well that the good teacher, much as he wishes to hold on to his prize students, has the obligation to help them free themselves of their teacher and go out into the world. On Helen Keller Day at the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition, in San Francisco, when Anne was awarded the fair's Teacher's Medal, she said in her acceptance speech, "For years I have known the teacher's one supreme reward, that of seeing the child she has taught grow into a living force." From her own experience, Anne knew the inescapable difficulty that the prize student must undergo to become free of the teacher. She herself had been nearly blind, as the result of a childhood illness. At the age of fourteen, she entered the Perkins Institu-



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tion for the Blind, in Boston, and there she became the prize student of the director, Michael Anagnos. He loved her like a daughter and wished to hold on to her; the break between them, which she provoked, was a tragedy for him. Anne was deeply attached to Anagnos and knew what she owed to her mentor; it was extremely painful for her to free herself of his possessive influence. But Anne could as little let go of Helen as Helen, because of her handicaps, could live independently of Anne. So Anne had to remain Helen's teacher for life. In the speech from which I have just quoted, Anne also said, "You see before you a teacher whose mature years have been passed wholly in the performance of one task, the training of one human being." Helen was no student whom the teacher could with confidence send out into the world, because she could not cope with the world without a teacher who at all times literally held her hand. Anne paid a high price. Even when she was awarded the Teacher's Medal, the event took place not on Anne Sullivan Day but on Helen Keller Day. When Helen got a B.A. from Radcliffe, Anne, who had sat beside Helen in all her classes, spelling into her hand what the professors said, and who had read many required books to Helen, received no recognition. The creator was neglected in favor of her creation. Helen, who deeply loved Anne and could not live without her, knew that Anne's greatest distinction was not that she was the most devoted friend, the infinitely loved companion, but that she was "Teacher." Helen always referred to Anne in that way; it was the highest praise Helen could confer on her, who alone made life possible and bearable. And so Anne remained all her life the teacher of only one pupil. But what a teaching and learning experience it was for both!

The more jealously Anne held on to her creation, the more she became enslaved by the demands this made on her. She became the vehicle for Helen's growth. All knowledge passed through Anne as she spelled the accumulated wisdom of the ages into Helen's hand, but it was Helen who profited from it and enlarged on it. Since Helen was Anne's life, it is understandable that she wished to keep Helen under her control. For example, when it was suggested that Helen should be taught to talk, Anne's immediate reply was "I do not want her to speak." Helen did learn to speak, yet she hardly ever spoke with her own voice; she wrote, thought, and eventually spoke the words that Anne had first given her. As Helen had direct contact with the world only through touch, taste, and smell, she could use these words to think abstractly, and even poetically, but hardly ever concretely, with one exception: her insistence that blind and deaf persons must be given a chance to become self-supporting, so that they might be able to respect themselves. So strange is the relation of the creator to her creation that Helen, into whom Anne pours only what is best in her, ends up the better person of the two, although somewhat unreal. Helen, because of her handicaps, always remains one-dimensional. Anne is always three-dimensional and very real. While Helen is goodness incarnate, as much as this is possible in a living being, Anne, who created this goodness, who made it possible, never really aspired to it for herself. She could recognize and accept her shortcomings, and feel remorse because of them. Helen could not permit herself such luxury, and felt obliged always to be only loving and accepting—except in her fight for the deaf-blind, and against those whose politics she rejected, in her often biassed and naïve opinion, as not being loving enough of mankind.

How did Anne, a poorly educated, inexperienced girl of twenty, find within herself the knowledge of what was needed to change the wild little animal that Helen was into a creative, sensitive, highly educated person, much better educated than she herself? What Anne did in educating Helen was based in part on the work of those who came before her—mainly Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, at the Perkins Institution, who was the first to teach language to a blind deaf-mute, Laura Bridgman, by spelling into her hand. His work was continued by Michael Anagnos, who accepted Anne into the Perkins Institution, and who was so important to her development and her life. It was he who arranged that she become Helen's tutor. While Anne learned much from these men, her approach to Helen was her own; nobody could have taught her how to get a hold on Helen so that she would become reachable, because nobody knew how to do it.

To say that Anne Sullivan drew her

inspiration from within herself is true but explains very little. If we understand the inner resources she drew on to know how to approach Helen, we may also understand whence comes the inspiration of a truly great and innovative teacher. As with so many other great discoveries, Anne's had simple sources. She had not closed herself to her early childhood experiences, as most people do, in a process that has been called the development of childhood amnesia. Anne knew and never forgot what it felt like to be a desperately lonely, utterly deprived, nearly blind child, barely able to vegetate under the most miserable conditions in a nineteenth-century poorhouse. Worse, she had lost there to death the only person for whom she deeply cared and felt responsible: her little brother. She never forgot what she had then wished for most: that somebody would infinitely care for her, as she had cared for her brother—somebody who would not only love her but hold on to her firmly and with determination, and not permit anybody to interfere with this relation, which would be her entire world. Anne kept this experience of childhood as her most private possession. (Only late in life did she tell Helen about it, and even then only reluctantly.) And she never permitted what others taught her about educating the deaf-blind to obliterate what she knew from her own experience. This was the source of her genius: in order to bring Helen to life as a human being, Anne had to become her entire world—what she had wished to be for her little brother. She was determined not to lose again. This is the secret that accounts for the "miracle" she worked.

On the day that Anne met Helen, she spelled into her hand the words "doll" and "cake"—the two things she had brought Helen for their first meeting. Little Anne must have longed for such things when she had neither toys nor decent food during her years in the poorhouse. So from the very beginning of their relation Anne wanted Helen to have what she had wanted most for herself. But Anne also knew that if we want a child to learn to understand words, to read them, and, most important, to love them, we must give him words that signify our love for him, our wish to give him what he wants most. To give the child the signifier without giving him also what it signifies is a very poor way to teach. It is, in fact, how we teach reading in our schools, with the unfavorable consequences that are well known. We still have not learned what Anne knew when she first met Helen: that food

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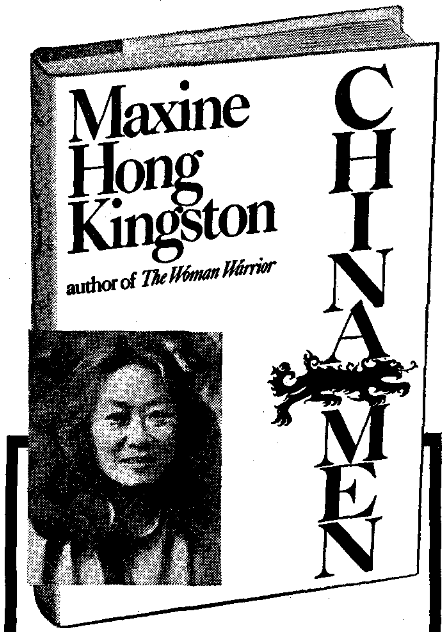

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and toys symbolize love and care to the child, and that on these symbols and on what they symbolize relations can be built that truly humanize the child.

At the age of nineteen months, Helen had become blind, deaf, and soon also mute, and had reverted to an animal-like existence. Five years later, her life as a human being began anew when all her needs, like an infant's, were taken care of by only one mothering person: Anne. Anne knew—or, what is probably more accurate, felt without clearly knowing—that only such complete mothering could restore Helen. That is why she insisted that, at least for a few weeks at the beginning, nobody else was to enter the little house in which the two of them spent their days. There, for a month, she took care of all Helen's needs; and there Helen permitted Anne to take her on her lap, to fondle her, and to sleep with her in the same bed. The result was that Helen could take up where she had left off when she fell ill: she began once more to get a feeling for what another human being could mean to her, could give to her, and so she tried to communicate with Anne.

It was pure chance that the first word Helen understood and tried to say was "water." By this I do not mean that it could have been *any* word. It had to be a word of great emotional significance—or, rather, what it signified had to be of great significance: a cherished toy, an essential food, a loved person. (For the same reason, the first word of most children is "Mom" or "Dad.") Helen did not know that all life began in water, that life is not possible without water. Yet she began her efforts to comprehend the world by responding to the symbol for the most important nutrient, and she could do so only when the symbol for it was spelled into one of her hands while the other touched what the symbol signified—the sense of touch being what permitted Helen to be "in touch" with reality. Anne's genius was to recognize all this, however dimly or subconsciously, from her own experience. That she herself had been nearly blind for stretches of time and had had to rely on her sense of touch for "getting in touch" with reality must certainly have aided her in reaching Helen.

If being "in touch" with her own childhood experiences and applying them in first reaching and then teaching Helen was Anne's genius, Helen's genius was her great eagerness to learn, her excitement about learning words once she had begun to discover the universe of signifiers, and her determination even without sight and hearing to build a semblance of the world out of signifiers. Helen could not get enough of learning and seemed addicted to it. The world of words, concepts, ideas suddenly opened up to her as if it were a miracle. She learned many hundreds of words in a few weeks—to read them when they were spelled into her hand and to spell them back into Anne's hand. It takes us years to teach an average child to read and spell a limited number of words, all much simpler than those Helen so eagerly and quickly mastered. Maybe there is a lesson here for the education of all children. Maybe, as far as academic learning is concerned, we should let the child follow his own inclinations for a few years; maybe his intellect would be much more ready to engage in abstract thought after he had had his fill of self-chosen concrete experiences. Anne certainly thought so. "Every child begins life as an eager, active little creature," she said, "always doing something, always trying to get something that he wants very much.... Our educational system spoils this fine enthusiasm.... Our schools ... kill imagination in the bud. They uproot the creative ideals of childhood and plant in their place worthless ideals ... The fine soul of the child is of far greater importance than high marks, yet the system causes pupils to prize high grades above knowledge." Helen learned extremely quickly after the world of words was made accessible to her; she continued all her life to learn, and she read voraciously whatever was available to her in Braille. And this when no intellectual learning had been possible for her from the age of nineteen months until she was nearly seven years old. Her eagerness to learn got her through Radcliffe and way beyond; and her use of words and of her intelligence, despite her limitations—her intelligence and even her sense of touch were found to be only about average—made her a marvel of the world. It may all have been the result of the lateness in life at which she was introduced to words and their meanings.

Helen Keller devoted her life to working for the deaf-blind. Although much of her work was done for the American Foundation for the Blind, and under its auspices, she was most concerned for those who were so isolated from the world that they had to rely entirely on others to be fed knowledge, as she had been. That she could do so much was made possible first and foremost by Anne but also by the adoration of the world. Helen needed it; that is why she travelled incessantly all over the world, could not meet enough people, and did work so exhausting that it would have been beyond practically anybody else's strength. She did all this into a very high age. Why did she receive this extraordinary adoration? Why did everybody love her, rave about her? And why, of these millions, did hardly anybody try to be her close friend? Why did those who so admired her, arranged things for her—and there were many of these—shrink away when it came to taking care of her, to being with this splendid person, to spelling the world into her hand? Only Teacher did this, and nobody else. (Polly Thomson, who tried to take Teacher's place after her death, could never do nearly as much for Helen, which only made Polly the more possessive of Helen, much to Helen's grief.)

The world raved about Helen because she permitted us the illusion that one can have a complete, happy life although one is blind and deaf and was mute for years. It is our wish to delude ourselves that those who are severely handicapped are not excluded from living, that we therefore do not owe them a compassion much deeper than words, which would express itself in deeds. It was Anne's wish that Helen should have a full life through her, and she tried to fulfill this wish at the expense of her own life. It gave Helen the strength to pretend to have a full life of her own. This pretense freed us of our obligation to be our handicapped brother's keeper. For this, Helen was admired and loved—from a distance. Her public performances, her clever repartee, her sense of humor—all permitted us to forget how terribly she suffered. Because Helen was not able to be a person in her own right, much as she pretended to be one for our benefit, even Anne always remained "Teacher" to her. Helen could never outgrow the pupil stage. By pretending to have a full life, by pretending that through touch she

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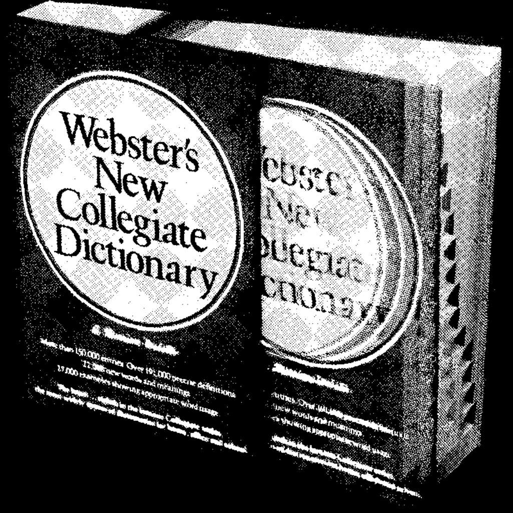

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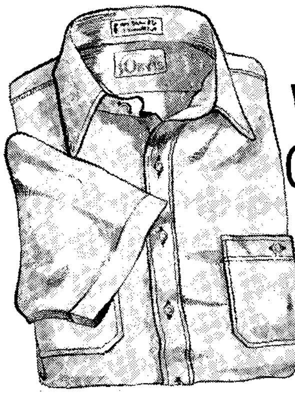

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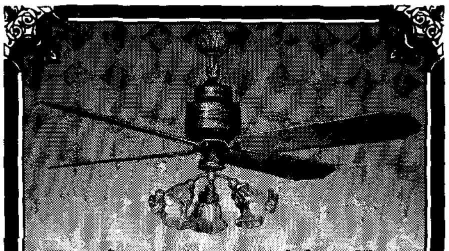

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knew what a piece of sculpture, what flowers, what trees were like, that through the words of others she knew what the sky or clouds looked like, by pretending that she could hear music by feeling the vibrations of musical instruments, she fooled neither her teacher nor herself. But we loved her for making it possible for us to fool ourselves that those who are so terribly handicapped are not really suffering deeply every moment of their lives. And we fool ourselves about it out of our anxiety that we might lose the ability to hear or see. Helen's pretenses assured us that this would not be so horrible. For this she was given love, in addition to the admiration she so well deserved for her courage and her determination to carve out a most useful life for herself.

Not everyone permitted himself to be thus deceived. Some recognized the terrible loneliness in which Helen lived. Will Cressy, who wrote a column on celebrities for the New York *Star*, said:

> I never met one who attracted me and fascinated me as does Helen Keller.... Whatever she is doing I watch her. And someway I never get over the feeling of her sitting there in that steel cell, alone, in total silence and absolute darkness, stretching out her hands to get into touch with the world that must seem so far away to her.
>
> I have sat in her room and watched her waiting so patiently and yet so eagerly to be told what is going on; what is being said and done. Her hands are continually seeking Miss Sullivan's lips to know if she is speaking. Or her hands are flying to Miss Sullivan's hands to spell out some question.
>
> There she sits, in that invisible steel cell of hers.

When Helen was seventy-seven years old, she finally permitted herself to say it publicly: "No one knows—no one can know—the bitter denials of limitation better than I do. I am not deceived about my situation. It is not true that I am not sad or rebellious; but long ago I determined not to complain. The mortally wounded must strive to live out their days cheerfully for the sake of the others." I am not sure that Helen rendered us a service by not letting us see the misery that lurked behind the show of cheerfulness. This book could help us to avoid forcing such a life of deception on the severely handicapped, and to permit them instead to scream out the truth of their suffering. For what this book helps us to accept is that although there may be miracle workers, there are no miracles, and that the world is full of suffering human beings who desperately need our recognition and help.

—BRUNO BETTELHEIM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BLACKBIRD DAYS, by Ken Chowder (Harper & Row; $9.95). Thirteen chapters make up this curious story of six months—from the longest day of summer to its winter opposite—in the lives of three brothers: an unhappy ex-professor, a wisecracking lawyer, and a solemn editor of crossword puzzles, who serves as narrator. When the book opens, the ex-professor is moping in his bathtub because his wife has just left him, the lawyer is thinking of getting himself a beer as he leans against the bathroom sink and contemplates his brother, and the editor is trying to imagine the various directions of his brothers' thoughts and conversation. By the end, the ex-professor has surprised no one by trying and failing to find peace of mind in manual labor; the lawyer has surprised everyone by marrying a waitress; and the editor, who never seems to change, is as curious as ever about the overlapping memories that lead the brothers to think and talk about each other. Like the stanzas of Wallace Stevens' "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird," the chapters seem to frame thirteen clues to one essential secret. An elegant and unusual first novel.

ASK ME NOW, by Al Young (McGraw-Hill; $11.95). The opening scene of this uneven novel is the stuff of broad comedy. A basketball player (recently retired) stumbles about in the rain in search of his car in a shopping center in San Francisco with his arms full of Thanksgiving groceries. Before he gets out of the shopping center, he discovers that his wife has won a trip to Reno in some sort of sweepstakes; before he gets home, he has his ear bent by an admiring security guard; before he can get the shopping bags into the kitchen, they give way and he is awash in a tide of broken bottles and spilled cartons. The story that follows is not about an exasperated giant undone by petty tasks but about an inexperienced man faced with important decisions as he attempts to start a business venture, to win the trust of his son, and to rescue his teen-age daughter when she gets into a terrible mess involving car thieves and drug dealers. Like the cornucopia that collap around him in that early scene, this last disaster is too messy to believe, and it spoils what might have been a fine book.

GENERAL

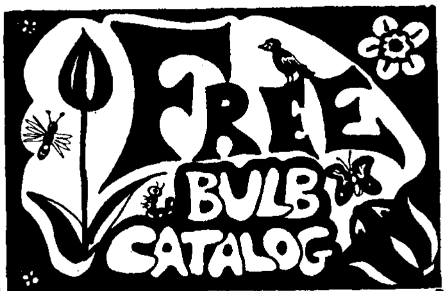
The Men in Blue: Conversations with Umpires, by Larry R. Gerlach (Viking; $12.95). Mr. Gerlach, one of the many baseball fans in academia (he teaches history at the University of Utah), has held up his tape recorder to an even dozen retired major-league umpires, most of whom (eight) saw their service in the American League. They range in time from Beans Reardon (1926-49) to Emmett Ashford (1966-70), and include such eminences as Joe Rue (1938-47), Joe Paparella (1946-65), and Shag Crawford (1956-75). Their stories are curiously alike: most of them came from humble homes, most of them came up through the brutal bush leagues, and all of them were dedicated professionals, accepting low pay, much abuse, and almost constant travelling through sheer love of the game. Like all fans, they have their favorites—the American Leaguers idolize Ted Williams ("If he don't swing, just call it a ball"), Joe DiMaggio, and Whitey Ford, and the National Leaguers salute Stan Musial, Dizzy Dean, and Pete Rose—and, like all ballplayers, they have an elephantine memory for every ball, every strike, every close call. Yet, oddly, most of them lost their interest in the game upon retirement. "When you lose the active part of it, you want no part of it," George Pipgras recalls. "I loved baseball. . . . But when it was over, it was over."

The Golden Age of the Country House, by Christopher Simon Sykes, with a foreword by Nigel Nicolson (Mayflower; $19.95). In its early days, photography was an expensive hobby (the equipment was dear, and the processes of development were time-consuming) that appealed to leisured amateurs of both sexes. This volume—an album of photographs taken by the nobility and gentry of England between 1835 and 1939—includes conscientious records of all the servants of several stately homes (and, in one case, of all the dogs); artistic compositions that reveal a century's changing aesthetics; jokes and spoofs and efforts at candid shots. There are large and small commemorative groups—the guests at a houseparty or a birthday party, say—and snapshots of someone standing on a lawn. The backgrounds change from horses to bicycles, automobiles, and airplanes, from harps to phonographs; they show the introduction of new sports and new styles of architecture, décor, and dress. Royalty, dignitaries, and celebrities all are represented, but what makes the collection absorbing and unique is that it is not a summary, not a judgment by third parties. It is how the aristocracy saw itself—a pictorial autobiography of England's ruling class.

Flaubert and an English Governess: The Quest for Juliet Herbert, by Hermia Oliver (Oxford; $26.50). Juliet Herbert was an Englishwoman who served as governess to Flaubert's niece Caroline at a time when the child lived with the author and his mother. Flaubert specialists agree that Miss Herbert was extremely important to the writer, but they disagree on whether she was his mistress. This short masterpiece of scholarly detection provides what was hitherto missing in Flaubert research—an account of the life, personality, and career of the intelligent, responsive, and well-brought-up woman whose family's failed fortunes doomed her to a career as a genteel underling and who captivated one of the gods of modern literature. Miss Oliver is very good at details of daily life—we can visualize several mid-nineteenth-century households, on both sides of the Channel—and she is sensitive, too, to varieties of human nature. She thinks that Juliet and Gustave probably were lovers but feels that their intimacy was primarily not so much sexual as literary or intellectual.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Rembrandt Panel, by Oliver Banks (Little, Brown; $11.95). The ambitious director of an important museum persuades its board of trustees to give him a million dollars, no questions asked, to clinch a top-secret deal. It is only after he has paid for his mysterious purchase—a splendid Greek vase—but before he has notified the board of his success, that he learns that the vase is hot, and therefore worthless to the museum. Another object worth the amount of the cancelled check must be found—and fast—before the board loses patience. Two men—a shrewd art dealer and a hapless "runner," or independent buyer—



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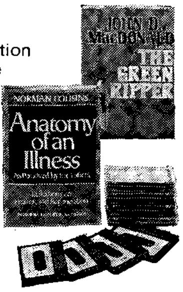

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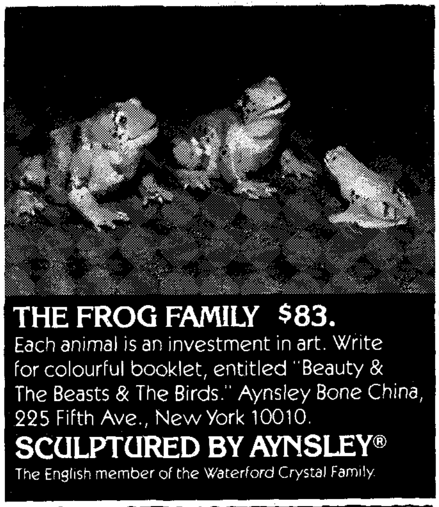

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stand between the desperate director and a portrait (painted on a wooden panel) that looks like a long-lost Rembrandt, and he murders them to get his hands on it. All this is revealed to the reader, but a number of surprises are in store as the focus shifts to a spry scholar-turned-detective, who conjures up both the panel and the murderer from one slim clue: an empty picture frame. Oliver Banks—like his hero, a former professor of art history—also makes room in his ingenious thriller for analyses of Rembrandt's brushstrokes and domestic life, and for advice on how to distinguish genuine masterpieces from imitations disguised by natural grime or a counterfeiter's touch.

THE CRADLE WILL FALL, by Mary Higgins Clark (Simon & Schuster; $10.95). Mrs. Clark here revives the spooky old concept of the mad scientist, and brings her version of that monster to full, sneering life. She even gives an acceptable method to his madness. He is Dr. Edgar Highley, chief obstetrician and gynecologist at a private hospital in New Jersey, and a young woman patient at the hospital has the misfortune to look out the window one dark night and see him stuffing a body into the trunk of his car—and to have him glance up and see her. She becomes No. 2 on his list. But she is also the heroine (with a romance looming), and he consequently moves with caution, attending to several other problems before enticing her into his web. Mrs. Clark is truly a mistress of high tension, and although her novel creaks and clanks with every kind of coincidence and happy or dismaying chance, she writes with authority and skill sufficient to freeze our attention and win our respect. A Literary Guild selection.

•

Let's talk about the historical growth of safety in the workplace—and recall that today a worker faces less risk of death and injury off the job than on the job.—Adv. from Mobil in the Wall Street Journal.

Why not just button the old lip?

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CORRECTION

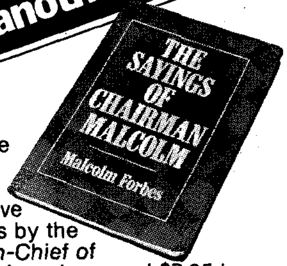
The News apologizes for the error that appeared in last week's ad for P. C. Kellam, Jr.

The ad read "A man who will work against higher education." It should have read . . . "against higher TAXES."—*Accomac (Va.) Eastern Shore News.*

Phew!

"Kids in their early teens who don't regard their parents as an embarrassment or at best a nuisance, don't have proper parents."
-from The Sayings of Chairman Malcolm

Yet another printing!



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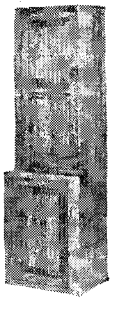

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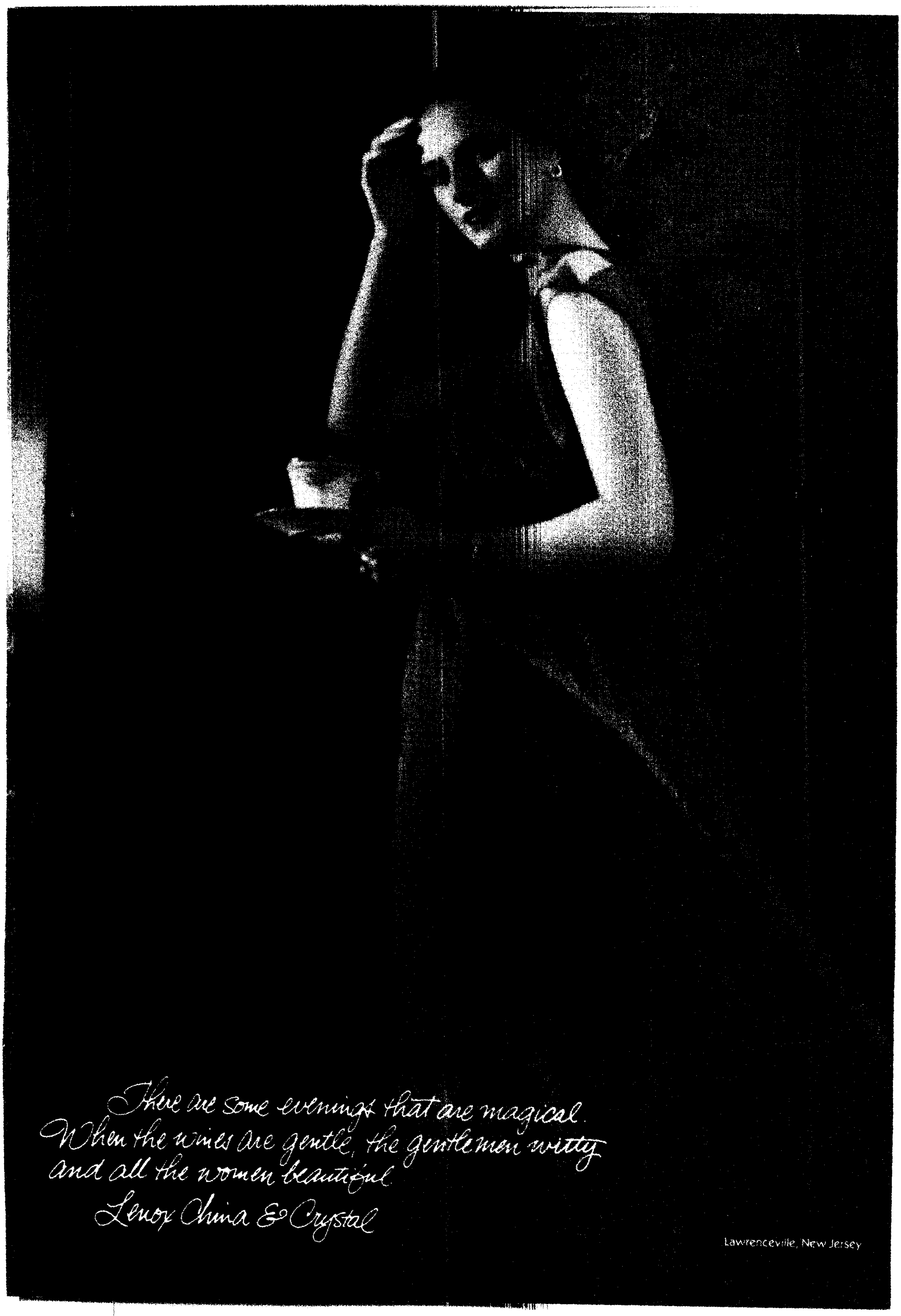
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When the wines are gentle, the gentlemen witty
and all the women beautiful.
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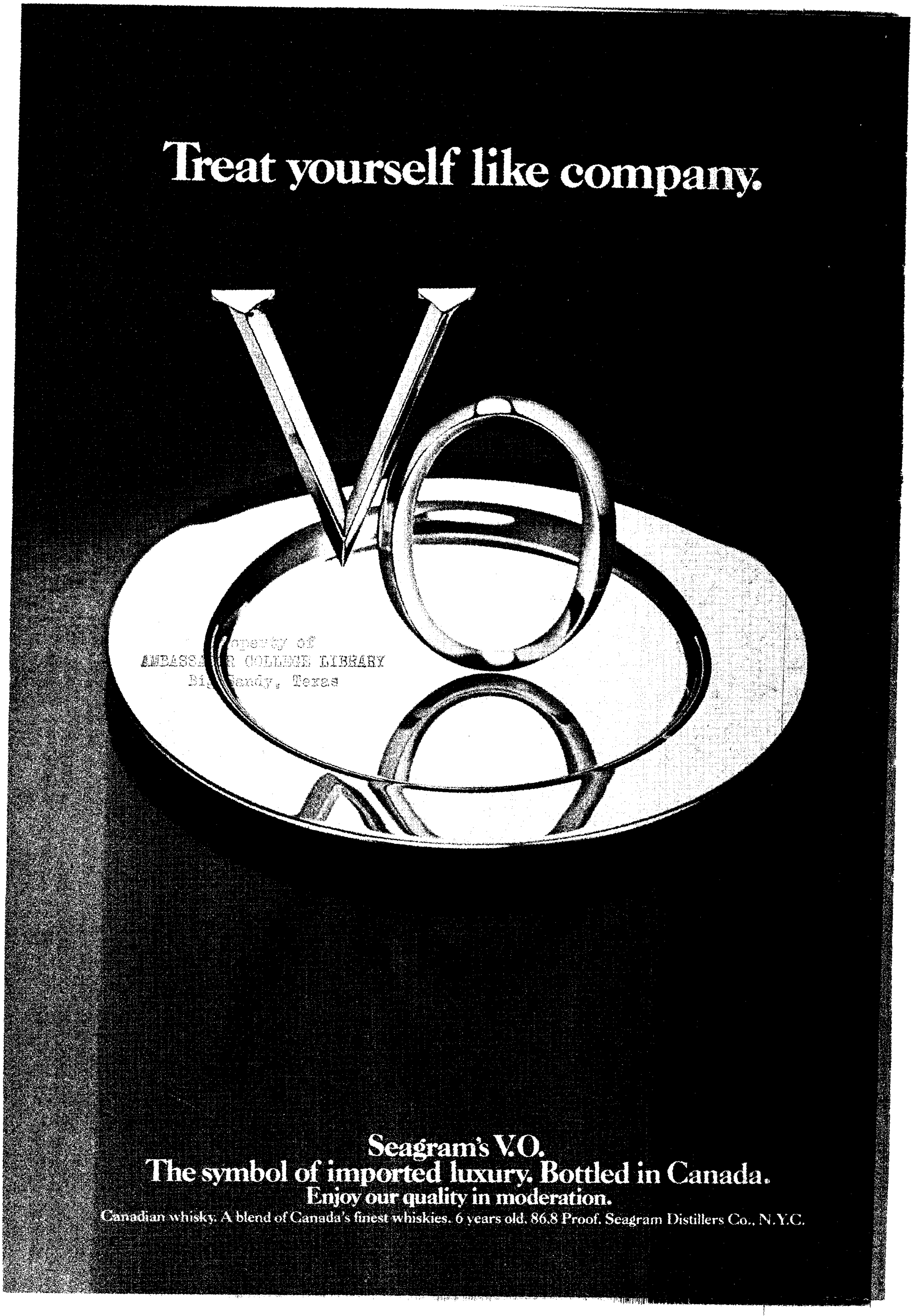
Lawrenceville, New Jersey



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